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WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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E. T. HARGROVE, Editor.

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AUM

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.—*Matthew, xviii. 20.*

THEOSOPHY.

Vol. XII. MAY, 1897. No. 2.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an Official Document.

Where any article or statement has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned the Editor will be accountable.

THE SCREEN OF TIME.

THE third annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in America will take place on the 25th and 26th of April in New York City. A very large number of representative members will attend the Convention from all sections of the country and many European Theosophists will also be present. At no time in the history of the movement has the Society been more united than at present; its members are one in purpose and are agreed as to the best means to be employed to carry out that purpose. Brotherhood has been our watchword for the past twelve months and the approaching Convention should once more prove to the world that a real nucleus of universal Brotherhood *has* been formed by the Theosophical Societies, and only needs time in which to grow in order to ultimately embrace all humanity.

The Convention of 1895 was one of reorganization; that of 1896 was one of development. This year the Convention promises to be one of consolidation. An immense number of new members have recently joined our ranks. They need to come into contact with those who are older in the work of the Society than themselves, though possibly not older in work for Brotherhood. The older members can gain much in their turn from these newer and fresher forces. For it must always be a source of strength for those engaged in a common undertaking to meet together. Close friendships

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will be made: plans of work will be talked over: experiences exchanged. Coöperation will be the order of the day and everyone taking part in the proceedings should leave them with a brighter hope and with a broader outlook. It can hardly be necessary to extend a cordial welcome to all visiting delegates and members. Are they not comrades and fellow-workers? That in itself should imply all and more than words of welcome.

* * * * * *

Stagnation means death. No one has ever accused the theosophical movement of being stagnant: everyone admits that it is very much alive. But life involves growth and change, and changes must at all times take place in every branch of this movement when such changes are a natural outcome of preceding effort and seem likely to bring about a greater opportunity for useful work in the future.

With the June issue of this magazine the number of its pages will be doubled. *Its circulation must also be doubled if this change is to be justified.* There would not be the least difficulty in bringing about this most desirable result if its readers were to realize that to double and quadruple its circulation would do more to spread a knowledge of Theosophy than several lecturing tours throughout the country. For where this magazine goes, there goes our literature, and it is the reading of books that brings people into the movement. Lecturing draws public attention to the subject, but the books do the rest.

It is pretty well known by this time that no one on the staff of THEOSOPHY receives any remuneration for services rendered. Any profits arising from its publication will always go directly towards further propaganda. Whatever its readers do to promote its circulation will therefore be work done for the movement; not for its publishers or editor. At the forthcoming Convention, by means of a printed circular, certain practical suggestions will be made to all who are interested in the matter, which if followed will be of enormous assistance in bringing these pages to the notice of hundreds of thousands of readers in the course of this year.

Certain changes will be introduced in the general character of its make-up. As the movement itself broadens, this magazine must open its pages to the discussion of many subjects which have not so far been sufficiently dealt with in theosophical literature. Many of the world's greatest thinkers will be invited to contribute their thoughts on the social, religious and philosophical problems of the day—men and women who though perhaps not familiar with the theosophical philosophy are nevertheless working on the same broad lines as are all Theosophists. Proper attention will be given to any

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important investigations in the domain of modern science; the experiences of students throughout the world will be recorded in such a way that others may really gain instruction thereby. Special attention will be given to the ancient religions of the world. In short THEOSOPHY will be so conducted as to appeal to every class of actively thinking mind.

This is a good occasion to appeal to all readers, and particularly to those who are not avowedly Theosophists nor members of the Theosophical Societies—to express themselves as either favorably or unfavorably impressed by each month's issue. If they were to write to the editor, saying what particularly pleased them and also what they would like to read which has not been provided, it would assist him materially in his labors. Suggestions and criticisms are urgently needed. It is indeed strange that criticisms are not more frequently volunteered, for the world is usually generous with unsolicited criticism. Perhaps even in this case it is poured forth abundantly enough, but without sufficient care in addressing! However that may be, the request is hereby most earnestly made that every reader who believes it would be possible to add to the interest of our pages or who knows of other means for increasing our circulation, do forthwith write out his (or her) suggestions and mail them to the editor. They will be gratefully received.

* * * * * *

It is not only the theosophical movement that is growing and that changes as it grows. The whole world to-day is in a state of ferment. The orthodoxy of 1897 would have been regarded as rank heresy twenty-five years ago. The new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, head of the Church of England, called forth a storm of bitterest condemnation, even from his more liberal *confrères*, when he pronounced himself some thirty years since a follower of Darwin on general evolutionary lines, in the then famous *Essays and Reviews*. He has now been chosen Archbishop although no one has the slightest reason to suppose he has changed his opinions.

All the stoking by all the bigots in modern Christendom has not been sufficient to keep the fires of hell alive. Various theological exits have been discovered by means of which the more enlightened could escape from the fire and brimstone battery with orthodox colors still flying. Here is Dr. Lyman Abbott's latest definition of hell—and as the successor of Dr. Henry Ward Beecher as well as on account of his fearless interpretation of the Bible, his words have weight among many: "My conception, then, of hell is this; first, that sin carries with it terrible punishment in this life and in the life to come. That the punishment is redemptive, the end of it

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being the reformation of the offender, and if neither by punishment in this life nor by punishment in the life to come the offender is redeemed and brought back to God, then the end of that one is death —that is, extinction of being."

This definition is not original, but it is certainly a considerable improvement upon Tertullian and augurs a reaction in favor of the teachings of Jesus and of all other great Theosophists. It would appear that Dr. Abbott might still study the writings of Paul the apostle to advantage, for he would not then be obliged to postulate such an absurdity as an "extinction of being." He would distinguish between the spirit or *pneuma* and the *psuchē*, or lower personal self. He would furthermore realize that "extinction" is something unknown in nature, for death is not extinction; it is transformation or change. Ice can be transformed into water and water into invisible vapor, but it is impossible to annihilate the substances of which all three things are composed. So even in the case of the animal or lower nature, extinction is impossible; it can either be so purified and raised that it comes to partake of the divine nature, or on the other hand it can be resolved back into its original constituents, only to be again carried forward towards perfection, in the grand sweep of universal progress. But the spirit of man, or higher soul must be essentially immortal because essentially divine, and no sin of the personality can affect its nature. It is the crucified Christos, unsullied by either repentant or unrepentant "thief"—symbolizing two qualities or aspects of the lower nature of man.

Dr. Abbott very nearly reaches the old theosophical conception that we make our own heaven and our own hell, both here and hereafter. He seems to be steadily moving out towards the primitive teachings of Christianity, though it is doubtful if he will find them fully without the light that Theosophy throws upon that and all the other religions of the world. He is at least doing much to broaden and strengthen the Church to which he belongs, for he obliges his congregation to think—and that is the first step toward salvation. In so far as he does that, if for no other reason, he is working with and for the theosophical movement; for Theosophy above all things inspires people to think for themselves, proving that they can find truth within themselves, and that not sin but wisdom and love and joy are man's heritage. Man's greatest crime is lack of faith in man. Let him search the depths of his own nature faithfully and he will find that heritage and will see that he shares it in common with all his fellows. E. T. H.

New York City.

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MESMERISM.*

WE have now come to another part of the nature of man which is a land unknown to the Western world and its scientists. By mesmerism other organs are set to work disconnected from the body, but which in normal state function with and through the latter. These are not admitted by the world, but they exist, and are as real as the body is—in fact some who know say they are more real and less subject to decay, for they remain almost unchanged from birth to death. These organs have their own currents, circulation if you will, and methods of receiving and storing impressions. They are those which in a second of time seize and keep the faintest trace of any object or word coming before the waking man. They not only keep them but very often give them out, and when the person is mesmerized their exit is untrammelled by the body.

They are divided into many classes and grades, and each one of them has a whole series of ideas and facts peculiar to itself, as well as centres in the etherial body to which they relate. Instead now of the brain's dealing with the sensations of the body, it deals with something quite different, and reports what these inner organs see in any part of space to which they are directed. And in place of your having waked up the Higher Self, you have merely uncovered one of the many sets of impressions and experiences of which the inner man is composed, and who is himself a long distance from the Higher Self. These varied pictures thus seized from every quarter, are normally overborne by the great roar of the physical life, which is the sum total of possible expression of a normal being on the physical plane whereon we move. They show themselves usually only by glimpses when we have sudden ideas or recollections, or in dreams when our sleeping may be crowded with fancies for which we cannot find a basis in daily life. Yet the basis exists, and is always some one or other of the million small impressions of the day passed unnoticed by the physical brain, but caught unerringly by means of other sensoriums belonging to our astral double. For this astral body, or double, permeates the physical one as color does the bowl of water. And although to the materialistic conceptions of the present day such a misty shadow is not admitted to have parts, powers, and organs, it nevertheless has all of these with a surprising power and grasp. Although perhaps a mist, it can

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exert under proper conditions a force equal to the viewless wind when it levels to the earth the proud constructions of puny man.

In the astral body, then, is the place to look for the explanation of mesmerism and hypnotism. The Higher Self will explain the flights we seldom make into the realm of spirit, and is the God—the Father—within who guides His children up the long, steep road to perfection. Let not the idea of it be degraded by chaining it to the low floor of mesmeric phenomena, which any healthy man or woman can bring about if they will only try. The grosser the operator the better, for thus there is more of the mesmeric force, and if it be the Higher Self that is affected, then the meaning of it would be that gross matter can with ease affect and deflect the high spirit—and this is against the testimony of the ages.

A Paramahansa of the Himalayas has put in print the following words: "Theosophy is that branch of Masonry which shows the Universe in the form of an egg." Putting on one side the germinal spot in the egg, we have left five other main divisions: the fluid, the yolk, the skin of the yolk, the inner skin of the shell, and the hard shell. The shell and the inner skin may be taken as one. That leaves us four, corresponding to the old divisions of fire, air, earth and water. Man, roughly speaking, is divided in the same manner, and from these main divisions spring all his manifold experiences on the outer and the introspective planes. The human structure has its skin, its blood, its earthy matter—called bones for the moment, its flesh, and lastly the great germ which is insulated somewhere in the brain by means of a complete coat of fatty matter.

The skin includes the mucus, all membranes in the body, the arterial coats, and so on. The flesh takes in the nerves, the animal cells so-called, and the muscles. The bones stand alone. The blood has its cells, the corpuscles, and the fluid they float in. The organs, such as the liver, the spleen, the lungs, include skin, blood, and mucus. Each of these divisions and all of their sub-divisions have their own peculiar impressions and recollections, and all, together with the coördinator the brain, make up the man as he is on the visible plane.

These all have to do with the phenomena of mesmerism, although there are those who may not think it possible that mucous membrane or skin can give us any knowledge. But it is nevertheless the fact, for the sensations of every part of the body affect each cognition, and when the experiences of the skin cells, or any other, are most prominent before the brain of the subject, all his reports to the operator will be drawn from that, unknown to both, and put into language for the brain's use so long as the next condition is

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not reached. This is the Esoteric Doctrine, and will at last be found true. For man is made up of millions of lives, and from these, unable of themselves to act rationally or independently, he gains ideas, and as the master of all puts those ideas, together with others from higher planes, into thought, word, and act. Hence at the very first step in mesmerism this factor has to be remembered, but nowadays people do not know it and cannot recognize its presence, but are carried away by the strangeness of the phenomena.

The very best of subjects are mixed in their reports, because the things they do see are varied and distorted by the several experiences of the parts of their nature I have mentioned, all of which are constantly clamoring for a hearing. And every operator is sure to be misled by them unless he is himself a trained seer.

The next step takes us into the region of the inner man*, not the spiritual being, but the astral one who is the model on which the outer visible form is built. The inner person is the mediator between mind and matter. Hearing the commands of mind, he causes the physical nerves to act and thus the whole body. All the senses have their seat in this person, and every one of them is a thousand-fold more extensive in range than their outer representatives, for those outer eyes and ears, and sense of touch, taste, and smell, are only gross organs which the inner ones use, but which of themselves can do nothing.

This can be seen when we cut off the nerve connection, say from the eye, for then the inner eye cannot connect with physical nature and is unable to see an object placed before the retina, although feeling or hearing may in their way apprehend the object if those are not also cut off.

These inner senses can perceive under certain conditions to any distance regardless of position or obstacle. But they cannot see everything, nor are they always able to properly understand the nature of everything they do see. For sometimes that appears to them with which they are not familiar. And further, they will often report having seen what they are desired by the operator to see, when in fact they are giving unreliable information. For, as the astral senses of any person are the direct inheritance of his own prior incarnations, and are not the product of family heredity, they

* The phrase "inner man" here refers to the astral or magnetic body. It should be carefully distinguished from the "inner self" or "inner being" referred to by the same writer in his invaluable article on the "Culture of Concentration"; for that inner self is the body of the mind, formless as yet in the large majority of cases, because only to be made definite in form and independently active by means of long continued, one-pointedness of thought. If this article on "Mesmerism" be read in connection with the "Culture of Concentration," and the article in *Five Years of Th osophy* on "The Elixir of Life," an unusual grasp of the subject should be obtained.—Ed.

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cannot transcend their own experience, and hence their cognitions are limited by it, no matter how wonderful their action appears to him who is using only the physical sense-organs. In the ordinary healthy person these astral senses are inextricably linked with the body and limited by the apparatus which it furnishes during the waking state. And only when one falls asleep, or into a mesmerized state, or trance, or under the most severe training, can they act in a somewhat independent manner. This they do in sleep, when they live another life than that compelled by the force and the necessities of the waking organism. And when there is a paralyzation of the body by the mesmeric fluid they can act, because the impressions from the physical cells are inhibited.

The mesmeric fluid brings this paralyzing about by flowing from the operator and creeping steadily over the whole body of the subject, *changing the polarity of the cells in every part* and thus disconnecting the outer from the inner man. As the whole system of physical nerves is sympathetic in all its ramifications, when certain major sets of nerves are affected others by sympathy follow into the same condition. So it often happens with mesmerized subjects that the arms or legs are suddenly paralyzed without being directly operated on, or, as frequently, the sensation due to the fluid is felt first in the fore-arm, although the head was the only place touched.

There are many secrets about this part of the process, but they will not be given out, as it is easy enough for all proper purposes to mesmerize a subject by following what is already publicly known. By means of certain nerve points located near the skin the whole system of nerves may be altered in an instant, even by a slight breath from the mouth at a distance of eight feet from the subject. But modern books do not point this out.

When the paralyzing and change of polarity of the cells are complete the astral man is almost disconnected from the body. Has he any structure? What mesmerizer knows? How many probably will deny that he has any structure at all? Is he only a mist, an idea? And yet, again, how many subjects are trained so as to be able to analyze their own astral anatomy?

But the structure of the inner astral man is definite and coherent. It cannot be fully dealt with in a magazine article, but may be roughly set forth, leaving readers to fill in the details.

Just as the outer body has a spine which is the column whereon the being sustains itself with the brain at the top, so the astral body has its spine and brain. It is material, for it is made of matter, however finely divided, and is not of the nature of the spirit.

After the maturity of the child before birth this form is fixed,

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coherent, lasting, undergoing but small alteration from that day until death. And so also as to its brain; that remains unchanged until the body is given up, and does not, like the outer brain, give up cells to be replaced by others from hour to hour. These inner parts are thus more permanent than the outer correspondents to them. Our material organs, bones, and tissues are undergoing change each instant. They are suffering always what the ancients called "the constant momentary dissolution of minor units of matter," and hence within each month there is a perceptible change by way of diminution or accretion. This is not the case with the inner form. It alters only from life to life, being constructed at the time of reincarnation to last for a whole period of existence. For it is the model fixed by the present evolutionary proportions for the outer body. It is the collector, as it were, of the visible atoms which make us as we outwardly appear. So at birth it is potentially of a certain size, and when that limit is reached, it stops the further extension of the body, making possible what are known to-day as average weights and average sizes. At the same time the outer body is kept in shape by the inner one until the period of decay. And this decay, followed by death, is not due to bodily disintegration, *per se*, but to the fact that the term of the astral body is reached, when it is no longer able to hold the outer frame intact. Its power to resist the impact and war of the material molecules being exhausted, the sleep of death supervenes.

Now, as in our physical form the brain and spine are the centres for nerves, so in the other there are the nerves which ramify from the inner brain and spine all over the structure. All of these are related to every organ in the outer visible body. They are more in the nature of currents than nerves, as we understand the word, and may be called *astro-nerves*. They move in relation to such great centres in the body outside, as the heart, the pit of the throat, umbilical centre, spleen, and sacral plexus. And here, in passing, it may be asked of the Western mesmerizers what do they know of the use and power, if any, of the umbilical centre? They will probably say it has no use in particular after the accomplishment of birth. But the true science of mesmerism says there is much yet to be learned even on that one point; and there is no scarcity, in the proper quarters, of records as to experiments on, and use of, this centre.

The astro-spinal column has three great nerves of the same sort of matter. They may be called ways or channels, upon and down which the forces play, that enable man inside and outside to stand erect, to move, to feel, and to act. In description they answer ex-

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actly to the magnetic fluids, that is, they are respectively positive, negative and neutral, their regular balance being essential to sanity. When the astral spine reaches the inner brain the nerves alter and become more complex, having a final great outlet in the skull. Then, with these two great parts of the inner person are the other manifold sets of nerves of similar nature related to the various planes of sensation in the visible and invisible world. These all then constitute the personal actor within, and in these is the place to seek for the solution of the problems presented by mesmerism and hypnotism.

Disjoin this being from the outer body with which he is linked and the divorce deprives him of freedom temporarily, making him the slave of the operator. But mesmerizers know very well that the subject can and does often escape from control, puzzling them often, and often giving them fright. This is testified to by all the best writers in the Western schools.

Now this inner man is not by any means omniscient. He has an understanding that is limited by his own experience, as said before. Therefore, error creeps in if we rely on what he says in the mesmeric trance as to anything that requires philosophical knowledge, except with rare cases that are so infrequent as not to need consideration now. For neither the limit of the subject's power to know, nor the effect of the operator on the inner sensoriums described above, is known to operators in general, and especially not by those who do not accept the ancient division of the inner nature of man. The effect of the operator is almost always to color the reports made by the subject.

Take an instance: A. was a mesmerizer of C., a very sensitive woman, who had never made philosophy a study. A. had his mind made up to a certain course of procedure concerning other persons and requiring argument. But before action he consulted the sensitive, having in his possession a letter from X., who is a very definite thinker and very positive; while A., on the other hand, was not definite in idea although a good physical mesmerizer. The result was that the sensitive, after falling into the trance and being asked on the question debated, gave the views of X., whom she had not known, and so strongly that A. changed his plan although not his conviction, not knowing that it was the influence of the ideas of X. then in his mind, that had deflected the understanding of the sensitive. The thoughts of X., being very sharply cut, were enough to entirely change any previous views the subject had. What reliance, then, can be placed on untrained seers? And all the mesmeric subjects we have are wholly untrained, in the sense that the word

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bears with the school of ancient mesmerism of which I have been speaking.

The processes used in mesmeric experiment need not be gone into here. There are many books declaring them, but after studying the matter for the past twenty-two years, I do not find that they do other than copy one another, and that the entire set of directions can, for all practical purposes, be written on a single sheet of paper. But there are many other methods of still greater efficiency anciently taught that may be left for another occasion.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE OLD AND THE NEW REGIME:

A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT.

All changes, naught is lost.
That which hath been is not what it was,
Yet that which hath been is.

IT is not an easy matter to adhere strictly to principles, and to frequently change methods; and to hold to persons according as they represent principles no matter how much they may alter methods and usages. It is so easy to drop into ruts, and to become fixed in habits of thought or action. New workers and new methods are often held to old standards with the almost invariable result of criticism and dissatisfaction. Every individual, whether of great or small ability, must necessarily be to a great extent a law to himself. This is more apparent in persons of strong character and great energy. They cannot follow methods devised by and for others no matter how good in themselves. If they try this they are only hampered in their work.

All this applies to the Theosophical leaders past and present. Principles may be strictly adhered to, methods continually changed. A great occultist like H. P. B. might be a very poor organizer. Immense energy and apparently sudden impulse, an overwhelming determination that a thing must be done, and done speedily might put everything at sixes and sevens in the methods of execution. A great organizer, like William Q. Judge, would find ways and means for bringing order out of chaos, and if he were, as in the case of Mr. Judge, at the same time an advanced occultist his work would be far-reaching and lasting. But when it is demanded of the new

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leader that the same old methods must be employed and that there shall be no innovations it is in reality sought, if ignorantly and unconsciously, to trammel the worker and hinder the work. I heard one say, "Let the new leader show the knowledge shown by H. P. B. and I will willingly follow." Must the new leader then speak the same language and do the same things—write books, and be unable to speak in public? And shall each leader go on writing books to all eternity? Do we not pass mile-posts in the T. S. as elsewhere?

There was a new literature to be created and H. P. Blavatsky accomplished it. There was a solid organization to be wrought out and permanent methods of work in certain lines to be established, and W. Q. Judge put these things in order. All this preliminary work made a new epoch inevitable and new methods necessary. There were no landmarks, no precedents. A crusade was instituted with startling suddenness, begun with a burst of enthusiasm; and with bull-dog pertinacity carried around the globe to a successful termination. It would seem as though an unseen force impelled it, and a special providence protected it. The new leader was untried and apparently inexperienced, yet there was a ready response, quick sympathy and unfailing support. There is nothing that succeeds like success. Carpers are silenced, and sore-heads disappointed. But all should have learned a lesson. Give the workers, and especially the new leader, a chance without trying to put words in their mouths, or trammels on their hands, and wait patiently for the outcome.

So far as the *Great Work* is concerned the foundation is scarcely yet laid. So much had to be done before the real structure could be reared. Few can imagine what it will be when completed. If we cannot help let us be sure not to hinder the work, else repentance is sure to come when too late. If one feels uncertain let him dispassionately watch passing events in the light of a great work to be accomplished, and see if they are not slowly but surely shaping toward that end. A great heart beats in the breast of the new leader that overflows continually with words of kindness and deeds of love. She is as open-handed as H. P. Blavatsky. She is quick to sympathize and instant in all the relief at her command. This is *practically* the "doctrine of the heart"; more like mother-love than anything I know. Such generous love is born only of pain and sorrow, in the long journey of the soul. It may not flinch or turn pale at slander or insult, but he who imagines that these do not *hurt* and hinder has never learned by suffering, and his day of trial draweth nigh.

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The work to be done looms like a mountain in the foreground. The track of the Crusade is to be nourished, and the great School at Point Loma to be brought to actuality.

A leader is one who leads, not one who is ambitious to lead ; first to forget self, ignore fatigue, and to be always at the post of duty. Let us give space and time and learn to help. Let us not drag the dead carcass of old methods after us and be forever quoting precedent, but let us go into the new century with ready tact to seize and shape events according to the needs and the possibilities of the passing hour. The loyalty and vigilance with which old workers are recognized and remembered and vacant chairs respected and cherished is something almost unprecedented. It utterly kills all charges of ambition, and proves beyond all possible controversy that "the humblest worker is seen and helped," and that each, no matter how feeble or obscure, is cherished as an integral part of the whole, and cannot fall away without injury to the whole.

These are the *signs* from even a casual observation, and they are volumes in evidence for the truth and loyalty of the new *régime*, of which the first year draws near its close, and the second approaches with still greater promise. J. D. BUCK.

Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even a Worldkin. Produce ! Produce ! Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it in God's name ! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee ; out with it then. Up, up ! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.—Thomas Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus.*

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FACES OF FRIENDS.

IT is some time since we presented the face of a friend to our readers. In doing so once more we could not select a more popular face among living Theosophists than that of Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley. She is so well known to so many of our readers that a verbal introduction is hardly necessary. The following extract from a long biographical sketch which appeared in the New York *Tribune* on Sunday, April 11th, 1897, supplements the accounts of her splendid achievements which have already appeared in these pages:

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

LEADER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Katherine A. Tingley was born of Puritan parents in Massachusetts about forty years ago. Her grandfather was the Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and was a profound student of mysticism. He was extremely fond of his little granddaughter and filled the child's soul with nature's teachings. Like Mme. Blavatsky, when a child Mrs. Tingley was constantly talking about things which she said she could see, but which her parents could not.

During the Civil War her father was an officer in the army and was quartered in a small town near the seat of the struggle in Virginia. When the troops returned from the Seven Days' Battle the child was found in the streets in the middle of the night, with a devoted colored maid, caring for the wounded. At this time she was ten or eleven years old. These actions and her continued visions and strange experiences frightened her parents, and to the great annoyance of her grandfather she was sent to a Roman Catholic Convent in Quebec, with the view of "curing her of her delusions." Child though she was, she was possessed with an enormous energy and had an intense desire to serve humanity. After the great fire in Quebec she formed among her companions in the convent a charitable organization for the benefit of the fire sufferers. This organization was the means of giving great relief to the destitute.

As a young woman, after leaving the convent, where she had remained but two years, she worked among the prisons and for the alleviation of the poor. Her extraordinary psychical powers naturally led her to investigate Spiritualism. She strongly opposed the seeking after physical manifestation and seance practices, and insisted that the human soul should be made the object of study. This made her many enemies, who bitterly attacked her after her subsequent accesssion to the leadership of the Theosophical movement.

Mrs. Tingley for years worked among the East Side poor of New York. She started institutions for the aged, organized the Emergency Relief Association in 1893, by means of which thousands of persons were fed and clothed, and established the Do Good Mission. She also did extensive work among the children, with whom she became a great favorite.

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Mrs. Tingley was intuitively a Theosophist in doctrine and sympathy long before she became an actual member of the society, and for years taught to those with whom she came in contact, rich and poor, the ideas of Theosophy, though without giving them a name. She raised part of the money for her charity work through parlor talks on occult philosophy at the houses of her wealthy friends. It was not until some years ago, when she first met W. Q. Judge, that she realized her mission, and became, at Mr. Judge's solicitation, a member of the Theosophical Society. It is said that Mrs. Tingley is the only person Mr. Judge ever specially invited to join the society. Mr. Judge at once recognized in Mrs. Tingley a person of extraordinary advancement and immediately after joining the society he admitted her also into the Esoteric School of Theosophy, without requiring her to go through any of the invariable forms and delays. Upon the death of Mr. Judge, March 21, 1896, it was found, when his papers were examined, that he had chosen Mrs. Tingley as his occult successor. The great trust of the members of the society led them to accept Mrs. Tingley as leader with practical unanimity, and to-day they are as devoted to her as they ever were to her two great predecessors.

In spite of the attention which the management of the affairs of a world-wide society demands, Mrs. Tingley still keeps up an interest in her East Side poor, and especially the children. At her direction a Theosophical Brotherhood Club has been organized at No. 607 East Fourteenth Street, where mothers are taught sewing; children, unsectarian ethics; and husbands invited to brotherhood suppers, where they are encouraged to express their views on any subject calculated to promote the general good of the race.

Mrs. Tingley is also about to establish a club for boys on the East Side.

In the one year of her leadership of the Theosophical movement Mrs. Tingley has launched the two greatest projects in its history. She has just finished a crusade around the world, in which, accompanied by seven other prominent Theosophists, she carried a message of brotherhood to most of the countries of the civilized world. She launched the project of building a School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity and laid the corner-stone of the great structure at San Diego, Cal., on February 23 last. She will be the directress of the school, which will have teachers and pupils from all parts of the world. She picked out the ground, which is one of the beauty spots of the American continent, without having ever been near it, seeing it for the first time with her physical eyes when she laid the corner-stone.

But to know Mrs. K. A. Tingley one must know her personally, or, at least, know her work. That work has only commenced, comparatively speaking, but if it be true that "by their fruits ye shall know them," Theosophists have already had a more than ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with her. The record of the last year should be sufficient, though as the years pass and results become more apparent, the blindest should see that we have in our midst one who is a maker of the world's history.

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"WORK."

THIS is essentially an age of work, of action, when all the forces of man's nature seem to be engaged in a terrible struggle, the outcome of which no man can tell, for "the makers of history" can rarely correctly predict the result of the work and efforts.

Now what is this "work" and why should all men engage in this apparently inevitable and ceaseless struggle—a struggle very often for bare physical existence? If we substitute for the word "work" the word "action" we may perhaps be able to arrive at some sort of solution of the seeming puzzle. Turn we now to Nature—of which man is an integral part—and let us see if we can learn from her methods in this matter. We see on all sides ceaseless eternal motion; ceaseless action, ceaseless change and we perceive, too, that this change is inevitable. It is the law of growth, as it is of decay and death. Therefore it is unavoidable and man, in common with all other forms of being, falls under the sway of this law which he finds to be also the law of his own being. There is no standing still in Nature; movement—or action—is involuntary and it is for man—man who possesses the divine right of choice, of freewill—to *choose* whether he will work in willing coöperation with Nature or whether he will oppose his petty little self of passion and desire to the onward march of evolution, only to be forever wheeled back again into line, as it were, until pain and suffering bring him to his senses.

In that wonderful little book, the *Bhagavad Gita*, Krishna exhorts Arjuna to the performance of his "natural duty" and tells him that "it is better to do one's own duty, even though it be devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well." Now it is in these words, I think, that we may find the key to the problem, the answer to the question which is forced upon us in the practical consideration of the subject of work, or more properly speaking, action. What then is our "natural" duty? The place in which we find ourselves being, as we believe, the result of Karmic law, of our own thoughts and deeds in past lives, it must surely follow that our "natural" duty lies first of all in the *staying where we are.* In striving to faithfully perform all those tasks—it matters not whether they be small or great—which lie ready to our hand, quite near to us, easy to find, we shall best fulfil the demands of the great law—for *this* is our "natural" duty.

Now we are in the *Kali Yug*, the black—or iron—age, when (it is said) more can be done in a given period than in any other age,

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and the results of the work done will follow more quickly, owing to the tremendous momentum. Moreover, we are nearing the close of the first 5,000 years of this black age, and although it is truly an age of spiritual darkness, yet the quickly-working force is itself impersonal and so can be used for good ends. To us as Theosophists this is a point of extreme importance. It is clearly a time for great effort all along the line, for we who believe that *all* effort throughout Nature's wide domains proceeds in accordance with this cyclic law, cannot too soon, or too practically, realize how important it is for us to take the fullest advantage of the swing of this cyclic pendulum. We must get on the crest, as it were, of this cyclic wave if we would have our Society carried forward as a strong and effective organization into the coming century, to cleave, like a shining diamond wedge, the material obscurity of this dark age and form a guiding star to awakening souls.

The first essential, I think, of all really good work is an adequate *motive*. This question of motive is a very difficult and a very subtle one. The ordinary man of the world, the "business man," is quite sure of his motive, if, indeed, he stops to think about it at all. He knows as a rule what he wants and why he wants it, and to a certain extent he is probably perfectly correct—*as far as he goes.* But he does not go far enough. No one knows, even faintly, what an exceedingly difficult task it is to determine the real motive for even the simplest action of his life, until he has seriously turned his attention to the study of his own inner nature. "Our subtle motives, ever eluding us" are indeed the despair of the man who is trying to know himself, to discover the why and the wherefore of what he may once in his ignorance have thought to be perfectly simple and obvious. The deeper he penetrates the more bewildered does he become. Yet an adequate motive must be found if we would do good work, if we would "live the life." Where, then, shall we seek it?

Turning again to the sublime teachings of the *Bhagavad Gita*, we find in one place that Krishna tells Arjuna that although action is not necessary to him, yet if he were not constantly in action "all these creatures would perish." As the Higher Self he had the true spiritual vision and so was able to see clearly his responsibility and he was trying to make Arjuna, his lesser self, do the same. Now here is the basis of our motive, clearly indicated—*Responsibility.* This is indeed the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty we all meet with when we try to attune our souls to the great ideals which Theosophy sets before us, the difficulty of *realizing our responsibility* and so stepping at once into the appropriate field of action. Once

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realize, however inadequately, this tremendous and very real responsibility—each man for his fellows—and we cannot fail to find a motive springing up within us which will carry us through well-nigh any difficulty and enable us to undertake any task, however herculean.

The trouble is that we do not realize this great fact of our responsibility. We know intellectually that these ideals rest on the bedrock of Truth, we feel intuitively that they are of the nature of the Supreme Soul, the great Self; but the lower self is faint hearted. It recoils instinctively from what is, to its narrow vision, a path of almost insurmountable difficulty, of barren and forbidding, nay, even of terrifying aspect. But the contemplation of these lofty ideals, the effort made by the soul towards liberation, has roused the spark of divinity within man and ever and anon the still small voice—the "Voice of the Silence"—thrills through his being, at first insensibly and almost unnoticed.

But as the voice gains power the man begins to look around in Nature for confirmation of its teachings and behold! he sees it on every hand and recognizes it as the law of the Manifested Universe. In the lowest and simplest forms of life he sees the *instinctual* recognition of the law of individual self-sacrifice for the good of the whole. Each tiny atom does its own particular and appointed work, its "duty," and so helps to keep the mass together. Great Nature drives each forward to do this until, in man, self-consciousness attained, each learns to do it of his own free will.

Thus we see that Nature herself teaches us that we are all integral and essential selves of the one great Self and that the very smallest and humblest has his own appointed task, a task no less necessary to the carrying out of the plan of the great Architect than that of the greatest amongst us. I think that this view of life will surely lead a man to that "resignation" which has been called "the first step in *becoming*." Until we have in some small measure learned this resignation our work, however apparently effective, must be robbed of more than half its value. For so long as we are limited—literally "cribbed, cabined, and confined"—by our personal desires, so long in fact as we care very greatly as to the *result* of our actions, so long do we hinder the great Self, Krishna, from freely working through us as his vehicle.

This very interest which attaches us to the result of our work acts, in the law, as a constricting, limiting force. If we give it forth to the great law, careless as to results, careful only that we put our whole soul into our work, *while we are doing it*, then indeed have we the whole mighty force of Nature on our side. We are

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thus helping her and working on with her and as the law of her nature is Harmony, our puny efforts, our all too feeble work, will go to swell the tide which makes for Unity and Harmony and therefore for the ultimate good of the race, which is ourself. For in the realm of Causes, in the sphere of the mind, where the work is really wrought out, it is the *motive* which determines the real value of our actions.

Thus the basis of our motive, then, should be our responsibility under the great law and not in our own personal desires. Thus do we identify ourselves with that Spiritual Will which, flying with electric and unimaginable swiftness, touches all hearts in a moment of time.

ALICE LEIGHTON CLEATHER.

THE SEARCH FOR WISDOM.

III.—BY QUESTIONS.

AT first sight it would seem that this third method of seeking wisdom were superfluous, and might as well have been omitted, for are not "questions" included in the idea of "strong search"? But there is at least one thing suggested in this clause which does not come in the former one, and that is, the help of others and the appeal to "those who know." While doing all we can for the service of our fellows, while seeking with all our might for the truth, we must put questions, to ourselves, to our brothers, to those wiser than either. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Nor need these questions rise out of that atmosphere of doubt which is so repellent to the bright beams of the sun of truth. What is "a working hypothesis" but a question? What is every experiment in a better way of living but a question? We formulate a theory, for instance, of our relations to our fellow-men, of what is justice, what is true charity, what is mere indulgence in the selfish pleasure we take in giving, irrespective of the real needs of the recipient of our careless bounty. Suddenly a question darts through the mind:

"Am I doing the best thing possible for my brother and for myself? Is it not easier for me to do this thing than to seek some

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form of help which would give me infinitely more trouble and do him more good? Is there no admixture of self-satisfaction, of vanity, of indolence in what I do? Should I be absolutely and entirely content if no mortal being ever knew or suspected that I did this good thing? Have I not a secret hope lurking at the bottom of my heart that some one will find it out, and that my merit will be acknowledged?"

Are not these, and many more, questions which might be useful to us in probing our motives while conducting that self-examination which should not be allowed to become morbid, but nevertheless, should be constant and sincere?

We must also question our fellows, for often we shall thus gain help whence we least expect it. Sometimes a student who is still at his alphabet, has nevertheless had a vision of the truth that you who are far beyond him in mere learning, have not yet attained, sometimes he will give you a word he does not fully understand himself, but which will nevertheless, give you the open sesame to the secret doors of wisdom.

Having questioned your own soul, and probed it to the core, having put yourself in the attitude of a learner at the feet of all you meet, for you have no brother so poor but that he may give you something, then come the questions that you wish to ask of "those who know." But they alone can tell when you are ready for the answers. The responses may be slow, but they are sure, and when the time is ripe and your soul ready, they will surely come to you. You may need the courage of the martyr and the patience of the saint before you reach your end, but then their reward shall be yours, when at last you have achieved. Surely knowing this, you can say with Walt Whitman, the most theosophic of poets:

"Whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.
My foothold is tenon'd and mortised in granite;
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time."

IV. BY HUMILITY.

Having sought this wisdom by doing service, by strong search, and by questions, there yet remains the crowning grace, humility. This seems to us at first a very passive thing, and yet it is a power of the soul. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," says the first of the beatitudes. It is not a promise for the future, it is their present possession.

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The ordinary idea of humility is a conscious resignation of something to which we consider ourselves entitled, and we take our pride with us to the lower seat in the synagogue which we have selected. The climax of this feeling was in the chieftain's assertion "Where the McGregor sits, is the head of the table." This was the supreme exaltation of the personality, the assertion of its superiority to place by virtue of its own supremacy.

So long as I am conscious of myself as something quite different from my brother, my attitude towards him will be apt to savor of condescension, it is only when all distinction of *me* and *thee* is obliterated, when our spiritual oneness is really recognized, that the perfume of true humility steals from the flower of the soul. And what is this conviction of spiritual unity but "the kingdom of heaven," which *is* the portion of the "poor in spirit"?

Humility is the fountain-head and source of contentment and serenity. When we have learned to rest in the conviction that we have no rights, and are satisfied to do the duty that lies nearest to our hand, nor long for the more glorious task of another, how peaceful life becomes, and how all its turmoil sinks into nothingness as the angry waves subside beneath a film of oil!

"Be humble, if thou wouldst attain to Wisdom," says the *Voice of the Silence;* "be humbler still when Wisdom thou hast mastered. For great is he who is the slayer of desire. Still greater he in whom the Self Divine hath slain the very knowledge of desire."

This humility then is not abject self-abasement, but the repose of him who has conquered self, and lives for the good of others. He has learned the great lesson that "the power the disciple shall desire is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men," and whatever trivial duty may come to him to be done, he cheerfully performs it, and by that gracious acceptance "makes the action fine." And who can tell upon how slender a thread hangs the mighty chain of cause and effect that sways his destiny?

The scale of magnitude is not the same to divine eyes as to ours, and when we most feel our littleness we may loom largest to celestial vision. Humility is that trust in wider intelligence, in greater love than ours, that keeps us steadfast in our own place, doing service in the best way that we can, secure that by that course alone, aided by questions and strong search, we shall attain to spiritual wisdom, for the wise, who see the truth, will communicate it unto us, and knowing this, we shall never again fall into error.

KATHARINE HILLARD.

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RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

VI.—THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG. PART III.—SIEGFRIED.*

After his parting from Brynhild, Wotan truly is nothing but a departed spirit; his highest aim can only be to let things *take their course*, go their own gait, no longer definitely to interfere; for that reason, too, has he become the "Wanderer." Take a good look at him! He resembles *us* to a hair; he is the sum of the Intellect of the Present, whilst Siegfried is the Man of the Future, the man we wish, the man we will, but cannot make, and the man who must create himself through *our annihilation*.—*Letter to August Roeckel, 1854.*

IN the wood where Sieglinde has taken shelter from Wotan's wrath, Mime, the brother of Alberich, has set himself to watch Fafnir's cave, in the hope of some day obtaining possession of the Ring. He finds Sieglinde and takes her to his cave, for he sees the broken sword and knows of the coming Siegfried. Dying she gives birth to the young hero, whom Mime carefully rears for his selfish ends, and the boy grows up in close touch with nature.

The drama opens when Siegfried is of full age. Mime is vainly trying to forge a sword, but Siegfried laughingly breaks it every time. In his roamings through the forest the boy has seen the loving care of the birds and beasts for their young, he has seen, too, his own noble form in the shining water, and both these things stand out in sharp contrast to the ugliness and lovelessness of his dwarf companion. He extracts from the unwilling Mime the story of his parentage, the breaking of the sword and the death of his father. Then Siegfried knows that his deliverance is at hand. He commands Mime to reweld the broken sword and leaves him to his hopeless work; hopeless indeed, for the dwarf knows well that his base powers will never accomplish such a task.

In his despair the Wanderer (Wotan) comes to him and tells him that "he only who ne'er hath learnt to fear may weld Nothung's pieces together." Laughing the Wanderer leaves him and Siegfried returns with the *Lebenslust*-motif, full of the sheer delight of life. Mime craftily tells Siegfried he must learn to fear by facing the dread Fafnir who sleeps in the Cave of Envy. Siegfried agrees and demands his sword. But Mime has to confess that only the fearless can weld it, so Siegfried impatiently sets to work, grinds the pieces to powder, reforges the blade, and proves its worthiness by cleaving the anvil in twain, meanwhile the cunning dwarf brews a poisonous draught which he intends to offer to Siegfried after he has slain the Dragon and secured the Ring.

* "He who through Victory (Sieg.) shall bring Peace (Friede)."—*R. Wagner.*

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In this first act we see the Hero's contempt for the mean and crafty powers which seek the Soul's undoing, and how he learns from Mother Nature of that Love which they have cursed. Then he gathers his will (the sword *Nothung*) for the fulfilment of his destiny which as yet he feels rather than understands. Thus we see the import of Wagner's words, that Wotan, as the Wanderer, is a "departed spirit." His will has passed to a new and brighter birth in Siegfried, who has now become the chief actor, and who, *with Brynhild*, will become the Redeemer.

In the second act we find Alberich also watching near the Cave of Envy for the Ring and Hoard that once were his. The Wanderer appears and warns him that his brother Mime is plotting for the gold and that the hero Siegfried will slay Fafnir and obtain it. Then he awakens Fafnir and Alberich attempts to get the Ring by the cunning suggestion that Siegfried covets the Ring alone, and that if Fafnir will give it up to him (Alberich) he may keep the Hoard and live on in peace. But the wary old Dragon will not listen and Alberich retires baffled.

Siegfried, led by Mime, now approaches the Cave, and the merry notes of his horn soon reäwaken Fafnir. After a short contest the Dragon is slain, and tasting by accident some blood which smears his hands, Siegfried immediately *understands* (where before he only felt) Nature's manifold voice. Overhead a wood bird sings to him, "Trust not Mime; hearken not to what he says but to what lies in his heart." So when Mime greets the returning Siegfried with the poisoned cup the latter sees his murderous design: Nothung swings aloft and another of the soul's fetters is cast aside. Thus freed the Soul is ready to press forward to higher deeds. The Dragon of Wisdom has yielded up his power and knowledge to the young warrior-soul, and now the wood bird cries, "Follow me. I can show you a wonderful wife," for Brynhild, the Spirit of Love, has yet to be awakened.

The lesson of this second act is that of the instinctive fulfilment of one's destiny; the first great conquest; the unfolding of the inner vision.

To the first scene of the third act great attention should be paid. The Wanderer has gone to a desolate spot; we hear the solemn, melancholy theme of the "Dusk of the Gods." By the might of his magic the Wanderer evokes Erda (Mother of Wisdom and of Brynhild) from sleep and questions her as to how he may "stay a rolling wheel"—the Curse of the Ring that lies heavy on his heart and binds him to the Law of Necessity. But Erda can tell him nothing, for her power and wisdom have reincarnated in Brynhild

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just as Wotan's will has in Siegfried. "Brave she is and wondrous wise. Why then wakest thou me instead of asking advice and knowledge of Erda's and Wotan's child?" Thus answered, Wotan condemns Erda to eternal sleep after telling her that "a Hero chosen by me, has won the Nibelungen Ring. Lacking of envy and joyful in love, on him must Alberich's Curse fall dead, for to him is fear a stranger. The Hero shall win for himself Brynhild, and through their love shall come the world's deliverance."

Siegfried now draws near, led by the wood bird towards the Valkyrie's Rock. He questions the Wanderer about his missing eye and the latter replies, "With the eye that I lack thou seest thyself." This refers to the "Third Eye" or organ of spiritual vision which man lost when he began to work for self instead of for the All. Now it is regained by Siegfried, the purified will, who cares nought for possessions and personal power. Then Wotan tries to rouse fear in him by telling of the terrible flames which surround the Rock.

"Fear the Rock's guardian!
My might it is that holds imprisoned the sleeping maid.
He who wakes her, he who wins her,
Makes me powerless forever!"

But Siegfried answers:

"There where the fire is burning,
To Brynhild must I go!"

Then the Wanderer outstretches his spear,

"If thou fearest not the fire,
My spear still will bar thy way!
My hand still holds the all-mastering shaft.
On which the sword thou swingest once was shattered;
Now again will it break on the eternal spear."

But the spear can no longer prevail against the advancing soul and its re-forged weapon. Nothung severs its shaft, thus shattering forever the old order of things, and Siegfried laughingly passes on to his bright goal.

Fearlessly he strides through Loki's flames, and with a kiss awakens his spiritual self, the sleeping Brynhild, in whose holy presence he now feels fear for the first time. Hear her words of greeting:

"Didst thou but know how I have ever loved thee!
Thou wert my thought and my care;
Before thy life began I cared for thee.

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Thou thyself am I, if thou truly canst love me.
What thou knowest not I know for thee.
Wisdom have I gained but only for love of thee.
From me alone was Wotan's thought ne'er hid ;
A thought I never dared to name,
For I reasoned not but only felt.
For it I fought, struggled and strove ;
For it defied the God who made it ;
For it suffered punishment.
For Wotan's thought it ever was,
That thou and I should love."

Then she senses the terrible Curse of Alberich, and recoils from Siegfried, possessor of the Ring, fearful of joining her lot with his.

"Sad darkness covers my sight ;
My eyes grow dim ; the light goes out !
Horrors surround me and enter my soul ! "

But beyond the dark gate of suffering through which she knows she must pass, she sees the bright promise of the world's deliverance, which can only be attained through this union ; so, following the "higher carelessness," she accepts her destiny with the cry,

"Light in Love and Laughter in Death ! " *

Wagner has said that it is a mistake to intellectually interpret his dramas overmuch. We defer to his opinion. To use his own beautiful words, "Of a verity the poet's greatness is mostly to be measured by what he leaves unsaid, letting us breathe in silence to ourselves the thing unspeakable ; the musician it is who brings this untold mystery to clarion tongue, and the impeccable form of his sounding silence is *endless melody.*" Yet we cannot refrain from calling attention, at this juncture in the great Tetralogy, to the point which has been reached in the evolution of the soul. The great choice has now to be made, and in the final tragedy of the *Dusk of the Gods* we shall see how this choice is made in the right direction, and the Curse of the Ring is redeemed by Brynhild's final act of renunciation.

BASIL CRUMP.

* The words "Love" and "Laughter" are of course used here in a broad and symbolical sense, the latter signifying the true joy of unselfish effort for the good of humanity.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

R. T. A.—I live a long way from any branch of the T. S. in A., and find it very difficult to get news of the persons who take a leading part in the work. I have just received a letter from an acquaintance who is not a member of the T. S. in A., in which it is stated that Mrs. K. A. Tingley is so ill that she may die at any moment. Kindly excuse my troubling you with the matter, but I should much like to know whether or not this report is based upon fact.

ANS.—What the report is based upon I cannot say: it is not based upon fact. When one reflects upon the work which Mrs. Tingley has been and is doing, one cannot be surprised if she is very tired. Lecturing, writing articles and answering an enormous correspondence, constant traveling, interviews, there are few who could bear what Mrs. Tingley has endured with as little fatigue. When Mrs. Tingley was in London she had a good deal of rheumatic pain which she stoically endured, never allowing it to interfere with her work. Most certainly there neither is nor was any "mortal" illness. Since meeting her on her return to New York I find her in much better health, in spite of her travel and work, than she was in London. Physically speaking, there is no reason why her life should not continue to the ordinary span and there are few who do not hope that her life and work will be so continued.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,
M.D. (Cantab.), L.R.C.P. (Lond.)
Licentiate of the State of New York.

ANS.—I have been asked to reply to the above question and as I was with the Crusaders from February 11th, to April 9th, there is probably no one who is better qualified than myself to reply to it from a medical standpoint. During this time it was my privilege to see Mrs. Tingley several times each day and I was occasionally called upon for professional advice. At such times I found her suffering from overwork, but she always rallied very quickly. This afforded me ample opportunity of knowing her conditions of health and enables me to state that there is no foundation whatever for the above report. On the contrary Mrs. Tingley's general health is in all respects excellent. LORIN F. WOOD, *M.D.*

P. W. H.—Can you tell me something about meditation? I constantly hear it spoken of among Theosophists but rarely see the matter referred to in our literature.

ANS.—It is not possible to give both a brief and satisfactory reply to this question. Broadly speaking meditation consists in the

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aspiration or tendency of a life-time; but this life-time's meditation can be modified by means of properly directed thought at special hours or as occasion offers. This thought should be directed towards a realization of fact as opposed to fancy. Eternal truths should be contemplated, such as: "we are all essentially divine in nature"; "the Higher Self is myself and the Self of all creatures." For that on which the mind dwells, that it becomes, and by frequently bringing the mind to bear on high and noble ideas it soon becomes colored by those ideas and is finally identified with the ideal meditated upon.

A mistake is frequently made by students who imagine something great and pure as existing beyond and apart from themselves and who then strive to reach to that. They forget that by imagining something as separate from themselves they make it separate in the world of mind. They should try to identify themselves in consciousness with that which is already their real self and which is only apparently separate. "The Master-Soul is One." But those who really wish to learn more of this vitally important subject should seek entrance to the Esoteric School, of which Mrs. Tingley is the head, in which information has been and will continue to be given which cannot be made generally public. Knowledge is a two-edged sword and can be used for both selfish and unselfish ends.

E. T. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HALLEIN, AUSTRIA, Jan. 21, 1897.

Editor THEOSOPHY:

Dear Sir:—I wish to congratulate you on the excellent article by Mr. E. A. Neresheimer in the January number of your magazine entitled, "A Word of Warning." As the nefarious project referred to therein may be about to be executed, it is probable that some of my friends may wish to know my views in regard to it, and to them I would say that no amount of slander or vituperation cast at Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, and no word of accusation supported by apparent proofs, would shake for one moment my conviction of the nobility of her character, the integrity of her motives and the divinity of her mission. My faith in Mrs. Tingley rests upon no external testimony or outward appearances, but upon interior proofs, such as are known to every occultist.

But these slanders against all the prominent members of the Theosophical Society have another meaning. They are the touchstone upon which the intuition of the members of the Theosophical Society is tested. Shankaracharya says that the first requisite for the attainment of self-knowledge is the possession of the power to discriminate between the lasting and unlasting—*Nitya*

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anitya vastu vivekas. The unlasting is the personality of man, the lasting is the real inner Self. Those whose minds are superficial see only the surface, the mask, with its personal qualities; those who see deeper see the real man, for whom the personality is only a vehicle. The wise man sees principles, the unwise sees only the persons. The wise man sees the wine in the pot and makes use of it; the fool sees only the pot and mistakes it for the wine. In this way each one himself proves either his fitness or his unfitness to become a candidate for eternal life.

Yours very truly,
FRANZ HARTMANN.

LITERARY NOTES.

IRISH THEOSOPHIST for March. In the continuation of her notes on "The Bhagavad Gita," Mrs. Keightley emphasizes the need for *Trust.* She also points out that its purpose is not to harden us against pain but to free us from bondage to pain by teaching us how to rise superior to both pain and joy. "Our Secret Ties" tells us of those inner, hidden bonds of brotherhood which link soul to soul, and lift a man up to higher planes when he allows them. One wishes that more of our writers had the gift, which is Æ's, of putting into words their heart-thoughts for the help and understanding of their fellows. The other articles are interesting and helpful. A letter from a child gives an interesting ideal for a child's magazine, and a review of a new translation of the *Gospels* announces another failure in that wreck-strewn field.—[C.]

LOTUSBLÜTEN (German) for March contains the following articles: "Mystics and Mysticism," "The Philosophy of the Bhagavad Gita," considered in the light of the secret doctrine, "Karma." The usual notes complete the number.—[G.]

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM for April. This little paper is more and more taken up with activities, notices and important Theosophical news. This number contains the account of the laying of the corner-stone of the S. R. L. M. A. The questions are not omitted, however, five being well answered.—[G.]

THEOSOPHIA (Swedish) for February contains in English on the cover page a summary of its contents and a list of Swedish and Norwegian activities, all one unfamiliar with Swedish can get out of it, but a satisfactory enough showing.—[G.]

OURSELVES for February-March, a double number, has many little articles by well-known writers, chief among which may be mentioned "From the Temples of Egypt," by Sidney Coryn, and "Happiness," by H. T. Edge.—[G.]

AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST for January. *Magic* under a new name might be called a "Crusade number," as it deals exclusively with the recent events in Australasia consequent directly or indirectly upon the visit of the crusaders. Events certainly followed each other in quick succession, and those described should have a permanent effect upon the Theosophic work in that far-off country.—[G.]

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST for March has a most interesting and practical article by Evan Williams entitled, "How to Work Among Sailors," full of ideas worthy of trial elsewhere. Dr. Anderson contributes a good article on "The Mystery of Incarnate Life," a lecture delivered in San Francisco. A short account of the "Astral Bodies," by E. P. Jones, and a record of activities complete the number.—[G.]

ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT PAPER, for March-April, is fully launched on its new policy of giving its readers glimpses of ancient Hindu life, and of the character of the secular as well as of the more serious writings of the East. The stories of the Brahmans remind us of Rudyard Kipling's assertion that there are, after all, only thirty-eight stories, and we are inclined to philosophise

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that the identical thirty-eight were doubtless told ages ago upon the moon. In the translation from the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, and the commentary thereon, is given the search for the Eternal and the wisdom thereof, which is so superbly set forth in the Upanishads and with such infinite variety and beauty of expression. To read the Upanishads is to long for the dawn of the long-promised Golden Age when men shall again direct their minds towards the "Eternal" and their search toward wisdom, so that we shall once more come to speak and write of these things.

The portion of the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, translated for this issue, might be given as answer to the question asked in the *Bhagavad Gita*, "What is the description of that wise and devoted man who is fixed in contemplation and confirmed in spiritual knowledge?"—[C.]

KARMA, A STUDY OF THE LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT, by Dr. Jerome A. Anderson. Any work by Dr. Anderson is sure of a hearty welcome from all students of Theosophy. The present work is uniform with "Reincarnation" and "Septenary Man," by the same author, and these three volumes form a most valuable contribution to Theosophical literature, and should be in the hands of all students. The divisions of the subject have been most admirably chosen, and the relation and application of Karma to Consciousness, Thought, Reincarnation, Post-Mortem States, Suicide, Free-Will, the Vicarious Atonement and Forgiveness is clearly shown. We are very pleased to see at the end of the volume the Aphorisms on Karma by W. Q. Judge, reprinted from THE PATH for March, 1893. These aphorisms put the whole subject in a nutshell, and as Dr. Anderson states, "they really cover the whole subject with their broad comprehensive statements, and it only remains to students to ponder over and try to comprehend them." In this the student will certainly be helped by Dr. Anderson's excellent presentation of this most important subject.—[J. H. F.]

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

TOURS OF LECTURERS.

JAMES M. PRYSE.—Arrived at Olympia, Wash., March 18th, attended branch meeting same evening and held E. S. T. meeting on the 19th. The branch at Olympia is small, and though the members are earnest and devoted, Theosophy has never made much headway there, public meetings never having been well attended even when special efforts were made, so none was announced on this occasion. Reached Seattle on the 20th, delivered three public lectures to full houses, attended training class, and held two E. S. T. meetings. The branch here is strong and efficient. Left on the 27th for Victoria.

ABBOTT B. CLARK.—Since last report Mr. Clark has been lecturing in Santa Monica, Toluca, Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands and Los Angeles, and visited San Diego with the Crusaders. The Santa Monica class has quadrupled its attendance. The others are all doing their usual steady work.

BURCHAM HARDING met the Crusaders in Chicago, and left March 19th for Jackson, Mich., delivering two public lectures and helping the newly formed branch with class work. The 20th he spoke in Detroit upon the first anniversary of W. Q. J.'s departure, on "Brotherhood and Toleration." The 22d he passed with the Toledo, Ohio, members, lecturing that night and the following at Sandusky to good audiences. It is hoped to secure a branch room at Sandusky and impart more vigor to the local work.

The 24th was passed at Cleveland interviewing the newspapers preparatory to the arrival of the Crusaders. The 25th and 26th lectures were delivered at Warren, O., and a centre started. After the Crusaders had left Cleveland he visited Akron, O., lecturing twice in Buchtel College, after which an application for a new branch was signed. The 31st a large meeting was held at Cleveland of those desiring to study Theosophy, whose interest had been awakened by the Crusade meeting.

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THE RETURN OF THE CRUSADE.

REPORTS FROM BRANCHES VISITED.

The marvellous "luck" of the Crusaders followed them to the very end, and success met them at every point where they stopped on the American continent.

INDIANAPOLIS.

The Crusade reached Indianapolis, March 20th. The whole city was astir. The press gave splendid notices and interviews, and the hall on Sunday night (the 21st) was packed to suffocation. Mrs. Tingley held a reception at the close of the meeting and the audience almost rushed onto the platform to shake hands with her and the Crusaders. It is not overstating the matter to say that Theosophy won a great victory here through the Crusaders; their coming was a blessing and a benediction, and the waves set in motion by Mrs. Tingley and her band will roll on and carry a tremendous influence for good into the new century.

CINCINNATI.

The Crusaders reached Cincinnati, Monday, March 22d, at 3 P. M., and were met by a large delegation of members. Their stay here was full of activity. Besides much correspondence, which had to be attended to, interviews with the press reporters, arrangements for the public meeting, consultations with members, etc., kept the Crusaders busy until far into the night, though they were up and at work again early the next morning. After a busy day, Tuesday, came the public meeting in the evening. Fully a thousand people listened to the addresses, many standing during the entire proceedings. Dr. Buck was chairman of the meeting, and addresses were made by Mr. Hargrove, Mrs. Cleather, Mr. Patterson, Mrs. Tingley and the Rev. Mr. Williams. The spirit pervading both the speakers and audience was that of sympathy and harmony. After addresses many in the audience took occasion to meet the Crusaders in the half-hour reception held on the stage. The day closed with a large E. S. T. meeting held in the rooms of the Cincinnati Branch.

An immense force seemed to accompany the Crusaders and to radiate from them and their work in all directions, and the impression it left was strong and inspiring. This was the universal expression from those not members of the T. S. as well as from members. It was easy to see and to *feel* that this was the force that carried them around the world.

COLUMBUS.

Leaving Cincinnati early Wednesday morning, the 24th, the Crusaders reached Columbus at noon. The rest of the day was spent in receiving calls from the members, in interviews with newspaper men and in preparations for public work. Thursday evening a public meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, where a large and attentive audience was addressed by Mrs. Tingley, Mrs. Cleather, Mr. Hargrove, Mr. Patterson and Mr. Williams. After the public meeting an E. S. T. meeting was held in the hall of the Society. The newspapers of the city devoted considerable space and attention to the visit of the Crusaders, both before their arrival and during their stay.

TOLEDO.

From Columbus the Crusaders proceeded to Toledo on the 26th, They were met at the train by a large number of members and most cordially received. The public meeting was most successful. The hall was crowded and every one present was much impressed with the speeches made, as is shown by the many enquirers who have since attended the branch meetings. The coming of the Crusade here may be said to mark a turning point in the history of the Toledo branch.

From Toledo most of the Crusaders went on to Cleveland, but three were sent to hold a meeting in Detroit, Michigan.

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DETROIT.

Mrs. Cleather, Dr. Williams and Dr. Wood reached here on March 27th, and addressed a large audience which gathered to hear them, on the objects of the Society and the Purpose and Results of the Crusade. We were very glad to receive this visit and our branch has been much benefited by it as it has helped to put Theosophy before the public in its true light.

CLEVELAND.

The Crusaders reached Cleveland, March 27th, devoting the evening to newspaper reporters, which resulted in excellent local accounts of the world-wide work in all the Sunday issues. On Sunday, 28th, a large number of T. S. members from Youngstown, Warren, and other places met the Crusaders personally. At night the Lyceum Theatre was packed to hear the speeches which were enthusiastically received. At the close an informal reception was held by the Crusaders, followed by an E. S. T. meeting.

BUFFALO.

The Crusaders reached Buffalo the afternoon of March 29th. Preparations had been made for a Brotherhood Supper the same evening, so that work began almost immediately. The tired travellers were given an hour or two of rest and were then escorted to Turn Hall, in the German quarter, where they found one hundred and sixty men, women and children, seated at supper, and in a happy and cheerful frame of mind to listen to the addresses when the time came.

Mr. Patterson made the opening speech and was followed by one after another of the party. The words spoken were brotherly in spirit, simple and worth listening to, as the appreciative applause testified.

On Tuesday, the 30th, came the big mass meeting at Music Hall, toward the success of which all the members of the Branch had put in their best work.

Mr. Hargrove spoke on "Reincarnation," Mrs. Cleather on the "Perfectibility of Man," and Rev. Dr. Williams gave a learned discourse upon "Great Teachers." Mrs. Tingley was not able, owing to her great fatigue, to speak at length, but made a few remarks, which were listened to with great eagerness. At ten o'clock Crusaders and members adjourned to the headquarters, where a large E. S. T. meeting was held and quite a number of new members admitted.

The party remained with us one more day and night, which was most profitably spent, and gave us all an opportunity to become acquainted with *our friends*, for such we felt by this time the Crusaders were.

The effect of the work done here can scarcely be estimated as yet, but it is certain that there are few, if any, persons in Buffalo who have not been given an opportunity to hear of the teachings. The newspapers for three weeks previous to the visit, and for some days after, devoted much space to Theosophy and Brotherhood, and the message was spread far and wide.

TORONTO, CANADA.

A telegram was received on the 15th March that the Crusaders would arrive on the 31st and hold a public meeting on April 1st.

The Princess Theatre, the largest in the city, was obtained for the occasion. All the seats usually reserved in a theatre had been reserved, but without fee or charge of any kind. All these tickets, which guaranteed a seat until five minutes before the hour of commencing, were taken the day before. The newspapers estimated the number present at 2,000, and for the City of Toronto the meeting was an extraordinary success, both, as the *World* said, "in interest and attendance." All classes of citizens were represented, the private boxes occupied by many of the *élite*, and the body of the house filled with clergymen, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and representatives of all classes. Mr. Hargrove, in an address on "Reincarnation," made a strong impression on the audience, and Mr. Patterson and Rev. Mr. Williams also made exceedingly interesting addresses. The Canadian national flag was presented to the Crusaders on behalf of the Beaver T. S. by the president, S. L. Beckett. At the close of the meeting a large number came on the stage to shake hands with the speakers. An E. S. T. meeting was held at the Queen's Hotel at 11 P. M. and ten new members were admitted to the school. The Crusaders left at 9 next morning.

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THE CRUSADE.

From San Francisco the Crusaders went to San Diego, Calif., where they arrived on February 18th. They held a free public meeting in the Unitarian Church and on the 23d took part in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, the stone being laid by Mrs. K. A. Tingley. A very large number of people from the neighborhood were present. Long and most friendly reports appeared in the local and San Francisco press. A full account of the ceremony and a report of all the speeches will be printed as soon as possible.

From San Diego the party travelled to Los Angeles and Sacramento, holding crowded meetings in both cities and arousing immense popular interest in Theosophy. The long interviews and reports which appeared in the newspapers offer the best possible proof of the wide-spread interest aroused. While in Sacramento Mrs. Tingley and other members of the party visited the State's Prison, addressing the prisoners, Mrs. Tingley moving many of her audience to tears.

Salt Lake City was reached on March 2d and the same success was met with there as elsewhere. In Denver the whole city became interested in Theosophy. The Rev. Myron Reed lent his large theatre for a Sunday morning meeting, which was crowded, and on the evening of the same day—the 7th—the Banquet Hall in the Masonic Temple was crammed to overflowing half an hour before the meeting began. Two overflow meetings were held and many hundreds of people could not even gain admission to these.

From Denver the Crusaders travelled east to Kansas City, holding a crowded meeting there and being welcomed by the same kindly enthusiasm that they have everywhere met with. A night's journey brought them to St. Louis on March 12, where a new Branch was established at the conclusion of a public meeting at which many were obliged to stand throughout the proceedings. This has been a very common experience on the Crusade, hundreds of people standing from eight to ten o'clock at night, sufficiently interested in Theosophy to do so without a murmur. Besides the formation of a new Branch in St. Louis the old Arjuna Branch was greatly strengthened by the visit of the Crusade.

Leaving St. Louis on March 15th the party arrived at Chicago on the same day. The usual welcome greeting from the members and the customary interest on the part of numerous press representatives. It would have been difficult to have found room for a dozen more people in the immense Central Music Hall on the night of the Crusade meeting. The audience was exceedingly sympathetic and showed real interest. The newspaper reports next morning were not quite so lengthy as usual on account of the prize-fight taking place in Carson City! Chicago was bidden farewell on the 18th, Fort Wayne, Ind., being reached the same day. They were met by the usual Fort Wayne welcome; held a very successful public meeting and were obliged to hurry on at once to Indianapolis, where they arrived on the 20th. The press here as elsewhere was most friendly. A crowded meeting with many standing on the 21st, and now on to Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo, Buffalo, Toronto and New York.

There are three gateways to Hell reserved for fools: these are called Hearsay, Supposition and Inference.—*Book of Items.*

ÔM.

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The Brotherhood

Vol. XII. No. 2. MAY, 1897.

THEOSOPHY

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

The Theosophical Movement, the Brotherhood of Humanity, the Study of Occult Science and Philosophy, and Aryan Literature.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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E. T. HARGROVE, Editor.

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AUM

We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE.—*The Over-Soul*, R. W. EMERSON.

THEOSOPHY.

Vol. XII. JUNE, 1897. No. 3.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an Official Document.

Where any article or statement has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned the Editor will be accountable.

THE SCREEN OF TIME.

THEOSOPHY, as promised in our last issue, is this month, and will be henceforth, exactly twice its former size and without any increase in its cost. It will now take its place in the front rank of popular monthly magazines, and the dream of its great founder, W. Q. Judge, will have been realized at last. The Screen of Time has recorded few changes more significant than this. It is one of the surest signs that the thought of the world is broadening.

* * * * * * *

The most important event in the history of the Theosophical Society in America during the past month has been the annual Convention of the Society, which took place in New York City on April 25th and 26th. Delegates from all quarters of America, and an unusual number from Europe, took part in the proceedings, which from first to last were characterized by an unsurpassed unanimity and general good feeling. This was particularly evident when the resolution of confidence in Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley as leader of the theosophical movement throughout the world was proposed, the entire audience rising as one man and cheering her to the echo. This resolution will be found in a brief report of the Convention proceedings under "The Mirror of the Movement."

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While Theosophists assembled from all parts of the world to promote the cause of universal Brotherhood, the whole of Europe trembled on the verge of unthinkable disaster; war seemed inevitable, not merely between two of the second-rate powers, but between the combined armies of the continent. As yet, this greater conflict has been averted, but the two minor powers still continue at strife. This has aroused the most wide-spread interest in America, as well as in Europe, and has called forth many appeals in aid of the wounded. One such appeal, made by good and charitable people, laid itself open to most serious objection on account of its undisguised attempt to arouse Christian prejudice against everything Mohammedan. The Turks were referred to as people whose religion teaches them that it is an act pleasing in the sight of God to kill and torture Christians. Mohammedanism teaches no such thing. If there are Turks who act on such principles, opposed as they are to Mohammed's teachings, have there not been so-called Christians who have been equally false to their Saviour's divine injunctions? And in any case, can any good thing come out of an appeal to one of man's lowest characteristics—religious bigotry and intolerance? We think not. Let us help the wounded by all means, but let us help them because they suffer, not because we hate their enemies.

* * * * * * *

A war of a very different sort is being waged on this continent. It is a campaign in favor of high-class journalism as opposed to degrading sensationalism. It is a newspaper war, and as it occasionally waxes furious, one is not infrequently reminded of the "ungracious" reformer who shows

> ". . . . the steep and thorny way to heaven,
> Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
> Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
> And recks not his own rede."

Who is to blame if a newspaper indulges in "gutter-journalism"? The editor? Not nearly so much as *the people who demand what he supplies.* If we are to reform the press we must reform the people first, for it is the business of a newspaper editor to so keep in touch with the requirements of the public that he is able to provide whatever will most please his readers. He forms a low estimate of their taste, and if without high principles himself, he naturally caters to their depravity so far as the law will permit. It is the old story; it seems impossible for the nineteenth century reformer to do more than rush headlong at an effect, regardless of its cause. He does not see that if you change the hearts and minds of the

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people, abuses of every description will be possible no longer. He tinkers here and there at the surface of things, and leaves the hidden cancer to work inevitable destruction. Do away with selfishness and its cause—which is ignorance—and misery, immorality, intolerance and all other evils would vanish of their own accord. But then a good many reformers would be in dreadful need of occupation!

* * * * * * *

Immense strides continue to be made in the field of biblical research. Chaldea is at present the chief centre of interest for those who make a specialty of this work, for recent investigations in the neighborhood of Babylon have thrown new and valuable light upon what are called "Christian origins," though they actually concern Judaism more than Christianity proper. It is strange with what timidity these discoveries of cuneiform tablets and other records are regarded by many orthodox people; they admit with evident reluctance that the story of the Garden of Eden must be thrown back several thousand years—and there they stop, afraid of their own boldness. Foolish scepticism on the one hand, thinking it can destroy Christianity by proving the story of Jonah and the whale a fable, common to all the great mythological systems—forgetting that a fable may be a myth and that every *mythos* has its *logos* or reason; foolish orthodoxy on the other hand, clinging to dead-letter interpretation and verbal inspiration, and hopelessly ignorant of universal symbolism which alone can protect religious forms from materialistic and destructive criticism. But when the right time arrives and the right man steps forward to do the work, both in Assyriology and Egyptology, there will be a revolution in human thought and both scepticism and crass orthodoxy will be forced to change their attitude for the better in the face of overpowering facts.

* * * * * * *

During a recent trial which attracted considerable attention the following statement was made by the defendant in the course of cross-examination: "I sat down to say my prayers, because if I knelt down I always went to sleep and stayed there on my knees till morning." There is something delightfully *naïve* about this admission. It implies so much more than appears at first sight, for it represents the condition of what generally passes for religion at the present time. This same individual found it easy enough to keep awake when dealing with worldly affairs, but when it came to praying, to religion, he had to fortify himself against sleep. Re-

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ligion has lost its reality for most people; its ministers have to galvanize it into artificial activity by every trick and device of the showman and politician. Even then they can hardly keep either it or its devotees awake. And this state of things will continue so long as religion is divorced from philosophy and science, and is chiefly applied to a part of man's nature, which labelled "the soul" and classified as "supernatural," must always be regarded as separate from man himself.

Sleeping, dreaming of its past, and sometimes shouting in its sleep, religion can never occupy its true position in the lives of men until it claims its chief home as being within their own hearts. Pointing to the sky as the seat of Deity, to the unseen future as the time for compensation, to undiscoverable "supernature" as an explanation of all mysteries, it can only dream itself into oblivion. But as it passes out, true religion must take its place, and Theosophy as the synthesis of religion, science and philosophy will be one of the chief factors in bringing this about. Its doctrines are already being preached from thousands of pulpits; its message is reaching millions who may never have heard its name. The name is of little consequence compared to the importance of theosophical ideas, and these, in many strange disguises, are met with everywhere. The world is being reminded of long-forgotten truths and religion may yet be reborn to exercise its true function in human affairs.

Explain the universe as natural and yet essentially divine; turn men's minds to the Christ within and the light within even more than to powers beyond and above them; show that they have made themselves what they are and may make themselves what they would be; make them feel that life is the science they should master, and that life's first lesson is to love their fellow-men—and whether they call themselves Christians, Mohammedans or Jews, Hindus or Buddhists, they cannot help but be good Theosophists.

E. T. H.

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THE SHEATHS OF THE SOUL.*

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

IN my last article, "Mesmerism," I arrived at the point where we discover that the inner mortal man has several sheaths through which he obtains touch with Nature, feeling her motions and exhibiting in return his own powers and functions. It is a doctrine as old as any Esoteric School now alive, and far more ancient than the modern scientific academies; an understanding of it is absolutely needful if we are to gain an adequate comprehension of real Mesmerism.

Instead of looking at the human being as that which we see, it is to be regarded as a being altogether different, functioning and perceiving in a way quite peculiar to itself, and being compelled to translate every outward impression, as well as those coming from within, from one language into another, that is to say, from pictures into words, signs and acts, or *vice versâ*. This statement is vague, I admit, yet nevertheless true. The vagueness arises from the difficulties of a language that has as yet dealt but slightly with these subjects, and the development of which has gone on in a civilization wholly materialistic. Man is a Soul, and as such stands among material things. This Soul is not only on its way upward for itself, but is compelled at the same time to draw up, refine, purge and perfect the gross matter—so-called—in which it is compelled to live. For though we call the less fine stages of substance by the name "matter," it is, however, made up of lives which have in them the potentiality of becoming Souls in the enormously distant future; and the Soul being itself a life made up of smaller ones, it is under the brotherly necessity of waiting in the bonds of matter long enough to give the latter the right impetus along the path of perfection.

So, during the long ages that have passed since the present evolution began in this solar system, the Soul has constructed for its own use various sheaths, ranging from very fine ones, near to its own essential being, to those that are more remote, ending with the outer physical one, and that one the most illusionary of them all although appearing from the outside to be the truly real. These sheaths are necessary if the Soul is to know or to act. For it cannot by itself understand Nature at all, but transforms instantly all

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sensations and ideas by means of the different sheaths, until in the process it has directed the body below, or obtained itself experience above. By this I mean that whatever Soul initiates it has to pass along through the several sheaths, each reporting, as it were, to the one next below it; and in like manner they report from below upward in the case of sensations from natural phenomena and impressions on the outside. In the beginnings of evolution, during all its stages, this took appreciable amounts of solar time, but at this point of the system's march along the line of growth it takes such an infinitesimally short space that we are justified in calling it instantaneous in all cases of normal and well-balanced persons. There are, of course, instances where longer time is used in consequence of the slower action of some one of the sheaths.

The number of sharply-defined sheaths of the Soul is seven, but the sub-differentiations of each raises the apparent number very much higher. Roughly speaking, each one divides itself into seven, and every one in each collection of seven partakes of the nature of its own class. There may, therefore, be said to exist forty-nine sheaths possible of classification.

Physical body may be recognized as one sheath, and the sub-divisions in it are such as skin, blood, nerves, bones, flesh, mucous membrane and . . . . . .

Astral body is another, but not so easily recognized by the men of to-day. It has also its own sub-divisions answering in part to those of the physical body. But being one stage higher than the latter, it includes in one of its own sub-divisions several of those in the body. For instance, the surface sensations of blood, skin, flesh and mucous membrane will be included in a single one of the astral sub-divisions.

And exactly at this point the Esoteric Schools diverge from and appear to contradict modern pathology and physiology. For the modern school admits only the action of nerves along skin and mucous membrane and in flesh, as the receivers and transmitters of sensation. It would appear to be so, but the facts *on the inside* are different, or rather more numerous, leading to additional conclusions. Likewise too we clash with the nineteenth century in the matter of the blood. We say that the blood cells and the fluid they float in receive and transmit sensation.

Each sub-division among the physical sheaths performs not only the duty of receiving and transmitting sensations, but also has the power of retaining a memory of them, which is registered in the appropriate ganglion of the body, and continually, from there, implanted in the corresponding centre of sensation and action in the

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astral body. At the same time the physical brain has always the power, as is of course a common fact, of collecting all the physical sensations and impressions.

Having laid all this down—without stopping for argument, which would end in nothing without physical demonstrations being added—the next step is this. The lower man who collects, so to say, for the Soul's use, all the experiences below it, can either at will when trained, or involuntarily when forced by processes or accident or abnormal birth, live in the sensations and impressions of one or many of the various sheaths of the physical or astral body.

If trained, then there will be no delusions, or any temporary delusions will be easily dispersed. If untrained, delusion walks arm in arm with the sensations. If diseased or forced, the outer acts may be correctly performed but the free intelligence is absent, and all the delusions and illusions of hypnotic and mesmeric states show themselves.

If the inner lower man be functioning among the sensations—or planes, if you like—of some astral sense or centre, then clairvoyance or clairaudience comes on, because he is conveying to the brain those impressions derived from similar planes of nature in any direction.

And when to this is added a partial touch of some minor physical sub-divisions of the sheaths, then delusion is made more complete, because the experience of a single set of cells is taken for the whole and reported, by means of the brain, in the language used by a normal being. Indeed so vast are the possible combinations in this department that I have only mentioned a few by the way of illustration.

It is this possibility of the inner lower man's being connected with one or more of the sheaths, and disconnected from all the rest, which has led one of the French schools of hypnotizers to conclude to the effect that every man is a collection of personalities, each complete in itself. The positions laid down above are not destroyed by the fact, as observed at Paris and Nancy, that the subject in hypnotic state No. 2 knows nothing about state No. 1; for each normal person, when acting normally, compounds all the various sets of sensations, experiences and recollections into one whole, the sum total of all, and which is not recognizable as any one of them distinct from the rest.

It must also be remembered that each person has pursued in prior lives this or that course of action, which has trained and developed this or that Soul-sheath. And although at death many of them

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are dissolved as integral collections, the effect of such development formerly pursued is not lost to the reïncarnating being. It is preserved through the mysterious laws that guide the atoms when they assemble for the birth of a new personal house to be occupied by the returning Soul. It is known that the atoms—physical and astral—have gone through every sort of training. When the Soul is reïncarnating it attracts to itself those physical and astral atoms which are like unto its old experience as far as possible. It often gets back again some of the identical matter it used in its last life. And if the astral senses have received in the prior existence on earth great attention and development, then there will be born a medium, or a real seer, or sage. Which it will be, depends on the great balancing of forces from the prior life. For instance, one who in another incarnation attended wholly to psychic development without philosophy, or made other errors, will be born, may be, as an irresponsible medium; another, again, of the same class, emerges as a wholly untrustworthy partial clairvoyant, and so on, *ad infinitum.*

A birth in a family of wise devotees and real sages is declared from old time to be very difficult of attainment. This difficulty may be gradually overcome by philosophical study and unselfish effort for others, together with devotion to the Higher Self pursued through many lives. Any other sort of practice leads only to additional bewilderment.

The Soul is bound to the body by a conversion to the corporeal passions; and is again liberated by becoming impassive to the body.

That which Nature binds, Nature also dissolves; and that which the Soul binds, the Soul likewise dissolves. Nature, indeed, bound the body to the Soul, but the Soul binds herself to the body. Nature, therefore, liberates the body from the Soul, but the Soul liberates herself from the body.

Hence there is a two-fold death; the one, indeed, universally known, in which the body is liberated from the Soul; but the other peculiar to philosophers, in which the Soul is liberated from the body. Nor does the one entirely follow the other.

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IRELAND BEHIND THE VEIL.

BY "Æ." (GEORGE W. RUSSELL.)

IN the ages which lie far back of our recorded history many battles between gods and demons took place as told by the Celtic Homers. The hosts of light, a divine race known as the Tuatha de Danann, made war upon the Fomors for possession of Eire. At the last great battle of Moytura came victory for the gods. One of our later singers, Larminie, who has retold the story, has it that the demoniac nature was never really subdued. The bright Danann and the dark Fomor no longer war in mystic worlds, but twine more subtly together in the human generations who came after, and now the battle is renewed in the souls of men. Indeed it seems that the fierce Fomor spirit is more rampant, makes itself more evident to the eyes of men, than the gentle, peaceful race who inherit the spirit bequeathed by the gods. It is our misfortune that the Fomorian Celt, who makes most noise, represents us before the world. He looms up variously as a drunken Paddy, a rowdy politician, a moonlighter, or a rackrenting landlord. There is a tradition current about the last which confirms my theory. It is that when the rebel angels were cast out of Paradise the good God put some of them into waste places, and some became landlords. So I am moving here on safe ground.

But, however it may be, of that other Eire behind the veil the world knows little. It is guessed only by some among ourselves. We may say one-half of Ireland is unsuspected by the other half: it is so shy of revealing itself. The tourist will never unmask it: nor will the folklorist who goes about his work in the scientific spirit of a member of the Royal Dublin Society. It is on his own telling that, bent on discovery, he panted his way up certain hills until he met a native. Our folklorist surveyed him through spectacles and went at once to business.

"Are there any myths connected with these hills, any ancient traditions, my good man?"

"Sor!"

"I mean are there any folk tales current?"

"No, sor, I never heard tell of any."

Our folklorist went his way down the mountain side convinced that legend and fäery were things of the past. Yet these very mountains have been to some what Mount Meru was to the Indian

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ascetic. They have seen the bright race of the Sidhe at midnight glow like a sunrise on the dark brow in rainbow-colored hosts. They have heard the earthly silences broken by heart-capturing music. Where these mountains are and who it was that saw is of no moment. If I named the hills they would be desecrated by the curious bent equally on picnic and fäeries. If I named the visionaries some people would be sure to get up a committee to investigate. It is the dark age. To the curious I would say that fäeryland is the soul of earth and it lies as much about you in America as here, and friendship with your bright kinsmen in the unseen there is the surest way to friendship with them here when you pay us a visit. That the fäery traditions have by no means passed away I am aware.

I was driving from the ancient city of Drogheda to New Grange, once the most famous magical and holy place in Ireland. My carman after a little became communicative. He told me that many people still left little bowls of milk for the good people: a friend of his had seen them in their red jackets playing hurley: a woman near by had heard the fairy chimes ringing clear over the deserted Druidic mound at Dowth. Then he grew apprehensive that he was telling too much and sounded me as to my own beliefs. My fäeries were different from his. I believed in the bright immortals; he in the little elemental creatures who drape themselves with the pictures of the past, and misbehave in their heroic guise. But I sunk my differences and most positively affirmed my faith, adding a few tales to his own. "Sor," he said at last, in an awestruck tone, "Is it thrue they can take you away among themselves?" Still thinking of my bright immortals I expressed my downright conviction that such was the case. May the belief flourish! An old sergeant of the constabulary told me many tales. He had seen a water-spirit invoked: "Man," he said, "It do put one in a sweat to see them." He knew the spell but would not tell it. I might "do some one a hurt with it." A strain of the magical runs in the blood of the Celt and its manifestation is almost always picturesque and poetical. He has an eye to effect. Down in Kerry, a friend tells me, there lived a fäery doctor whom he knew. This man was much pestered, as bigger magicians have been, by people who wanted to see something. One in particular was most persistent and the doctor gave way. He brought his neophyte into a lonely place where there was a fäery rath. It was night: a wind colder than earthly began blowing: the magician suddenly flung his arms round his trembling companion, who had a vision of indescribable creatures fleeting past. Ever after, he had the second sight.

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Stories like these could be endlessly multiplied. What it is these peasant seers really perceive we cannot say. They have only a simple language and a few words for all. A child wanders over the hillside while the silver blushes fade from the soft blue cheek of evening. The night drops with dew about him. The awe of the nameless also descends. And, as he stands entranced, the children of twilight begin to move softly beside him, wearing the masks of ancient queens with sweeping draperies of purple, gold and green: or stately warriors appear: or white-robed druids at their mystic rites. He relates, after, that the good people were about. But perhaps, child as he is, his eyes have looked upon some mighty mystery's reënactment, some unveiling of the secrets of life and of death. It is a land full of enchantment.

That much of what is gathered by the folklorists misrepresents the actual vision, seems probable. The band of singers and writers in modern Ireland who directly relate their own dreams grow more mystic day by day. Another nature whispers busily in their brains. It has held its breath too long and now the fäery soul of things exhales everywhere. I find a rhymer in "United Ireland" inspired because of the new light in his country:—

> "Once more the thrilling song, *the magic art*,
> Fill with delight."

The week before I was carried into wonderland by another poet who describes a Sunset City, a flame-built dun of the gods high over Slieve Cullen. He was perhaps unaware of the ancient tradition which declares that below this mountain Creidené, the Smith of the Tuatha de Danann, worked. What was his toil? Another of these Smiths, Culain, the foster father of the hero Cuculain, had his forge in the recesses of Sleive Fuad. A third had his smithy at Loch Len, now Killarney, where he worked "surrounded by a rainbow and fiery dews." Were not these Smiths the same as the mighty Kabiri, most mysterious of deities, fire-gods from whose bright furnaces shot the glow, the sparks which enkindled nations? In ancient Eire their homes lay below the roots of the mountains. Will they, awakening from their cyclic reverie, renew their labors as of old? Last year, to one who, lying on the mound at Ros-na-ree, dreamed in the sunlight, there came an awakening presence, a figure of opalescent radiance who bent over crying, "Can you not see me? Can you not hear me? I come from the Land of Immortal Youth!" This world of Tir-na-nogue, the heaven of the ancient Celt, lay all about them. It lies about us still. Ah, dear land, where the divine ever glimmers brotherly upon us, where the heavens droop

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nearer in tenderness, and the stones of the field seem more at league with us; what bountiful gifts of wisdom, beauty, and peace dost thou not hold for the world in thy teeming, expanding bosom, O, Eire! There is no death in the silence of thy immovable hills, for in their star-hearts abide in composed calm the guardians of the paths through which men must go seeking for the immortal waters. Yes, they live, these hills.

A little while ago a quite ordinary man, a careless, drinking, unthinking sort of fellow, strayed upon one of them in holiday time and awoke out of a lazy dream on the hillside crying that the "mountain was alive!" The unseen archers had pierced his heart with one of their fiery arrows. I record his testimony with delight and add thereto a vagrant tribute:—

A friendly mountain I know:
As I lie on the green slope there,
It sets my heart in a glow
And closes the door on care.

A thought I try to frame:
I was with you long ago:
My soul from your heart-light came:
Mountain, is that not so?

Take me again, dear hills:
Open the door to me
Where the magic murmur fills
The halls I do not see,

Thy halls and caverns deep,
Where sometimes I may dare
Down the twilight stairs of sleep
To meet the kingly there.

Sometimes with flaming wings
I rise unto a throne,
And watch how the great star swings
Along the sapphire zone.

It has wings of its own for flight;
Diamond its pinions strong,
Glories of opal and white,
I watch the whole night long.

Until I needs must lay
My royal robes aside,

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And toil in a world of grey,
Grey shadows by my side,

And when I ponder it o'er
Grey memories only bide :
But their fading lips tell more
Than all the world beside.

There is no country in the world whose ancient religion was more inseparably connected with the holy places, mountains, and rivers of the land than Ireland, unless perhaps it be America. We may say it was shaped by the gods. They have left their traces in the streams and lakes which sprung forth at their command. A deity presided over each : their magical tides were fraught with healing powers for they were mixed with elemental fire at their secret sources. We read of strange transformations taking place, of demigods who become rivers or are identified with mountains. After the battle of Gabra, where the Finian chivalry were overthrown, Caolte, one of the most mystic and supernatural of the warriors, stormed the hill of Assaroe and dwelt therein expelling a horde of elemental beings. He appears in after years and was supposed to have become one of the divine race of the Tuatha. He came to Mongan, a prince of Ulster three centuries later, and hailed him as an old companion : "You were with me—with Finn." Do not these strange transformations hint at some vast and grandiose beliefs about the destiny of the human soul? It may become a guardian of men, of a divine being, enthroning itself at one of those places where from the star-soul of earth the light breaks through into our shadowy sphere. Whenever I grow ambitious I think of Caolte at Assaroe, and long for a mountain of my own with plenty of fire to scatter about.

It may be because the land is so full of memorials of an extraordinary past, or it may be that behind the veil these things still endure, but everything seems possible here. I would feel no surprise if I saw the fiery eyes of the cyclops wandering over the mountains. There is always a sense expectant of some unveiling about to take place, a feeling, as one wanders at evening down the lanes scented by the honeysuckle, that beings are looking in upon us out of the true home of man. While we pace on, isolated in our sad and proud musings, they seem to be saying of us, "Soon they will awaken. Soon they will come again to us" ; and we pause and look around smitten through by some ancient sweetness, some memory of a life-dawn pure before passion and sin began. The feeling is no less prophetic than reminiscent, and this may ac-

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count for the unquenchable hope in the future of Ireland which has survived centuries of turbulence, oppression and pain, and which exists in the general heart.

In sleep and dream, in the internal life, a light from that future is thrown upon the spirit which is cheered by it, though unable to phrase to itself the meaning of its own gladness. Perhaps these visions, to which the Celt is so liable, refer as much to the future as to the bygone, and mysteries even more beautiful than the past are yet to be unfolded. I think it is so. There are some to whom a sudden sun-lustre from Tir-na-nogue revealed a hill on the western shore overlooking the Atlantic. There was a temple with many stately figures: below at the sea's edge jetted twin fountains of the golden fire of life, and far off over a glassy calm of water rose the holy city, the Hy-Brazil, in the white sunlight of an inner day.

THE INFLUENCE OF ORIENTAL THOUGHT ON OCCIDENTAL CIVILIZATION.

BY B. O. FLOWER,

Formerly Editor, The Arena.

THOUGH doubtless at a remote period, the progenitors of the western races dwelt with their oriental brothers in the far East; yet from the dawn of authentic history to the present day there has existed marked and fundamental differences in the habits of thought, the conceptions of life's purposes, and in the very aspirations of the soul, between the dwellers of the far East and those of Europe and America.

The oriental mind is meditative, philosophical, metaphysical and profoundly religious. The students of the far East are more deeply concerned with the philosophy of life here and hereafter, in the nature of man's being and the duties devolving upon him, than are they interested in the accumulation of wealth, or the consideration of those things which the western world regards as material and tangible.

The occidental world throughout its history has been largely engrossed in material advancement and excessive devotion to external matters; the trades of war and government, the arts which appeal to the sense perceptions, problems in physical science, inven-

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tions, commercial affairs, the pursuit of gold and kindred matters have largely dominated the soul of western life; so much so that they may I think be regarded as the well-springs of occidental civilization during the greater portion of its history. It is true that at intervals the higher emotions, and nobler aspirations have been so aroused by the quickening power of exalted ethical and religious truths that the downward trend has been arrested and communities, nations and even civilizations have been transformed and for a time revivified by the potency of spiritual truth. But the influence which has most frequently dominated our civilization throughout the ages, springs from allegiance to that which is material or objective.

The views of life held by the oriental and occidental worlds are radically unlike and perhaps there is something of the extreme in each; indeed instead of remaining antagonistic I believe each can be made to complement the other in such a way as to round out and enrich all life, providing the importance of the supremacy of the spiritual or ethical nature over the selfish propensities be recognized as fundamentally important to enduring and uninterrupted progress.

The thought-world of people chiefly engrossed in the externals of life is never free from a grave peril which sooner or later manifests itself in the triumph of the material over the spiritual, the domination of egotism over altruism, the subordination of the sense of right and justice to a desire for personal advancement or the success of some cause, the cultivation of a soulless intellectuality at the expense of an enlightened conscience.

This result was strikingly illustrated in the civilization of the Roman world when Christianity—an oriental religion—gave Europe a moral uplift which for a time promised to bring about that essential union of the eastern and western thought-worlds which would naturally result in broad and deeply spiritual life, at once illuminating and glorifying the splendid intellectuality and tireless energy of the occidental world.

But this eastern religion, so pure and simple and soul-reaching in essence, soon became corrupted by the paganism of Rome and the deterioration continued until instead of being a tolerant persuasive power for the illumination and ennobling of life it became intolerant, superstitious, dogmatic and ruthlessly savage, even eclipsing pagan Rome in its inhuman methods of torture when dealing with unbelievers.

The spirit of persecution is foreign to any true religion, its influence is brutalizing, it fosters the most savage impulses in man, and with its presence in the church established by the Nazarene

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brought spiritual stagnation. A moral eclipse followed and the glory of the primitive church well-nigh vanished.

During the first century of modern times we see a partial halt in the retrograde movement coincident with a marvelous advance along material lines. But here again the broader thought and nobler ideas were largely due to the inspiration of a vanished civilization which in its turn had been a debtor to Asiatic thought.

It will be remembered that it was not until after the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of Greek scholars throughout the cities of Italy and elsewhere, that that marvelous awakening which we call the Renaissance or the New Birth assumed commanding proportions.

There was something quite wonderful in the revivifying influence which the new learning exerted upon the conscience of this period. It led Colet to establish the foundation for broad, humane and popular education. It fired the soul of Erasmus and literally drove him from land to land, making his a voice crying aloud for a purified church. It illuminated the brain of Sir Thomas More and called forth Utopia. It fed the flame of the Reformation, but it was not potent enough to lift man out of the mire of dogmatism. He had too long accustomed his mind to dwell on a gross and material conception of a future life. He believed in a literal hell of eternal fire for a large majority of the children of earth. His conception of God and his beliefs in the future were grossly material and essentially brutalizing ; and though he was able to make the age the most glorious in the realm of art, though in the fields of discovery, commerce and invention, dazzling achievements were made, the moral uplift was limited and the savage persecutions which followed illustrated in a tragic manner the legitimate result of that excessive devotion to the material which invests all things, even to religion, with grossness, and which fosters narrow dogmatism and a superstitious reverence for the letter, even frequently to the exclusion of the spirit, no less than it encourages soulless selfishness where it should stimulate enthusiasm for humanity.

During the past century, amid the marvelous achievements along lines of material progress, amid the rapid multiplication of schools and the increase in intellectual training, western civilization has by no means made spiritual progress commensurate with advance along other lines. Indeed, the passion for gold which has almost assumed the form of a mania, is having a soul-deadening effect upon society, even as in the melancholy days when the Roman Empire passed into the long agony of decline. And as in periods of spiritual eclipse in the past we see groaning misery existing side by side with colossal

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fortunes; the palace and the hovel jostle, and too frequently we see idleness in the palace and industry in the hovel.

The power of the church over the mind of the multitude has declined in a startling manner during the past century, and the real reason is not hard to find. The golden rule is becoming a dead letter. Jesus is no longer the ideal for youth. He was, we are gravely informed, "an impractical idealist," because he taught the brotherhood of man. The slogan: Justice, freedom and fraternity, well represents the ethics promulgated by Jesus, but it is odious to the multi-millionaire pillars of conventional churches. Hence the church is losing its grasp on the heart of the masses, as the pagan priesthood lost its hold on the people in the days of the Cæsars.

But amid all the ferment, turmoil and unrest of to-day, amid the satiety of the well-fed animal on the one hand and the physical and spiritual hunger of the masses on the other, comes again a message from the Orient.

It is not my purpose at present to institute any comparison between religious theories, or to champion any special philosophy of life. I merely wish to point out facts which must be apparent to careful observers who are in touch with the most earnest workers throughout America and Europe.

A religious revolution is in progress within and without the churches. Many and complete are the causes which are accelerating this revolution, but it is a significant fact that the new conceptions of life are in strange alignment with the most exalted teachings of the sages of India. Even the masterpieces of the greatest mystic among modern poets—Robert Browning—savor strongly of oriental philosophy when they deal with life, with man, and the hereafter. Max Müller has compelled scholars to yield an unwilling ear while he has pointed out the strength, power and beauty of India's literature and philosophy. But it has been chiefly through other and multitudinous channels that the noblest truths of the philosophy of the far east has come into the lives of the heart-hungry ones of the occident, giving to life a new meaning, giving to the soul something more than the husks of a dogmatic theology, teaching the august duty of life and its awful responsibilities. Victor Hugo on one occasion said: "The tendency of man to-day is to fall into his stomach, man must be rescued." And it seems to me that in this rescuing of our civilization from a gross self-absorbed materialism, Indian thought is destined to play an important part. It is supplying to thousands upon thousands of lives the moral uplift which must permeate society if it is destined to move onward and upward without suffering another eclipse.

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A SHORT OUTLINE OF THEOSOPHY.

BY JEROME A. ANDERSON, M.D., F. T. S.

WITH the western world fairly flooded with its teachings, as it certainly is to-day, it would seem almost superfluous to attempt a re-statement of the facts and philosophical deductions therefrom which are connoted by the term Theosophy. Yet it is good to sometimes step aside from the hurrying throng of busy workers, and to clearly define to one's self the ideals for which one is striving, lest one should have lost sight of them in constant attention to practical details. And one will find that somehow the old definitions do not hold good; Theosophy means more than it did at the time when we could so confidently and glibly state its exact signification.

Those old definitions! They conjure up an array of "rounds," "races," "globes," "principles," and what not, while through them all a small, mechanical note keeps piping, "to form the nucleus of an universal brotherhood, to form the nucleus of an universal *brotherhood.*" This we always put in our statements because it was the principal Object; but I wonder it was not completely buried under the "manvantaras" and "pralayas" we piled mountain high upon it.

Now, when one thinks of Theosophy, what word appears instantly—an ever-present corollary? Brotherhood, *Brotherhood*, BROTHERHOOD! So Theosophy is Brotherhood; and to define it is to tell how men can be brought to a living realization of this central fact in nature.

There is no brotherhood upon the earth to-day. As a pretty sentiment, we hear the Creeds prating of it—a far-off echo of the time when religion really taught it and enforced its teachings by practical examples. But now Creed demands the subscription to some particular belief before one can be admitted to its brotherhood, and if one fails to subscribe to this, damns to an eternal hell. Philosophy sits helplessly by, or else toys with the materialistic labels which science is busily gumming upon the lifeless forms of matter. For science has distinguished and labelled two hundred thousand varieties of beetles, without once thinking of inquiring into the nature of the consciousness which ensouls them and causes the variations in the form of the beetle—for consciousness is only a "property" of matter; it does not even require a separate label. Human hopes and human fears interest not, because they cannot be

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properly weighed, measured and ticketed. Evolution concerns itself with the form alone; modern psychology dabbles diffidently with consciousness, but must take all its data from materialistic science. And sometimes science deigns to cut off the mammæ of a poor helpless bitch, "to see if she will still manifest the maternal instinct by trying to suckle her young," and then psychology rejoices; a "fact" has been observed, and visible progress in the attainment of knowledge made. The inner soul is entirely lost sight of in the study of the outer form; Plato buried beneath Aristotle; wisdom lost in the search after knowledge.

All this is heartless and hopeless. The world-cry for brotherhood, for living sympathy, for compassion, for hope and faith, was voiceless until Theosophy again gave it expression. So that Theosophy stands to-day as the virile, powerful opponent of creed and dogma, of materialistic philosophy and materialistic science, for all these know nothing of brotherhood. It puts forward new ideals (old, to be sure, but new to the west), new theories of life, new conceptions of nature; and an altogether new basis for brotherhood. For never, in the recorded history of the world at least, has the veil of Isis been drawn so widely aside, and men so universally taught the hitherto carefully hidden secrets of their own being. Great must have been the necessity which demanded and permitted this. Old faiths had to be restored; false idols overthrown; false beliefs exposed; cant and hypocrisy unmasked; religion, science and philosophy harmonized. Truly a herculean task.

Prominent among the many erroneous beliefs which paralyzed human effort and human hopes in the west was its one-life theory. To combat this, and to enable men to form juster conceptions of the past through which they have travailed, and, therefore, of the future which evolution holds in store for them, Theosophy unfolds the past history of earth and man, in a truly magnificent manner. Geology, archæology, astronomy, "myth," and tradition are appealed to, and the biblical six thousand years pushed back into a vista which embraces millions upon millions of years. This made necessary the primary teaching of "rounds" and "races," and the old traditions of "floods" and of submerged Atlantis suddenly acquired a new significance. Time spent upon the acquisition of these facts is not lost; they are the tables to be learned before attempting real problems.

An infinite past requires, logically, an infinite future; and the philosophy of Theosophy supplies a most rational outline of this future into æons of time at which the mind itself stands amazed and awed. For materialistic science there is no future life; for western religions, the merest travesty of one. According to western relig-

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ions the soul "bobs up serenely," created out of nothing, having no choice as to its nation, race, or to any particular age in which to arrive upon earth, imbibes some creed or faith which happens to environ it, does the best or the poorest it can for a few brief years, and then retires to an eternal heaven, horrible for its partiality and its weary sameness, or to a hell of eternal torture. Were this concept of a future life a true one, the pessimism of Schopenhauer and his recent imitators would be more than justified; earth would be but the creation of some mighty evil monster, and life a cruel, useless tragedy. Brotherhood would be but a sentimental mockery; the present mad rush after riches or fame would be the very apotheosis of philosophical wisdom.

But Theosophy brings forward as a logical, satisfactory and *complete* explanation of the apparent injustices and inequalities of life, the fact of the repeated reincarnation of the same soul in new bodies, and at successive cycles of the earth's existence. It posits the soul as undergoing an almost (or quite) infinite cycle of evolution. Throughout the vast periods to which it has pushed back human history, it declares that the same souls have occupied the earth continuously (except for brief cycles of rest between two earth-lives); that each soul is evolving, not form, as the scientists would have us believe, but character; widening at the same time its conscious area until it successively passes through all the phases of consciousness up to man; that it (the soul) is now passing through this human arc of its evolutionary cycle, after which its pathway leads it directly to godhood. The scientific theory of evolution is only a half-understood recognition of a small portion of the magnificent cycle which the philosophy of Theosophy holds up to view. For the theosophist adds to his concept of evolution, involution; and postulates the deliberate descent of mighty spiritual beings into matter with the sole motive of compassion, and in order that they may help lowly, matter-bound entities to evolve to higher planes of consciousness.

All of this magnificent process is under law; absolute, universal, immutable law, whose infinite activities and modes of motion may be summed up and expressed by the terms cause and effect, or the bugbear, "Karma," of theosophical nomenclature. Appealing to this law in every thought, and by every act of any and all of its lives, the soul is alone the fashioner of its own destiny. Its hells and its heavens are of its own making; its character and its associations in the past, under this law, carry it to the race, nation, family, period, and place, which it itself has made inevitable. See how the dark horrors of injustice fade away from both heaven and hell when the

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light of these great companion truths, Karma and Reincarnation, falls across the pathway of life! There is no injustice in all the wide universe; what the soul suffers and enjoys now are the fruits of its own past! But if nature and divinity (nature is the robe of divinity, as Goethe so poetically puts it) are just, man is not; and so the world is full of wrongs and injustices of man's own making. And so, we come back again to brotherhood—the necessity, the absolute necessity for brotherhood. Karma and reincarnation are valueless to us, except as they illustrate and enforce brotherhood. Their very teaching, even, must be laid aside, if they cause by their newness and strangeness, the recognition of the real brotherhood of humanity to lag.

Look you! Do we realize how absolutely dependent we are upon those wiser than ourselves when we take birth in these animal bodies? (For Theosophy teaches, and proves, that the human soul at present is but a prisoner in the body of an animal whom long ages of evolution of form have at last fitted for his transient occupation.) Take those instances—happily very rare—where children have been carried off by wolves, and have grown up to maturity with only animal associates. The result in every instance has been an animal, lower and more degraded than the animals by which he was surrounded. Rudyard Kipling, in his Jungle stories, has drawn as false a picture as the human imagination could conceive. Surrounded only by animals, man fails to develop any faculty to distinguish himself from them. Human assistance is absolutely necessary to help him take at least the first feeble steps up towards his human estate.

So, the man born under Moslem environments becomes inevitably a Moslem; the Christian accepts his dogmas because of his early Christian associations; and so on, throughout the dreary round of infantile differences of faith. It takes a strong soul, indeed, to rise above his fellows even a little; none may rise more than a little. It were a hopeless task to try to teach the people of the west the truths of karma, reincarnation and brotherhood, if they now really heard them for the first time. But they do not; they have been taught these truths throughout the ages; they have only lost them temporarily for the same reason that the wolf-child loses his hold upon even his reason—their births have brought them (by their own acts in the past) among a people who only believe in a single life, and they accept this false view as true because of this association and early teaching. And they go on, repeating to their children the unphilosophical dogma, and these to theirs, until at last the cycle of karmic adjustments permits the thought to be again

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sown whose harvest will be their reacceptance of the ancient—aye, the eternal—truth of repeated rebirth upon earth until the lesson and meaning of life here shall have been learned.

Say the Christians: You must believe in Jehovah; you must accept Christ as a Saviour, or you will be eternally damned! Yet not one of these but would be just as enthusiastic an advocate of Moslemism had he been born under that influence. For the latter-day Methodist who so fiercely insists upon your accepting his creeds, is only the old Moslem, who gave one his choice between Allah and the sword, with his enthusiasm just a little modified—by his environments! And they entirely fail to perceive the horrible injustice in a God who insists upon a particular belief, while surrounding the soul which he has just created with associations which make that belief seem but the most impious blasphemy.

Theosophy comes to the west, not with a sword, but with the peace which the acceptance of its solemn declaration of the truth of universal brotherhood must bring. It urges each faith to seek within its own tenets for the concealed truths which they contain; it desires not to propagandise Buddhism, Brahmanism, Christianity, nor even its own teachings, for it declares that these are to be found buried in every religion. Aye, the veriest absurdities in Christian dogmas are often but the, at first wilful and then ignorant, perversion of profound truths of Theosophy. And as one passes from the outer form to seek the inner meaning, the fact dawns that, take what religion he may, his path will soon lead him in a common direction. Dogmas and creeds are not religion; they are its worst enemies; and, in almost every instance, have been deliberately imposed upon religion by designing priests and leaders for their own aggrandizement. To pose as the representative of an almighty autocrat, has been too giddy a position of power not to have been longed for, and, too often, to have been attained by ambitious but short-sighted men.

If, then, the conjuring-word of Theosophy be Brotherhood, the way to a realization of this it shows to be tolerance. Tolerance of the religious faiths of each other; of racial differences; of color, caste, and every one of the ten thousand things which divide us because of our childishness and ignorance. Find wherein your religions agree, not wherein they differ; seek to perfect your own faith, not to enforce it upon another. He who is the surest that he alone possesses the truth is by that very sign, the farthest astray. For this reason the Theosophical Society refuses to permit any creed to be attached to it as a pre-requisite to membership; all creeds are welcome if they accept and practice brotherhood. Not even karma

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and reincarnation must be thrust in the face of him who, weary of the many things which separate him from his fellows, seeks the refuge of our association. The recognition of truth must follow a sincere belief in, and an equally sincere attempt to practice brotherhood; and, nine times out of ten, the seeker after it is amazed to find it in his own creed, and to perceive at the same time the same truth in the faiths of others.

After all, we are souls incarnated in as new and strange conditions for us as the wolf-children of India, and we *must* help each other; we dare not stand aloof. Our souls have not yet conquered the animal propensities of our bodies; we may yet retrogress into worse than animal conditions unless we keep alight the real truths of existence.

Theosophy may thus be summed up as the re-presentation of the great truths of the reincarnation of the human soul in successive bodies; of the universal reign of rigid law, expressed as cause and effect; of the compound nature of man and the relation his soul bears to his successive bodies; of the fact that evolution is a widening of the conscious area, and the building of character rather than form, and that it prevails in every department of nature throughout the entire universe. It also shows the falsity of those ideals and idols before which man now adores; it points to higher, more sublime conceptions of the mystery of life. It asserts that its teachings are no new truths; but are to be found buried under the rubbish of every creed or faith, and therefore calls upon each to seek in his own faith for the truth it contains, to recognize the same truth when it appears in another guise in the faith of his brothers. But, above all this, and one of its three fundamental concepts, it teaches the absolute unity of all souls with the divine Oversoul; and that therefore men are, in fact, brothers born, brothers in essence, in common hopes, loves, aspirations and destiny. To re-teach these old, forgotten truths the present Theosophical Society was organized, and every soul who feels his heart warm with the desire to help his fellow men is heartily welcomed, and so long as he shall faithfully work to aid his brothers he may deny karma, deride reincarnation, believe the moon to be made of green cheese, or any other theory which pleases him. Brotherhood is that to which the Society demands the applicant to subscribe—not to any other theory, hypothesis, or fact whatsoever.

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FACES OF FRIENDS.

DR. FRANZ HARTMANN, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, is at present making a short lecturing tour through the Eastern and Middle States, visiting various Branches of the Theosophical Society in America. He came to this country in order to attend the annual Convention of the Society, recently held in New York City.

Dr. Hartmann was born in Bavaria on November 22, 1838; was educated at Kempten and Munich, graduating at the University of Munich in 1863 as a Doctor of Medicine and Professor of Natural Science. He visited Paris in 1864, and during a pleasure trip to Havre was induced to accept the position of ship's surgeon on a vessel carrying emigrants to New York. Once in America he was in no hurry to leave the country; he became a citizen in 1867 and for nearly twenty years continued to practise his profession. In 1883 he visited Japan and China, and then went to India, in order to meet Madame H. P. Blavatsky, remaining there nearly two years. He spent most of his time at Adyar, Madras, assisting in the work of the Theosophical Society. A history of his experiences during that time may be found in his *Report of Observations*, published at Madras in 1884.

Dr. Hartmann was one of those who accompanied Madame Blavatsky on her return to Europe in 1865. He went to Munich, where he stayed for some time with his sister, the Countess of Spreti. Here he studied Rosicrucianism, writing several books on that subject, such as *An Adventure Among the Rosicrucians; The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians; In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom.* Besides these he has written books entitled *The Life of Theophrastus Paracelsus; The Life and Doctrines of Jakob Boehme; The Life of Jehoshua; Occult Science in Medicine; Magic, White and Black; Among the Gnomes of the Untersberg; Premature Burial.* In 1893 the doctor founded a German theosophical monthly, entitled *Lotusblüthen.*

Dr. Hartmann is a warm friend and supporter of Mrs. K. A. Tingley's, and while the recent Crusade of American Theosophists around the world, under her leadership, was visiting Berlin, he travelled from his home in Hallein, Austria, in order to meet her. At her suggestion he was elected to fill the office of President of the newly formed Theosophical Society in Germany, which he has done with marked success.

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AN INDIAN YOGI BEFORE A TRIBUNAL OF EUROPEAN PSYCHOLOGISTS.

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D., F. T. S.

ON August 3d, 1896, there was held at Munich a Congress of Psychologists, at which were present about 350 medical men representing the different countries of Europe, and to them was introduced an Indian Yogi, whose name is Sen Bheema Pratapa, and who went into the Samadhi sleep for the purpose of exhibiting that state before these professors and scientists so as to attract their attention to the existence of a state of higher consciousness, during which the body is insensible to pains inflicted upon it. But before we proceed further it will be well to explain who Mr. Pratapa is and what was his object in coming to Europe.

Mr. Pratapa is a well-to-do young Kshattriya,* living on his own property in the Punjab. He is a healthy, good-looking and well educated man, a Pandit, speaking several languages. He is of a highly religious turn of mind, of a childlike and confiding nature, only too easily imposed on by people with whom he comes in contact. Being a Yogi himself, capable of entering at any time, at will, into the state of Samadhi, he believed it to be his mission to exhibit the phenomena accompanying that state before an European public, so as to call the attention of European scientists to the philosophy of the East, to induce them to study the Vedas and to make practical attempts at leading a higher life and entering into a higher region of thought. As to any personal benefit to be obtained thereby for himself, either financially or otherwise, Mr. Pratapa had no thought of that, he being himself in comfortable circumstances and desiring no more. All that he needed for carrying out his purpose was a business manager, one who was versed in the ways of travelling and exhibiting in Europe, for Mr. Pratapa himself being inexperienced in the ways of the world and of rather a timid disposition, would never have been able to attend to such things himself.

Thus it happened that he fell into the hands of a showman during the great world's exhibition at Budapest in Hungary. He was taken to Europe and for weeks at a time he slept in a glass coffin, exhibited to the eyes of the public and under the surveillance of

* "Kshattriya," one of the warrior caste, as distinguished from the caste of the Brahmins, or priests.

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physicians, who were at liberty to experiment with his body so as to see that it was fully unconscious and insensible to injuries inflicted upon it, while the soul of the Yogi during that time rested in the regions of eternal bliss and peace.

Doctors of medicine of all grades of intelligence, princes, archdukes, the nobility and the common people flocked there in crowds; the papers printed long articles about this wonderful phenomenon, which had never been heard of before, and for a few weeks everything went well, the business managers making plenty of money. But if you ask me as to whether anybody's attention was thereby attracted to the study of the Yoga philosophy, I must beg you to ask me an easier question, for I have never been informed of it. All that I found is that phenomena, if their causes are not understood, prove nothing, and that if the body of the whole world were to enter into an unconscious condition, this would be no indication that the soul of the world could exist in a higher state.

But the great success of the business manager (who never paid Mr. Pratapa anything except his board and travelling expenses) raised the envy of other showmen, and so they started a story that Mr. Pratapa's sleep was a farce; that he only pretended to sleep during the day and that during the night he would get up and regale himself with beefsteaks, wine and cigars and enjoy the rest of the luxuries of life—a story, which is the more absurd, as he being a Yogi, is a vegetarian, never drinks and is not accustomed to smoke tobacco. The public, however, is always as ready to believe a rumor reflecting upon somebody's character as the newspaper men are greedy to start a sensational story, and Mr. Pratapa being disgusted with the treatment he received at Budapest, left that place and upon my invitation sought refuge at my house at Hallein.

Just about that time the convention above named met at Munich, and as this was to be a Congress of Psychologists, which means, of people interested in the science of the soul, I thought this would be a good chance to exhibit Mr. Pratapa before this body of eminent scientists and thus to reëstablish his reputation as a real Yogi. Therefore Mr. Pratapa was taken by myself and two of my friends to Munich, and we introduced him to the members of that Congress, allowing them full liberty to try whatever experiments they might choose with his body, provided they would inflict no permanent injury upon it.

They made use of that permission to the fullest extent. Mr. Pratapa went to sleep, and all who tried to awaken him failed. They fingered his eyeballs; they burned his skin with cigars; they stuck needles and knives into the soles of his feet; they made numerous

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other tests, but the sleeping Yogi exhibited no sign of sensation and could not be awakened until I applied to him the passes which he had taught me to apply for that purpose.

There were a few of the most prominent scientists who exhibited an understanding of this kind of phenomena, but they seemed to be afraid to speak out their views for fear of not being understood by their colleagues. All the rest did not know what to make of it, although we presented them with pamphlets giving explanations in regard to the Yoga philosophy. They all looked for some sign of disease, and as there was none, they could not attribute that state to any pathological cause, and it being thus inexplicable to them they grasped at the only explanation left for them, which was that of humbug and fraud. They were credulous enough to believe that Mr. Pratapa had come all the way from India and endured unflinchingly all sorts of torture without getting any remuneration for it, for the mere pleasure of leading these people, whom he did not even know, by the nose. Thus ended an attempt to bring spiritual truths into scientific quarters, and Mr. Pratapa returned to India, not a richer, but a wiser man, in so far as he had been taught by his experience, that an idea cannot grow where the soil is not prepared for it.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

BY ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, M. D. (CANTAB.), F. T. S.

EVERYBODY believes that the meaning of these words is an open secret. Health is the absence of disease, disease is the presence of some other condition, whether due to accident, infectious fever or perverted vital process. But is "everybody" right? Is there nothing hidden? Is the common voice the voice of common sense? The view so taken seems rather a short-sighted one. Of course on a merely material basis the view is not very far out, especially if it be held that "life" is due to the interaction of the various cells and organs of the body. But one of the old philosophers very wisely said that life does not so much consist in living as in being well and we may infer from this and our own experience that any deviation will mean disease.

If we refer to any theosophical book or to eastern and western philosophies we find that in all alike a separate and distinct place is

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given to a "vital principle." This means that life does not consist in the interaction of cellular particles but that it is in virtue of an *inherent* and not *extraneous* vitality and that these particles themselves have life and form. What their form may be or what is their power or method of cohesion is another matter altogether. The living body has been compared to a sponge floating in an ocean of life. The water of the ocean within and without is continuous and is the universal life principle. But this principle being universal permeates all forms of matter alike, though not equally, and according to this mode of action of the life principle are the bodies classified.

Such may be said to be the simple, natural method. But let us carry the simile of the sponge a little further. While there is an equal interchange of give and take from and to within and without the sponge —in short while the centripetal and centrifugal forces are balanced, so long everything goes well. Life and healthy life is manifested in the sponge. On the other hand let us suppose that the incoming is greater than the outgoing: the balance is disturbed and life becomes congested within the sponge. The cellular lives take on too great an activity and unless relieved a vibration is communicated to the sponge which may shatter the united body of the sponge to pieces. *Too much* life in a body kills that body just as surely as too little will cause its death.

From another aspect we may regard all things known to us as varying manifestations of force in matter. Science tells us that matter in itself is one and the same and that the difference between bodies as we know them is due to difference in the rate of vibration of the force. Take for instance the different colors of the spectrum. The colors of the objects we see with our eyes depends (a) on the wave lengths of the vibration of the ether (b) on the varying degree in which any matter or form stops and absorbs those wave-lengths and (c) on the retina of the observer being correctly attuned to perceive the wave-lengths allowed to pass and those absorbed by the colored body in question. Another element in the question is whether the etheric light-waves are reflected back from the body observed or transmitted through it, to the retina of the observer.

Such very briefly is the case for sight. Coarser vibrations of the air affect the organs of hearing: still coarser those of touch; similarly in varying degree the organs of smell and taste. But the underlying principle becomes clear. Bodies differ from one another to human perception by reason of the varying rate of vibration of force in and between the particles of matter contained in them.

Let us apply this to our study of "Health and Disease." Without going into details the anatomist will tell us of a vast complexity

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of structure, each part of which serves its purpose in the vegetable or animal economy. Each has its own part to play and no organ of different structure can play that part or perform that function. Each different structural type has its own life-vibration and does it well or ill—too much, too little or exactly right in the general run of bodily work.

Now let us resume the analogy of the musical vibration. According to the rate of vibration is the musical note. According to the various notes in relation to each other is harmony or discord produced. Thus taking all the vibrations of the various organs of any animal or vegetable body, there will be what we may call the "chord of the mass." And going further, there will be the harmony and discord of the family or nation of individuals. Thus in the unit human body the due and accurate performance of function of the various organs will constitute health, while failure in any one function constitutes disease.

But the problem is at once complicated when we commence to study the human constitution. If we regard living bodies as simply so much matter vibrating variously according to its organic structure, the chord of the mass is, though complicated, comparatively simple. As soon as we introduce the question of the astral or etheric body and its vibrations, of the astral plane and its inter-communication and interpenetration with the physical, we are confronted with another class of vibration as much more subtle than the physical as the Roentgen vibrations are more subtle than the waves of sound. But even then when we assume that the astral vibrations may be grouped under one generic head we are confronted with a further and more subtle set belonging to the domain of mind, exemplified in the well known influence of mind over body. Still the principle is the same and we may perhaps justifiably conclude that the great life vibration is one and the same, operating variously in matter and thereby constituting the various bodies and the grades of matter of which these bodies are formed. "Health" and "Disease" still bear the same relation to each other and to the human constitution—but the sources of health or the seats of disease have been rendered more subtle and complex. They have been rendered much more dynamic than structural. Furthermore, just as we have seen that the physical harmony or discord is subject to the more subtle forces of the astral and mental (for lack of a better word) planes, so we may conclude with Patanjali that there are other and more subtle planes and vibrations, for the "mind" is only the internal instrument or organ for the manifestation of more subtle forces.

Such considerations lead us to a more expanded view of

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"Health and Disease." We can regard "Health" as the perfect and balanced action not only of a physical body but also as the perfect action of astral and mental vibrations manifesting the free and indwelling "spirit." But what of disease? This conversely would be the imperfect action. Apart from this, however, I think that we may regard disease as a perverted vital process. Theoretically, of course, all should be perfect, but as a rule, nay invariably, it is to be seen that individual human units have made their own conditions; have by physical, astral and mental action created such conditions and set up such vibrations that the beneficent force of life is on the one hand either unable to "inform" the various grades of matter, or on the other enters in such quantity as to rend to pieces that form of matter which it enters. In the first volume of the *Secret Doctrine* there is a curious footnote in which H. P. Blavatsky deals with the action of the minute "lives" or units of the animal economy. It is there stated that the life force is manifested at one time for the purpose of construction and that the same force is also used to change or destroy the form which had previously been erected. Thus I take it that the life force passes into manifestation in its outbreathing; it recedes in its inbreathing, still changing its form; and still pursuing the change of form it undergoes a period of "rest," following in this the analogy of physiological respiration. Then comes a fresh cycle of manifestation.

Thus we can follow the law of cause and effect through various incarnations in reference to "Health and Disease." We may consider, from the point of view of vibration, that all action sets up a vibration which may be in harmony or discord with (a) the existing chord of the mass of that human unit on the physical, astral or mental planes, and (b) the chords of other units in relation with that one, and (c) the dominant note of the universal life force. The result will almost inevitably be a discordant vibration. Such discordant vibration, wherever it act, will as surely produce "disease" either mental, astral or physical, which will *manifest on all the planes* or be stored up as a "mental deposit" or *skandha* to be more easily manifested on another occasion.

This naturally raises the question of the cure of disease and the promotion of health. It would seem easy, perhaps, for the possessors (if there be such) of the "Elixir of Life" to cure all diseases of suffering humanity by a few of their magical drops. But this would be contrary to nature and would be akin to a vicarious atonement if the harmony of health were to be thus produced. Man is his own destroyer, and he must be his own physician. Terrible would be the result of these magic drops: they would kill the body

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as surely as the strongest prussic acid. To be an "Elixir of Life" the drops must be a concentrated life-force imprisoned in a vehicle. Such a force coming in contact with a body and vibrations not attuned to itself would rend that body asunder and destroy it as a form. Man can do it for himself if he chooses, but must not attempt to shirk the consequences of his own acts. Having by acts (and the thoughts which preceded them) laid up the mental deposits which will manifest later as discord and disease, how is he to restore harmony within himself and with nature around him: how manifest harmoniously the indwelling life-force?

The answer is tolerably simple. He has to simplify himself. While man continues to occupy himself with a makeshift panorama of his own making he will perpetuate the evil. What man wants is an ideal—an ideal self to which he may cling and of which he can think, and then by gradually raising that ideal he may come to realize his own true healthy self.

In all this I would not be understood as saying that the cure of bodily or astral disease lies in the mind or that the presence of bodily disease is evidence of an unclean or diseased mind. Nor would I wish to argue that to cure disease of the body we are to meet it on the mental plane alone. I say, on the contrary, that nature means us to meet it on all planes alike. Again, when I see a diseased body and the clear spirit shining through ill-health, I rejoice, for I know that the mental deposits have worked down and out and that the karmic deposit is almost done away with. Meet discord with the true weapons and restore the harmony: but do this because it is right according to nature's laws and not because you shall benefit your own poor body. If you use the mental life force for this purpose you will lay up a mental discord, and by injecting too much of this into a form unfit to receive it render that form diseased and insane in every sense of the word.

Therefore, I say: use all things properly according to nature's laws to a lawful end on every plane alike. Regarding all these manifestations as so many different vibrations we shall find that we become more and more impersonal and by becoming so that we shall be better able to sympathize with and thereby help the suffering.

Consequently the touchstone—the "Elixir of Life" which all alike have it in their power to administer to suffering humanity—one which is without danger to those who receive it—is that loving vibration of the human life-force which we try to express by Brotherhood.

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THE GENESIS AND PRE-NATAL LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

"A Nurture perfectly correct must show itself able to render both bodies and souls most beautiful and good."—PLATO.

PLUTARCH in his curious collection of excerpts, *The Natural Things which the Philosophers take Delight in Studying*, has given us a repertory of most valuable suggestions. It includes a great variety of themes, as for example: Nature itself, First Principles, Elements or Composites, the Kosmos or Universe, Divinity, Matter, Ideas, Causes, Bodies, Molecules, Necessity, Destiny, Fate, the Heavens and Earth with their motions, then the Soul with its activities and qualities, the conditions preceding and incident to mundane life, and finally what we denominate Heredity. For the supposition which many entertain that Philosophy is solely a pursuit of wisdom transcending what may be known of physical facts, and the converse notion that it consists entirely of the knowledge of natural things, are alike erroneous; for it comprises both in their respective spheres.

In his Fifth Book here named our author presents us with the speculations of the Hellenic Sages in respect to our physical nature and its conditions. These related to the laws and circumstances of our transition into the natural life, and the peculiarities of heredity; as for example, why children resembled their parents and progenitors, and why they often differed in temper, character and in other respects.

It is proper to take a full account of this department of the subject. The conditions attending the advent of the physical life are also essentials of the subsequent culture. It gives us confidence, our author declares, to be well born. It is fortunate beyond all power of estimate to be well fathered and well mothered. The beneficent consequences extend not only through the whole life, but also through the coming ages.

Meanwhile, the children of an unworthy father or mother are blemished at their birth, and likely to be pursued as long as they live by the ignominious fact of their early history. As is the mother, so is her daughter; the fathers eat sour grapes and the teeth of the sons are set on edge. The criminal, the libertine, the persons greedy for selfish ends are never likely to become parents, except of offspring tainted deeply with similar evil propensities. From thorn bushes nobody expects grapes to grow, nor from thistles

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any fruitage of luscious figs. Much of the insane diathesis, perverted faculty, defective intelligence, imperfect physical sense, stunted or repulsive configuration of body, and vicious proclivity, which we observe in many cases, may be set down as the inheritance from a drunken ancestry. Thus Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, once reproached a crack-brained and half-witted stripling: "Surely when thy existence began thy father was drunk."

We acknowledge gladly that much, very much, can be accomplished with suitable training and self-discipline to overcome these faults of natural conformation. As the richest soil is unproductive when left without cultivation, and the best beginning suffices but little if not followed by diligent activity, so, on the other hand, the unfortunate sufferers from heredity may correct much of their condition physically and morally by proper effort. Our longest-lived individuals are often those who began with a frail body, and it is recorded of Sokrates that although the wisest of Greeks he had the appearance and natural proclivity of a satyr. Nevertheless, in such cases the drawback continues with them, that they are carrying a heavy weight through their whole term of life, which impedes endeavor on every hand and generally compels them to remain in a subordinate place in the theatre of active life.

Yet we are able to view the matter on the brighter side. While the evil dispositions of ancestry are said to be transmitted to the children to the third and fourth generation, the virtuous tendencies, the same authority assures us, will continue to the thousandth. Evil is always transitory, but good is perennial. This world is not normally a place for human beings to grow worse in, but to become better and more highly developed. There is a recuperative principle in our nature always operating to repair the mischiefs that have come to us, or which may occur during our varied experiences. With all the plausibility and actual truth that may exist in this dogma of heredity, we see no adequate reason for accepting it as a complete solution of the enigmas. Indeed, it appears to be a kind of stock argument by which to evade rather than to explain embarrassing questions. There may be other causes operative, holier inseminations, if we may so express it, by which pure children are born of ill parentage, as the loveliest water-lilies come from the foulest mud. We may not regard the unborn infant as merely a living mass of flesh and blood, without any moral quality. Such a notion may serve as a *placebo* for the conscience of certain individuals, but it cannot be justly entertained. This matter of the spiritual and moral nature of human beings during what is regarded as the inchoate period of existence, involves deeper problems than

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are presented by the conditions which are shared in common with the animals. Even at that time there exist the basis and rudiments of the intellectual quality. If therefore, it be true that man does not live by bread alone, but by an energy that is beyond and more life-imparting than bread, it is still more true that the nobler moral and spiritual nature does not proceed solely from the analogous qualities of parents and ancestry, but is likewise from a source infinitely higher.

Let us, then, bear the fact in mind that the Soul is the veritable self, the ego or individuality.* The body, head, brain, any or all of them, may not be accounted in any proper sense as the selfhood. I have often noted in my own vivid consciousness that they were something apart and distinct from me. Their peculiar form and office fit them admirably for my service and convenience. I am certain that I could not do so well with any other, and I would not be at home in another person's body. Yet I could not have had this body of mine so perfectly adapted to me, except I had had some directing agency in its fabrication. The poet Spenser has well explained this:

> "For of the soul the body form doth take;
> For soul is form, and doth the body make."

It is easy, therefore, to perceive and understand that being thus divine and constructive, the Soul is superior and older than the body. We are not able intelligently to conceive that it has its first inception with it in the protoplasmic ooze. It can be by no means a fabricated thing, like the objects perceptible to our senses, but must be from its inherent quality now and always of the eternal region. How it was projected into temporal life and conditions, and whether it became personal by such projection, are questions of deep interest to earnest thinkers. Whether, when coming into the circumscribed region of Time there was a former consciousness rendered dormant, as from the fabled drinking of the Lethean draught, is a question in the same category. Perhaps, we sometimes remember.

It may not rationally be pleaded as an objection that this is a concept of too unreal and visionary character to deserve serious consideration. We are what we are by virtue of our interior thought, our will and desires, and our bodily organism is only the minister to these. Day by day and even moment by moment the particles

* The writers of the New Testament have incidentally recognized this fact. In the Synoptic Gospels according to Mark and Matthew, the question is asked: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and *lose his own soul?*" In the book by Luke, the text reads: "What is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and *lose himself?*" Indeed, in most places in the Bible where the term *soul* occurs, the same sense is preserved by substituting the word *self*.

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which make up the body are perishing, and new ones taking their place. Yet during all these changes, the soul and thinking principle remain the same. If, then, our identity and memory continue thus unaffected during these transformations of bodily tissue, it can not be illusive and unreasonable to suppose that they have endured through a succession of ages and changes prior to the present term of corporeal existence.

The transit of the soul from the eternal region to the conditions of corporeal life, is a matter by no means easy to comprehend. The human understanding is somewhat like a vessel, incapable of receiving a truth or concept of superior or equal dimensions to itself. A little perhaps, may be known, but far more is only to be observed, contemplated, and admired. On its superior side the soul is divine; on the other, human and subject to the contingencies of change. Its genesis is not its beginning as a living essence, but its transition, extension or projection into conditional existence. This may be considered as being the result of a predilection, an attraction of spiritual for the phenomenal life.

Plato has given us, in the Tenth Book of the *Republic*, a very significant suggestion in regard to this matter. Eros, of Pamphylia, had fallen in battle, but when laid upon the funeral pyre, twelve days afterward, recovered from his trance. He had been in the world beyond and beheld many wonderful things. Among them was the beginning of a period of life upon the earth, to those of mortal race, the "souls of a day." They were selecting from models the form of life in which they would live upon the earth. Thus, the cause of their respective careers was in their own choice. Those who had lived here very frequently, as if weary of excessive effort or the tedium of monotony, chose a mode of life widely different from what had been lived. To each of these models a dæmon or guardian genius belonged, so that every one thus selected his own, and thereby his destiny. They next proceeded to the plain of Lethê, and drank the water from the river of forgetfulness, which no vessel contains. Then falling asleep, they were carried hither and thither, to begin their life in the world. Hence the soul when first united to a mortal body, is without intelligence; but as time passes, every one who receives proper food and education, receives his proper allotment and development.

We for our part are enabled to know this much: that a certain vital quality is conjoined with an albuminous molecule, which immediately thereupon begins to unfold organic structures and afterward continues the process of maturing them into the several parts of the future body. So far the human and animal races are similar,

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yet in the same thing and beyond, they part and are differenced. While this is going on, the thoughts and emotions of the mother, even to her loves and aversions, are blended with the psychical nature of the developing individual, making him or her different in the future character from what otherwise might have been the case.

By no means, however, does the agency of the father cease with the inception of this process, with the involution or enwombing, which is always before evolution and is its prior cause. The mother having become "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh," the child, so far as concerns the exterior selfhood, is not hers alone, but theirs in common. The affection of the father for the mother, or his indifference and aversion will permeate their child's temper and moral qualities. For the father does not cease, during the entire gestative period to do his full share for the weal or woe of the future individual. A man can no more disconnect himself from the life of his progeny than a tree can sever itself from any of its branches. The act by which physical existence begins, is therefore sacred and sacramental, an allying of human souls in solemn league with the eternal world. To speak of it lightly and with idle ribaldry is really a sacrilege.

During the gestative period the child is receptive to a most extreme degree. We may imagine it to be unconscious, but this is because we do not know. It is certainly sub-conscious, somewhat like the person in the mesmeric trance. "As soon as the voice of thy salutation came into mine ears," says Elizabeth to Mary, "the babe leaped in my womb for joy." We know that every caress of the mother, every harsh word or unkind act, affects the little one in her arms. The milk is a potent agent in forming the character and disposition. The babe after birth is, however, nothing else than the continuation of the babe that was enwombed and fed from the mother's blood. While, therefore, the body of the child is taking form in the body of the mother, almost as part of her, its moral and passional nature is acquiring her characteristics, her modes of thought and feeling, and even her very sentiments. When the little one awakes into the earth-life it has similar likes, tastes, habits and repugnances to those which she had cherished.

Plato gives parentage all the significance of a religious observance. It should be preceded, he declares, by an affectionate devotion of husband and wife to each other. "All persons who share in any work," he remarks, "when they give their minds to themselves and the work, produce the whole beautiful and good; but when they do not give their minds, or possess any, the result is the contrary." This pre-natal period is a time of teaching without text-books, lec-

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tures or recitations. The teachers impart their instruction by the medium of will and thought; and the learner is a very apt one. The lessons are generally retained in the internal memory for the lifetime. "The divine principle seated in man, if it obtains the consideration to which it is entitled, from those who bring it into action, will set all things right."

His suggestions were given with a view to the highest perfection, bodily as well as moral and spiritual. He recommended youth on the part of mothers and perfect maturity for men, with prudence in both. Like Hesiod and others he pleaded against an excessive number of children in a family. There should be a son to maintain the "honoring of father and mother, the worship rendered to ancestry, and also to prevent any deficiency of population." This course would enable a proper maintenance and education for every one. But when the necessary conditions do not exist of food, clothing and shelter, the welfare of the home is imperilled, the mental training is sure to be defective and the higher development is almost hopelessly arrested. The community then swarms with unfortunate persons, sickly and debilitated, and with those who on account of their ignorance and inefficiency, are disabled from earning a livelihood.

The antecedent existence of the human soul has been a belief recognized in the older world-religions, and entertained by the profounder thinkers in all the historic ages. It pervaded every faith and influenced all forms of thought. The Buddhistic teachers accordingly tell us of a *karma* or innate tendency, the result of our action in former terms of existence. By its operation every thing that is done by us infixes itself in the very elements of our being, thenceforth to influence the motives, conduct and events of our subsequent career, as a destiny that may not be shunned. This influence, they declare, will not cease with a single term in life, but affects the career and fortunes of those which follow. Hence we are what we are in our exterior nature, not from heredity alone, nor from the higher estate of the soul in eternity, but also from the conditions which we ourselves have created. "Rabbi," said the disciples to Jesus, "did this man sin or his parents, that caused him to be born blind?" The moral conditions of the soul are not changed because we are parted from the body. Whether we are to accomplish a progress of ages in the invisible region, or are embodied anew and born again into the earth-life, they are certain to influence and modify our fortunes. Wisely therefore, may we heed the counsel of the great philosopher: "The most important thing is to become expert and intelligent to distinguish what is the good

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life and what is the bad, and to choose the best. This will lead the soul to be become more just, and to overcome the evils of heredity, acquired wickedness and other misfortunes, so that the individual will shape his next life and become correspondingly blessed and happy."

Most happy is the child that is ushered into this life with propitious influences to move it onward through its earthly career; yet I will add that such a one will be infinitely more blessed, if as man or woman, the higher knowledge and inspiration shall impel to the overcoming of the abnormal or unholy bias, and ancestral entailment; and so, he or she shall emerge into a higher life, higher thought, higher moral altitude. There are some who do all this; and they are the precious and sacred ones whose presence makes the earth fragrant and renders life richly worth the living.

Let us welcome the new-comer while yet on the way. Let everything pertaining to the Great Mystery of Life be esteemed as venerable and holy. Let us honor even to reverence her to whom the sacred charge has been committed. If the august Son of David coming into Jerusalem might be greeted with applause and hosannas, then with sentiments equally just and worthy may we hail the approach of the infant man or woman about to become an actor and participant in the experiences of life. For every child comes as a herald from the eternal world, an apostle to save, to ransom and redeem.

THE SOUL.

We may compare the soul to a chariot, with a pair of winged horses and a driver. In the souls of the gods, the horses and the drivers are entirely good; in other souls, only partially so, one of the horses excellent, the other vicious. The business, therefore, of the driver is extremely difficult and troublesome. . .

But if, being unable to elevate itself to the necessary height, it altogether fails of seeing these realities, and being weighed down by vice and oblivion, loses its wings and falls to the earth, it enters into and animates some Body . . . that which has seen most enters into the body of a person who will become a lover of wisdom . . . . . the next in rank into that of a monarch who reigns according to law, or a warrior, or a man of talents for command . . . . . the ninth, into a despot and usurper. And in all these different fortunes, they who conduct themselves justly will obtain next time a more eligible lot; they who conduct themselves unjustly, a worse.—PLATO, *Phædrus.*

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MYSTICS AND MYSTICISM IN CHRISTIANITY.

BY J. D. BUCK, M.D., F.T.S.,

Dean of Pulte Medical College, Cincinnati.

IT is no part of the purpose of the writer of this paper to give a connected history of mysticism, or to introduce all the writers who in such a history would have to be admitted to consideration. Mysticism is a vague term, and while there is some element common to all genuine mystics, these writers differ very widely in their method of philosophizing, and particularly in the extent in which the emotional element is mingled with their philosophy.

Mysticism is not Theosophy, though there are certain elements common to both, and the two terms have been often applied by different writers to the same individual. No history of either Theosophy or Mysticism would be complete that left out any prominent mystic or theosophist. Neither Mysticism nor Theosophy can be adequately defined in a phrase; neither of these forms of thought readily crystalizes into a creed; either form may, and often has adopted without dissent the Christian creed in vogue at the time, and each has undertaken to give the inner sense, or spiritual meaning of the accepted dogmas. Mysticism has more often been emotional, than philosophical, and hence is strongly characterized by religious devotion. Tauler was a typical mystic and it is said of him that in his sermons he was often so wrought up by his emotions, and the idea of union with God, that he could no longer speak or stand, and was carried out fainting.

Aspiration differs widely from emotion and yet is equally akin to devotion, and when once centred in the soul is less liable to transitions and oscillations and is nearer related to philosophy. Meditation or contemplation may coëxist with either the emotional or aspirational nature, and both mystic and theosophist recognize the Divine Unity and aim at the union of the human with the divine. If this difference between aspiration and emotion, between the true light and the perturbations produced in the individual by that light, be kept in mind, and the closer consonance of philosophy with aspiration, the relation of Theosophy to Mysticism can be more clearly apprehended. Another point should also be held clearly in view, viz.: the philosophical relation between Faith and Reason; between the existence, immutability, and beneficence of the Divine Life, and the orderly sequence of its manifestation, and apprehension by the

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mind of man. It is only through the establishment of a perfect equilibrium between faith and reason that the Divine Life and the Divine Wisdom can become manifest in man. Faith without reason becomes fanaticism; reason divorced from faith becomes sordid materialism, and while prating of order and law begets anarchy.

Christian mysticism may be said to date from the first quarter of the ninth century, A. D., though there were Christian mystics from the beginning of the present era. There were the Essenes, the Therapeutæ, the Gnostic sects and the Neoplatonists during the early centuries, but with the conquests of Constantine and the Mohammedan these disappeared and western Europe was left in darkness and superstition. The monasteries became almost the only seats of learning, and though in secrecy the spiritually minded among the monks might pore over the philosophy of Plato woe unto him who dared to antagonize the blind superstitions and crass materialism of his fellows or of potentate in church or state.

In the year 824 the Greek Emperor Michael sent as a present to Lewis the Mild the treatise of the supposed Dionysius the Areopagite. This book was translated into Latin by Joannes Scotus. This treatise contained the following sections; "On the Celestial Monarchy"; "On the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy"; "On Divine Names" and "On Mystic Theology." These books were eagerly read by the Western Church, but being without the Pope's sanction, they were soon condemned by Pope Nicholas the First, who ordered that Scotus should be banished from the University of Paris and sent to Rome, instead of which he fled from Paris and subsequently returned to England.

It was this book, says Enfield, which revived the knowledge of Alexandrian Platonism in the West. "Thus," continues Enfield, "philosophical enthusiasm, born in the East, nourished by Plato, educated in Alexandria, matured in Asia, and adopted into the Greek Church, found its way, under the pretext and authority of an apostolic name, into the Western Church."

The history of the Church for the next two or three centuries and its various councils is chiefly interesting from the efforts made to get rid of the influences of the mystical philosophy and the heresies of Origen and Nestorius. Four hundred years after the Greek emperor sent the books of the Areopagite to Lewis the Mild, Thomas Aquinas was born. He was called the "Angelic Doctor," was canonized by Pope John XXII, and it was popularly believed that miracles were wrought at his tomb and that the soul of St. Augustine had reincarnated in him.

Bonaventura was contemporaneous with Thomas Aquinas, and

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equally famous in his day, being designated as the "Seraphic Doctor." Both of these famous men connected the scholastic philosophy with theology. They considered knowledge the result of supernatural illumination and to be communicated to men through the medium of the holy scriptures. Meditation on the Divine attributes, prayer, and religious devotion were considered as the source of real illumination. They were mystics in the strictest sense, and though Aquinas is better known to modern times, they both influenced all subsequent religious thought.

Roger Bacon was born in 1214, and was thus seven years older than Bonaventura and ten years the senior of Aquinas. Though a monk, and familiar with the scholastic philosophy, he was less a mystic than any of his predecessors or contemporaries, and stands as a fair example of the difference between Theosophy and Mysticism. He transferred the philosophy of Aristotle to the plane of physical investigation in place of the vagaries of theological speculation, and was far more of a philosopher than a theologian. He made theology subservient to philosophy, instead of the reverse, as with Thomas Aquinas, and united faith with reason to an extent seldom found and never transcended, perhaps, previous to his day, since the beginning of the Christian era. He was undoubtedly the greatest mind of his age, and had much to do with the revival of learning which dates about two centuries after his death, which occurred in 1294 at the age of 80. (There is a discrepancy in dates as given by his biographers.)

From the eighth to the fourteenth century the scholastic philosophy served as the basis of endless theological speculations and with the great mass of ecclesiastics these angry disputes served only to engender hatred and foment strife. The dispute between Calvin and Servetus may serve as an illustration. To differ in intellectual conception of the nature of the trinity from a vindictive and brutal priest in power, was a sufficient ground for ecclesiastical murder; and the history of the "Holy Inquisition" and the list of martyrs is a sufficient commentary. The anathemas of Councils of the Church during the 6th, 7th and 8th centuries A. D., specifying wherein it was a crime to differ from the opinions of those in power, show conclusively how liberty was enchained, spirituality dethroned, progress prevented and power maintained at any cost.

The numberless creeds and sects into which modern Christianity is divided find their roots in these angry disputations of the dark ages, demonstrating beyond all controversy that to repress truth is to break religion into fragments. Nothing but liberty and light can ever unify and perpetuate. To attempt to unify by force is to sow

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the seed of inevitable dissolution. Modern Christendom is reaping the reward of its follies and crimes.

The theologian differs from the mystic as the doctrine of the head ever differs from the religion of the heart. The former wrangles and grows dangerous over human conceptions of the Divine nature. The latter meditates on the Divine attributes, and seeks to unfold within the soul the Divine Love and the Divine Light. The theologian has often begun as a heresy-hunter and ended as a murderer. The true mystic is the most gentle and compassionate of beings in regard to the failings of others, whether of the head or heart, but is continually bent on purifying his own heart and elevating his own spiritual nature, while a divine compassion governs all his relations to his fellow men. The theological and the mystical natures have often mingled in varying proportion in the same individual.

The philosophical basis of mysticism is the Platonic doctrine of emanation; its method is meditation; and its result is charity and good works, or altruism. The real source of mysticism as found in the Christian church is the philosophy of Plato, fragments of which survived the extinction of the Essenes and the Gnostic sects and were in every age exemplified by the purest and noblest of men. Contemplation and religious devotion, and the resulting degree of spirituality were permitted and encouraged in every age by the church provided the mystic either avoided all theological disputations, or when interrogated answered in the orthodox form. Just as theological disputations have rent the church in pieces, and as she apologizes for, where she can no longer conceal or deny her ecclesiastical murders; so on the other hand, has she been ready to exalt many a true mystic to the order of saintship. But for these examples of genuine piety regardless of all theological ideas, the church would have nothing with which to face an age of liberation and intelligence but a record of barbarism, and this in the face of the fact that she has often butchered the most saintly of her children!

The beginning of the sixteenth century ushered in a new era of thought and paved the way for all subsequent progress and enlightenment. Luther, Melancthon, Tauler, Erasmus and many lesser lights, broke down the old barriers and destroyed organized abuses. Luther was essentially a reformer, a theologian and a Soldier of the Cross, with little of the mystic in his nature. He was versed in the scholastic philosophy, and was influenced and inspired by Melancthon who was more of a philosopher, by the great scholar and Kabalist, his friend and teacher, John Reuchlin, and by the mystics, Tauler and Erasmus. Bent on reforming abuses Luther gave a practical

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turn to church affairs and was aided and sustained by the fiery eloquence with which Erasmus denounced the scholastic philosophy, and made intellectual disputation inferior to grace. In seeking through religious emotion, the hearts of his hearers, Tauler exhausted himself, made friends with the masses, and bitter enemies among the priests. To these active agencies in the Church Reformation must be added, Trithemius of St. Jacob and his illustrious pupils, Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa.

Such a coterie of Reformers, Mystics and Occultists can nowhere else be found in history. Had Trithemius, Reuchlin, Paracelsus and Agrippa prevailed, instead of merely influencing events at the time, the world would have been saved four hundred years of blind intellectual belief, the "Triumph of Faith" born of ignorance and superstition. But the world was not ready for such an era of enlightenment. The Kabalah was obscured, denied, tabooed, and the literal text of the Pentateuch gained the ascendency, with the resulting wrangles over Predestination, Free-will, the Trinity, Atonement, etc., etc., to the utter confusion of reason, the darkening of the understanding, and the unbrotherliness of man to man. In other words: faith dethroned reason, and religious fanaticism was the inevitable result.

Christian Mysticism alone remained of the genuine elements of a true religious *renaissance*, and has worked its ethical results just in proportion as theological wrangles have ceased, and humanitarianism has encroached upon the boundaries and prerogatives of eclesiasticism. The downfall of creeds has been the uplifting of humanity.

It may be denied that there is any relation between mysticism and humanitarianism, and claimed that the former is as vague and uncertain as the latter is practical and beneficent. It is in the motive and method, rather than in the verbiage of mysticism that the key to its influence is to be sought. Meditation with one of sincere motive and a pure heart, striving to put down selfishness, lust, pride and all manner of uncharitableness can give rise to but one result, viz.: love to God and love to man. The desire of the heart is the motive power in man, and long ere the Christian dispensation began it had been demonstrated that self-renunciation is the only way to holiness, and that its synonym is Divine Compassion, and its sure fruitage the Universal Brotherhood of man. The very essence of true mysticism is the unification of the whole human race.

Now the philosophy of this Kabalah, or of Occultism, or of Theosophy differs from Mysticism in this: not in setting the intellect against the heart and placing knowledge above devotion, but

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in uniting both heart and mind and thus establishing a perfect equilibrium between faith and reason, and basing both on a complete philosophy of Nature and of Life. Such knowledge was in the possession of Trithemius, Reuchlin, Paracelsus and Agrippa, and not hidden from Luther and his more immediate co-workers. But the age was too dark, the priesthood too corrupt and too much in power, and while gross abuses could be exposed and held up to public scorn and chastizement, new light and real knowledge could not be disseminated, for the power to apprehend, and the willingness to serve them was confined to the very few. Luther wrote an introduction to the "Theologia Germanica," one of the purest and best treatises on mysticism that exists, and there were not wanting fraternities like the "Friends of God," among whom the pure Doctrine of the Heart led to peace and true knowledge. It may thus be seen what an immense influence mysticism has had upon Christianity, all apparent triumphs of dogmatic theology to the contrary notwithstanding. Theosophy is capable of dissipating all the mists of mysticism, of removing all obscurity, and by reconciling faith with reason of restoring the true religion of Jesus, and thus of hastening the time when all nations, kindred and tongues shall acknowledge One Redeemer, viz.: Divine Compassion in the soul of man.

"A new Commandment I give unto you; That ye love one another—as I have loved you."

TRUE SPIRITUALITY.

"What then shall I do, Lord?"

"In every matter look to thyself, as to what thou doest and what thou sayest; and direct thy whole attention unto this, to please me [the Higher Self] alone, and neither to desire nor to seek anything besides me.

"But of the words or deeds of others judge nothing rashly; neither do thou entangle thyself with things not entrusted unto thee. Thus it may come to pass that thou mayest be little or seldom disturbed.

"But never to feel any disturbance at all, nor to suffer any trouble of mind or body, belongs not to this life, but to the state of eternal rest.

"Think not therefore that thou hast found true peace, if thou feel no heaviness; nor that all is well, when thou art vexed with no adversary; nor that all is perfect, if all things be done according to thy desire.

"Neither do thou think at all highly of thyself, nor account thyself to be specially beloved, if thou be in a state of great devotion and sweetness; for it is not by these things that a true lover of virtue is known, nor doth the spiritual progress and perfection of a man consist in these things."—Thomas à Kempis, *Of the Imitation of Christ*, Book iii, Chap. xxv.

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY E. L. REXFORD, D.D., PASTOR UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, COLUMBUS, AND EX-PRESIDENT OF BUCHTEL COLLEGE.

IT is one of the barbarisms of the olden times still lingering among the benignities of our struggling civilization. It may well be called "a struggling civilization" inasmuch as the better energies of every age are always set to the task of freeing the life of its people from the irrational burdens imposed by the preceding times. A given code of opinions and usages may embody the moral, legal and religious sense of a given age, but when these opinions and practices are brought forward into a purer light and erect their standards in the midst of the more enlightened humanities they are seen as wretchedly incongruous and they shock the sensibilities of the best life. It is providential possibly that there should be this commingling of the rational and the irrational, the brute and the human.

Every age has had its "barbaric" and its "enlightened," its lower and its higher standards and laws and customs, and it seems to be one of the divine methods for increasing strength that the higher should ever battle with the lower. Life that is too easy is not compact and firmly knit in its sinews. It is opposition, it is the warfare between the old and the new to which the world is indebted for its very life. Some of the Indians of this country accounted for the strength of their chiefs by believing that the soul of every enemy slain passed into the body of the slayer, and hence if a warrior had killed an hundred men the victor had the strength of an hundred men. It was a rude way of expressing a persistent philosophy. Resistance is one of the life processes. If birth were not difficult it would be impossible. The resisting barriers of nature must hold the immature life till the hour of safe deliverance arrives. Mr. Beecher was once asked if he did not think there was a vast amount of chaff in the Bible, and he is reported to have answered: "Of course there is. But the character and value of chaff are determined by the time of the year." Quite essential to the immature grain, it is useless to the matured result. The shell resists and protects the chick till the chick is strong enough to resist the shell and needs no more protection. Resistance and life are critically balanced against each other in nature, always making their exchanges at the appointed hour and so nature always befits itself

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and justifies itself. But in our human economies and methods the ancient barriers are frequently allowed to remain far beyond their time, and the withered genius of conservatism is permitted an existence vastly overreaching its legitimate date. The living energies are often burdened and sometimes blighted by the ancient tyrannies, and the inheritance of the larger life is denied its rightful heirs.

I think this is true in the instance of the present and longer continuance of this barbarity of the death penalty for crime. It may have had a moral value in a rude condition, but it stalks forward out of its ancient darkness into the light of this age and appears as one of the crowning horrors of the time. That it does not hold its place as securely as it once did is evident, but it is yet too strongly intrenched in the legal and religious (!) sense of the public to inspire any eager hope of its speedy abandonment. "Society must be protected" is the reasonable demand made by our legislators and the officers intrusted with the administration of the laws, but they have not sufficient faith in the philosophy of clemency to trust the fortunes of society to milder and more humane ways. They are afraid that the ends of justice will not be attained if the death penalty is abolished. The motives of our law-makers are not to be questioned, but I am morally certain that their fears spring from false estimates of the moral elements involved.

There is another class of men who advocate the retention of the death penalty on the basis of the Bible. They claim that the Bible sanctions and indeed ordains Capital Punishment, and therefore it should be retained. The Bible is claimed to be the word of God in all things and the only authority. So did men in the days of the Anti-Slavery agitation in America advocate the retention of slavery by the authority of the Bible. Clergymen stood in their pulpits and hurled the divine anathemas at the abolitionists, and they built up a breast-work of Bibles around the institution; but in these times they have found different uses for their Bibles and different meanings in them, and not a few of even the conservative clergy are attempting to identify the once "infidel" Lincoln with the churches. The meaning of the Bible changes with the intelligence and the humanity of every age, and there is scarce a barbarism of history that has not had the Bible quoted in its defense by somebody at some time.

In regard to this subject in hand, some observing man in the ancient times seeing that violence naturally begets violence, said that "whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and gradually, or it may be immediately, the fertile genius of the

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theologians, claiming to know the Divine mind, erected this observation into a divine command, and to-day it is one of the holy proof-texts for the law and practice of human execution. But the Bible proves too much in these lists of the death penalty. Under the Jewish code of laws there were *thirty-three* crimes punishable by death. This same Bible sanctioned and prescribed the death penalty for them. Do these biblical defenders of the death penalty wish to go to this limit, and would they have the Bible code enacted in our civil statutes? But why not? If the Bible sanctions the death penalty for thirty-two crimes aside from murder, why should our death-dealing Bible-worshippers select the one crime of murder for the hangman and reject all the others? If the Bible is the word of God, designed as a code of procedure for all time, why not abide by it and bring back the horrors of its ancient sanctions? No one would venture upon such an experiment, and yet the freedom with the Bible that will reject thirty-two crimes from the clutch of the hangman or the axe of the axeman may reject the *thirty-third* crime from the same murderous hand. The Bible is simply useless in this contention. It is loaded so heavily with this barbaric spirit that it bursts in the hands of those who use it, and it is more dangerous to those who stand behind it than to those at whom it is aimed.

Another class of men in this grim apostleship of death is composed of those who harbor a spirit of revenge, and out of whose hearts sprung the law of "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth." They are men who seem to think of law as an instrument of destruction for the unfortunate classes instead of being an agency for their preservation, their discipline and their ultimate restoration. It is this feeling of revenge, no doubt, that has shaped a considerable part of our legislation as it bears upon the criminal class. Men of this type of advocacy are men who, according to the theory of evolution, have brought with them certain elements of the lower animalism, the tiger element which is inflamed by the sight or smell of blood, and the more blood that is shed shall be to them the signal for the shedding of more blood still. It is wholly irrational and partakes of the brute nature. Many of our legislators need to be reproduced or reincarnated on a higher level. They need to think and discuss and vote in the higher regions of the moral sensibilities. There is not a single ray of intelligence or reason whereby the region where they make their laws, is illuminated.

The researches of such men as O'Sullivan and Spear and Rantoul and Victor Hugo fail to discover a single instance where the

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executions of men have checked the tendencies to crime. These researches reveal precisely the reverse of this, and show as plainly that public executions have been the occasions of multiplied crimes. Prison cells out of which men have been led to execution in the morning have been filled at night by men who had committed crimes in the very shadows of the gallows during the fatal day. Public executions instead of restraining crime have stimulated it, or at least public executions have broken down the public regard for the value and inviolability of life, upon which considerations a large part of the safety of life must forever depend.

The argument has been relied upon for years in behalf of this barbarous custom, that a public hanging must exert a salutary restraint, but the abolishing of these public scandals is a virtual surrender of the argument itself. If the old argument of restraint is good, then all the people ought to be urged to witness every execution, but the simple and significant fact is that the better classes of the people shrink from such scenes while the most reckless and lawless people will gather with the greatest eagerness to witness them when permitted. Here is a circumstance that ought to invite our lawmakers to pause and consider. A legal custom that invites the enthusiasm of the worst elements in a community and revolts and horrifies the best element is a custom that ought to be abolished.

When the State is seen to hold life cheap the people will do so too. If the State in its judicial calm can take life, men in their frenzy will take it all the more readily. Judicial murder in the lists of a high civilization will yet be seen, I believe, to be more culpable and less pardonable than murder by the infuriated or crazed individual. A man, under an uncontrollable frenzy of anger takes a life and certainly should be punished ; but what shall we say of a state which in its wisest and least excited moods, in its calmest deliberation, proceeds to take the life of a man whose average line of intention may be much farther removed from the murderous borders than the habitual moods of many others who may never have met with the momentary temptation to violence?

It ought to be a principle in criminal administration that no government should place one of its subjects beyond its power to benefit him if the changed spirit and mood should permit a benefit. Who can doubt that multitudes of men, the moment after committing a murder, would have given the world if they could, to recall the life destroyed and the act that destroyed it ? Vast numbers of men have committed crimes who have not been criminal in their common daily moods. By the force of extraordinary influence, acting perhaps but the fatal once in a whole lifetime, they have failed. The state-

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ment needs no argument. It is manifestly true. And is it an enlightened policy, is it humane, is it just that a life so failing of its manhood for the moment shall be destroyed by the combined power of a great and enlightened state? It is barbaric to the last limit of its destruction.

The infliction of the death penalty clashes with the humanities of our times. It is an incongruous presence. To add to its incongruity we associate *religion* and religious ceremonies with the gallows and the chair. The "Spiritual advisers" pray and read Scripture with the doomed man—secure his repentance, pronounce him "saved," "a child of grace," prepared to take his seat in paradise and then the signal is given and the "Christian" is sent to heaven with a black cap over his face! This business of hanging Christians is a gruesome one. Either the rope or the Chaplain ought to be abolished. The Chaplain at the gallows is an anomaly. If a man has become a Christian and is prepared for the society of heaven we ought to tolerate him on earth, especially if we have the privilege of keeping him within prison restraints, as in general we ought, no doubt.

The poorest use we can make of a man is to hang him. What have we done? Have we benefitted the man? So far as we know, not at all. And are we permitted to deal with men with no thought of doing them good? Who gave us that barbaric liberty? Shall a state assume that it may deal with its subjects with no purpose to benefit them? The thought is criminal itself. The murderous class are generally of the ignorant class, of those generally who are physically organized on a low basis. Shall the state execute those whom it has failed to educate? Shall it kill, or restrain? Civilization can have but one answer to this question.

For the crime of murder I would have life imprisonment, except in rare instances, and these modifications should be strongly guarded by judicious pardon boards. I would punish crime without imitating it, and its object should be to establish the people in conditions in which punishment would be unnecessary. Penalties instead of being so many forms of destruction should be so many forms of help. I would seek to abate the unwholesome sympathy of the people, and especially of emotional women, in behalf of the criminal class. I would advise our young women not to be lavish with their bouquets for the criminals. At least this class of men should not be made exceptional favorites. I would advise our States not to make the prison grounds the most beautiful places within their borders as Michigan has done at Ionia. Men should know that crime means solitude and desolation. California at San Quentin has been wise,

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in placing her criminals on one of the loneliest islands of the sea. No burglar, ravisher or murderer should find that his crimes lead him to a paradise of beauty. Soft sentiments are not fit companions for hardened criminals, but a rugged justice and a severe mercy are the befitting attendants of crime. Men should realize that in the commission of great crimes, they have left the realms of flowers and soft sentimentalism and have arrived in the country of the burning sands and the desolate rigors of a barren existence, and they should learn that flowers do not grow in that country.

The State however should erect no impossible barriers across the way of their return. Let them come back to the regions of the enlightened and human sentiments if they will. By years of unquestioned evidence let them *prove* their return to the compassionate regions of the human life, where their own spirit shall but increase the volume of the benignities. Then and not till then shall they be wisely crowned, nor even then as heroes, but as returned prodigals. Then may the rings be placed upon their withered fingers, and the sandals on their bleeding feet, and the robes upon their emaciated bodies. Then may the music begin, and the dancing. Not in the far country shall they lie down on beds of roses or wear the robes of an undiscriminating love. They have courted and should wed the genius of the Desolate and should abide in her torture chambers and learn wisdom, and return to find the waiting compassions they once forsook.

There is a barbaric treatment of crime that leads to destruction. This treatment has too long prevailed; there is an enlightened treatment of crime that should lead back to life through its rigorous but merciful severities. I believe it is time for this policy to be inaugurated, time for the retirement of the ancient barbarism and the introduction of a philosophy of criminal procedure that shall take its place with the general civilization we have reached.

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear. For your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; your lips have spoken lies, your tongue hath muttered perverseness. None calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth: they trust in vanity, and speak lies; they conceive mischief, and bring forth iniquity.—*Isaiah*, LIX, 1-4.

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FOR EVER FREE.*

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S., F. T. S.

Being an Original Translation of *Shankara's Vivekachudamani: The Crest-Jewel of Wisdom, 551—End.*

THE SERPENT'S SLOUGH.

BUT the body he has left, like the cast-off slough of a snake, remains there, moved hither and thither by every wind of life. As a tree is carried down by a stream, and stranded on every shallow; so is his body carried along to one sensation after another.

Through the mind-pictures built up by works already entered on, the body of him who has reached freedom wanders among sensations, like an animal; but the adept himself dwells in silence, looking on, like the centre of a wheel, having neither doubts nor desires.

He no longer engages his powers in things of sense, nor needs to disengage them; for he stands in the character of observer only. He no longer looks at all to the personal reward of his acts; for his heart is full of exultation, drunk with the abounding essence of bliss.

Leaving the path of things known or unknown, he stands in the Self alone; like a god in presence is this most excellent knower of the Eternal.

Though still in life, yet ever free; his last aim reached; the most excellent knower of the Eternal, when his disguise falls off, becoming the Eternal, enters into the secondless Eternal.

Like a mimic, who has worn the disguises of well-being and ill, the most excellent knower of the Eternal was Brahma all the time, and no other.

The body of the sage who has become the Eternal, is consumed away, even before it has fallen to the ground—like a fresh leaf withered—by the fire of consciousness.

The sage who stands in the Eternal, the Self of being, ever full of the secondless bliss of the Self, has none of the hopes fitted to time and space that make for the formation of a body of skin, and flesh, subject to dissolution.

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*We regret to state that Mr. Charles Johnston's article on "The Essence of the Teaching," which was announced to appear in this issue, was lost in the mail on its way to the printers. We therefore insert an original translation by him, the earlier parts of which have already appeared in *The Oriental Department Papers*, issued by the Theosophical Society in America – ED.

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Putting off the body is not Freedom, any more than putting away one's staff and waterpot; but getting free from the knots of unwisdom in the heart,—that is Freedom, in very deed. [560.]

Whether its leaf fall in a running river, or on holy ground, prepared for sacred rites, what odds does it make to the tree for good or ill.

Like the loss of a leaf, or a flower, or a fruit, is the loss of the body, or powers, or vital breath, or mind; but the Self itself, ever one's own, formed of bliss, is like the tree and stands.

The divine saying declares the Self to be the assemblage of all consciousness; the real is the actor, and they speak only of the destruction of the disguise,—unwisdom.

THE SELF ENDURES.

Indestructible, verily, is the Self,—thus says the scripture of the Self, declaring that it is not destroyed when all its changing vestures are destroyed.

Stones, and trees, grass, and corn, and straw are consumed by fire, but the earth itself remains the same. So the body, powers, life, breath and mind and all things visible, are burned up by the fire of wisdom, leaving the being of the higher Self alone.

As the darkness, that is its opposite, is melted away in the radiance of the sun, so, indeed, all things visible are melted away in the Eternal.

As, when the jar is broken, the space in it becomes clear space, so, when the disguises melt away, the Eternal stands as the Eternal and the Self.

As milk poured in milk, oil in oil, water in water, becomes perfectly one, so the sage who knows the Self becomes one with the Self.

Thus reaching bodiless purity, mere Being, partless, the being of the Eternal, the sage returns to this world no more.

He whose forms born of unwisdom are burnt up by knowledge of oneness with the everlasting Self, since he has become the Eternal, how could he, being the Eternal, come to birth again? [570.]

Both bonds and the getting rid of them are works of glamor, and exist not really in the Self; they are like the presence of the imagined serpent, and its vanishing, in the rope which really does not change.

Binding and getting rid of bondage have to be spoken of, because of the existence, and yet the unreality, of enveloping by unwisdom. But there is no enveloping of the Eternal; it is not enveloped because nothing besides the Eternal exists to envelop it.

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The binding and the getting rid of bondage are both mirages; the deluded attribute the work of thought to the thing itself; just as they attribute the cloud-born cutting off of vision to the sun; for the unchanging is secondless consciousness, free from every clinging stain.

The belief that bondage of the Real, is, and the belief that it has ceased, are both mere things of thought; not of the everlasting Real.

Therefore these two, glamor-built, bondage and the getting rid of bonds, exist not in the Real; the partless, changeless, peaceful; the unassailable, stainless; for what building-up could there be in the secondless, supreme reality, any more than in clear space?

There is no limiting, nor letting go, no binding nor gaining of success; there is neither the seeker of Freedom, nor the free: this, verily, is the ultimate truth.

BENEDICTION.

This secret of secrets supreme, the perfect attainment, the perfection of the Self, has been shown to thee by me to-day; making thee as my new born child, freed from the sin of the iron age, all thought of desire gone, making towards Freedom.

Thus hearing the teacher's words and paying him due reverence, he went forth, free from his bondage, with the Master's consent.

And he, the Teacher, his mind bathed in the happy streams of Being, went forth to make the whole world clean, incessantly.

Thus, by this Discourse of Teacher and Pupil, the character of the Self is taught to those seeking Freedom, that they may be born to the joy of awakening.

Therefore let all those who put away and cast aside every sin of thought, who are sated with this world's joys, whose thoughts are full of peace, who delight in words of wisdom, who rule themselves, who long to be free, draw near to this teaching, which is dedicated to them.

To those who, on the road of birth and death, are sore stricken by the heat that the rays of the sun of pain pour down; who wander through this desert-world, in weariness and longing for water; this well-spring of wisdom, close at hand, is pointed out, to bring them joy,—the secondless Eternal. This Teaching of Shankara's, bringing Liberation, wins the victory for them.

Thus is ended THE CREST-JEWEL OF WISDOM, *made by the ever-blessed* SHANKARA, *pupil at the holy feet of* GOVINDA *his Teacher, the supreme Swan, the Wanderer of the World.*

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BY L. G.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is by no means either needful or expedient that THEOSOPHY should confine itself to the publication of merely technical matter.

To do so would practically limit its sphere of interest and usefulness to the membership of the Society; and as the fundamental and continuing purpose of the organization is the expansion of Theosophic information and teaching to the world at large, as yet ignorant or unheeding of the tenet of Universal Brotherhood, and the Destiny of Man, it has seemed wise to multiply the points of contact, and that endeavor be made to indicate how the forces behind the Theosophical movement work through other agencies as well as those of the declared organization, and thus avail themselves of all favorable means and opportunities to illustrate and forward the liberation and development of Mind and Soul. Furthermore it is of importance to the Society itself that its members keep themselves informed as to the currents and tendencies of thought on other than its own lines; whereby will be gained a keener and broader insight into general progress and a clearer view of the fresh standpoints that constitute at once milestones of attainment and new points of departure.

It is proposed, therefore, under some such caption as the above, to note and comment briefly in each issue on the current developments of scientific and other thought and discovery, and perhaps take occasion from time to time, to indicate how accurately these adapt themselves and fit into the scheme of Theosophic Evolution.

Our readers may profitably coöperate in this by sending newspaper or other clippings, or calling attention to publications containing recitals of fresh discoveries and developments.

With all the acumen and power of concentrated thought—the enormous industry and persistence in the gathering of data—and the trained imagination and speculation in their interpretation—that have been devoted to the advance of Science, it is not yet accorded to that ever young and vigorous handmaiden of humanity to know the inner essence of things.

Science is essentially materialistic; not necessarily in purpose, but in method. It has perforce to study phenomena, and seeks to gain

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from them a knowledge of the general principles and laws underlying, controlling and correlating them. It accepts no teaching or statement that is not susceptible of verification by its own means and appliances; refuses aid from metaphysics; and denies all authority save its own. And rightfully so. As the universe is man's heritage, he must learn to know it, and the laws that regulate it. The planes of power and potency are many, and all cannot be studied at once. It is needful that the physical plane have its elucidation in a material age, since to neglect it is to postpone the open opportunity. To conquer a continent, the forests must be levelled and the prairie ploughed. To each man his day and his work; and it is incumbent upon him to set himself to the task at his hand, and within the scope of his ability to execute. Happy he who has the higher insight and can work on loftier planes with more searching implements. Let him likewise take care that his gift be not neglected, but in any case, disparagement or scorn of his more humbly endowed brother may not lie in his thought or word. Instrumentalities must always be of all grades. All are co-workers in humanity's common vineyard, and every useful endeavor tends to the common weal. The labor of one, if in the direction of breaking, mellowing, fertilizing, or preparing the ground for seed time and harvest, should command the respect and sympathy of all, as all shall be the gainers thereby.

Let, therefore, the microscopist, the botanist, the geologist, do their appointed work, and be not accounted myopic because their vision is limited. The chemist, the astronomer, and the physicist have likewise their tasks, and their duty is to fulfill them, and explore the hidden or distant realms of nature within the scope of their appliances.

The biologist, physiologist, archæologist, psychologist, are all doing useful and necessary work, as well as the sincere students of Ethics, of Social Science, and of Theology, whether their endeavors turn toward one side or the other of the numerous questions causing controversy. In particular should those who devote themselves to humanitarian work, be it ideal or practical, whether for the temporal relief of individuals, or the amelioration of social and industrial conditions, have the benefit of a cordial sympathy and if need be, of active coöperation of word and hand in their endeavors.

Behind all these diversities of effort, tending toward the liberation of humanity from wearisome burdens and mental fetters, lie the beneficent forces of which they are but the outcome and exponents; and in the eternal conflict between the powers of light and darkness, harmony and discord, life and death, among the clamor of tongues

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and the jarring of selfish antagonisms, the "ear that hears" may, even now, detect the fine strain of melody that traverses it all, and is but the prelude to the more resounding and triumphant outburst with which the future is already thrilling.

It is the function of the Theosophical Society, by all means in its power, to further whatever makes for progress, and all unselfish effort is in this direction. The Theosophic teaching cannot be forced on people, and they must be led by personal sympathy and inducement to the acquisition of that knowledge of cosmic evolution and man's place in nature, of which Theosophy is the custodian, and without which the discordant and discouraging existing conditions are quite impossible of comprehension.

Let it be recognized, then, that all who are doing sincere and useful work, in the interest of humanity, are in fact Theosophists, and entitled to our encouragement and support.

Among all those who are laboring in the scientific field, it might be supposed that the students of Psychology should be more nearly in touch with Theosophy than others. Their task is to investigate the facts of consciousness, and in consciousness are concealed at once the essence of what is and the history of creation ; phenomena the most obvious, and mysteries the most profound. In that field lie perception, sensation, emotion, thought, feeling, springs of action the most potent, and forces that form the individual and create and destroy races.

But, lacking the key to the labyrinth, the investigators wander. Lost in its complexity though persistent in seeking the way out; vibrating between the two extremes of a crass "materiality" on the one hand, that denies the existence of anything save matter in infinite diversity of form and manifestation, and the vapory "spirituality" that recognizes no being and declares existence dependent merely on subconscious imaginings; weary of the fruitless search for some limiting process or law, which naturally could not be found, since in fact it does not exist; the later Psychology steers between the two, and seeks to establish itself on some safe middle ground by emulating the laboratory methods of the chemist and physicist, and formulating its work under diverse names. Witness the formidable list: Ethnology, Philology, Law, Sociology, History, Archæology, Epistomology, Æsthetics, Pedagogics, Anatomy, Zoölogy, Physiology, Psychiatry, Pathology, Telepathy. It is evident the list could be indefinitely extended so long as words held out or could be invented. It is an ancient resource of science, when at a loss to know the nature of things, to give them names, and thus acquire a seeming

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familiarity with them, by which means learned addresses may be made and prolonged discussions conducted. But with better knowledge comes again the inevitable, because fundamental, reduction of complexity to simplicity, and the common origin of manifestations gains in certainty and obviousness. So will it be with Psychology when the light shall break upon it. Meanwhile it refuses to go behind the returns of its own material investigations and the phenomenal facts that present themselves for inquiry. Two sides to these facts are recognized—the outer and the inner, the real essence of which is neither known nor studied. The relations between the two, merely, are the subject of inquiry, and which perchance is the cause of the other. At present the droll result of the most advanced thought on the subject is, that we are pleased because we laugh and are grieved because our tears flow. Also that the old notion of five senses is obsolete—we have likewise the "hot and cold" sense, the "pain and pleasure" sense, and the "pressure" sense, the "hunger and thirst" sense, "love and anger" sense. Senses of "time" and "distance," etc., do not yet seem to be included, although they have apparently been developed. It is also certain that there are special sets of nerves for the conveyance of sensations of cold and heat, and it is now under investigation if we have a double set in addition for pain and pleasure. This seems almost childish trifling, but is put forth by earnest and determined men, and merely proves what we know already, that in the absence of a rudder the best-equipped and best-manned ship must of necessity make a long and devious passage to its port.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Spirit is the great life on which matter rests, as does the rocky world on the free and fluid ether; whenever we can break our limitations we find ourselves on that marvellous shore where Wordsworth once saw the gleam of the gold.—*Through the Gates of Gold.*

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

P. W. H.—What light, if any, does Theosophy throw upon the origin of evil?

ANS.—The questioner must refer to some such book as *The Ocean of Theosophy* for a complete reply. Briefly, however, Theosophy shows that there is no such thing as *absolute* evil. Whatever is evil has been made so by man, who has perverted his own faculties and all the powers of nature over which he has any control to "evil" ends, that is to say, to selfish ends, hindering instead of aiding evolution. But evil does not exist *per se* as a permanent factor in nature. Man invented a devil in order to account for his own folly and viciousness. Ever since, he has busily worshipped his own invention. Presently he will discover that the real devil is in his own mind. When he has realized that, and desires to obtain mastery over himself, evil will begin to disappear. It is the offspring of ignorance. Remove the cause and you remove the effect. E. T. H.

REVIEWS.

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST (April) has three continued papers, of which "Priest or Hero?" by "Æ," is the most striking. It is a call to the Irish to choose which gods they shall serve: whether Brahmin or Kshattriya is to sway the national destiny. An impassioned mysticism may not be the best weapon in the political arena, but none can doubt the beauty of the sword-play. "Religion must always be an exotic, which makes a far-off land sacred rather than the earth under-foot: where the Great Spirit whose home is the vast seems no more a moving glamor in the heavens, a drooping tenderness at twilight, a visionary light on the hills, a voice in man's heart; when the way of life is sought in scrolls or is heard from another's lips." Mrs. Keightley continues her discourses on the *Gita*; and the first of a series of essays on Browning promises well.

ISIS has been reorganized as THE GRAIL. Only the March number is to hand, and its cover is a subject for rather painful meditation. It is to be feared that a tendency towards shibboleths and watchwords and allegoric expression may weaken the force of ideas equally capable of expression in ordinary terms. It is true that we have not enough of allegory and myth among us; but with its introduction we need have no less of the plain, matter-of-fact, vulgar speech through which the understandings of the great unwashed are most readily assailed. In this first number it might have been well to explain the Grail *motif*. To know it as a "Holy Thing" is hardly enough for the Philistine. This may seem gratuitous in the face of the excellent articles which compose "The Grail's" initial contents, but if England is ever to be reached by theosophy, it must be by means of the solidest common sense.

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OURSELVES for April presents some excellent little papers well adapted to the masses, among whom it is intended to circulate. It is difficult to understand the attitude assumed in the opening editorial, however. Does our contemporary come under the classification of those who are described on the cover as having "very mixed notions as to what the Theosophical Society is aiming at"? Further on in the same prospectus "the T. S. claims to be thorough." H. P. Blavatsky's statement of the "main fundamental object of the Society," on the same page, "to sow germs in the hearts of men, which may in time sprout, and under more propitious circumstances lead to a healthy reform," etc., is practically repudiated by the editorial opinion that "no thinking F. T. S. will deny that the T. S. of to-day as a reform movement has failed, in this country at least, to fully justify its existence." If the propitious circumstances have not yet arrived amid which we are to seek the harvest of our seed-sowing, it is to the impatience of the laborers rather than the tardiness of the season that we must turn for the basis of such an opinion. Entirely omitting consideration of the tremendous inroads made by the occult philosophy on the mind of the age, it is unreasonable to expect that the effort of half a generation and a handful of workers shall immediately and entirely subvert the organized growth of centuries. The ploughshares of Time are turning fertile furrows. Our only solicitude should be that the good seed of life be not mixed with the tares of death. The harvest is as sure as the sowing.

MAGIC has developed into a businesslike AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST in its issue of January 26. The number consists of reports of the Crusade and of the first Convention of the T. S. in Australasia, at Sydney, January 12. The February issue is varied and thoughtful.

THE THEOSOPHICAL NEWS is to be maintained as a Theosophical newspaper. On May 3 a verbatim report of Mr. Basil Crump's lecture on "Lohengrin" is given. "We have another Lohengrin with us to-day, who has brought us as great an inspiration as we could have dreamt of; an inspiration which has enabled us to send the message of love and brotherhood around the globe. Katherine A. Tingley is that Lohengrin for us. She is a Knight of the Holy Grail; she has come to us in physical form from her sanctuary, bearing with her the power of the Grail, the power of love for brother-men."

The second issue of the new series of THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST reports a lecture on "Hidden Meanings in Christianity," and has several short articles on fundamental topics. The contents are brighter and more varied than before.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE has been infected with the prevailing mania of assuming a new name and is to be known in future as INTELLIGENCE. In the present number Dr. Wilder contributes a paper on "Seership and Revelation."

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM for May is occupied with an exhaustive report of the recent convention.

CHILD LIFE for May continues to modernize the myths of the ancients and to simplify the creeds of the moderns for the benefit of the youngsters. "Persephone" is daintily handled in this number, and Mrs. Judge preaches a bright little child-sermon on the unity of all life.

THE April quarter BORDERLAND is above the average in the solidity and value of its contents. It is true that theosophy is conspicuous by its absence as such, but this is significant in itself. Prof. Crookes' address as President of the P. R. S. is prefaced by a biographical sketch, dealing with his scientific and his psychic work. We regret to learn of the accidental destruction of the Katie

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King photographs. There are many already willing to assert their belief that they never existed. Prof. Crookes' address is devoted to elaborating the application of observed physical phenomena in unusual directions. He gives many instances where natural laws do not act, owing to the intervention of others not usually evoked under our conditions. Surface-tension, capillarity, the Brownian movements, become for a being of microscopic size "so conspicuous and dominant that he can hardly believe, let us say in the universality of gravitation." Conversely, in the case of gigantic forms, another set of laws would become the predominant factors. His treatment of the problems of spiritual embodiment, of the results of a change in our perception of existing rates of vibration and the consequent alteration of the time scale, of the relations of phenomena in the various regions of vibration in solids, in the air and in ether, and the application of such conceptions to the study of telepathy and the extension of consciousness and the development of human faculties, possesses the deepest interest and suggestiveness. Prof. Oliver Lodge's address to the Spiritualists of London is a strong plea to the *séance* hunters for the adoption of the scientific method. He suggests the idea that in the next century the scientific men may be found to be believing in more than the parsons do. An account is also given of Sardou's play, "Spiritisme."

The May installment of Du Maurier's posthumous story, "The Martians," in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, presents some of the author's conceptions of the conditions of life on Mars. Martia, who inspires the hero of the story, is a product of Martian evolution, the humanity of which differs greatly from us. They "descend from no monkey, but from a small animal that seems to be something between our seal and our sea-lion. . . . His beauty is to that of the seal as that of the Theseus or Antinous to that of an orang-outang." In addition to the ordinary senses, which are exceedingly acute, "he possesses a sixth, that comes from his keen and unintermittent sense of the magnetic current, which is far stronger in Mars than on the earth; and far more complicated, and more thoroughly understood. When any object is too delicate and minute to be examined by the sense of touch and sight, the Martian shuts his eyes and puts it against the pit of his stomach, and knows all about it, even its inside." "No privacy, no concealment is possible, except at a distance involving absolute isolation; not even thought is free; yet in some incomprehensible way there is, as a matter of fact, a really greater freedom of thought than is conceivable among ourselves: absolute liberty in absolute obedience to law—a paradox beyond our comprehension." Besides understanding reincarnation and other occult laws the Martians have a keen relish for art and science, if Mr. Du Maurier is to be credited. "It seems that everything which can be apprehended by the eye or hand is capable of absolute sonorous translation: light, color, texture, shape in its three dimensions, weight and density. The phonal expression and comprehension of all these . . . and the mechanical translation of such expression . . . is the principal business of the Martian life." The Martians have cleared their planet of useless and harmful forms of animal life. The others they have domesticated and use for occult purposes, "incarnating a portion of themselves and their consciousness at will in their bodies."

DAWN is a new Indian monthly from Calcutta, proposing "to make a special study of Hindu life, thought and faith, in a spirit of appreciation, while remaining fully alive to the usefulness and necessity of the existence of all other systems, secular or religious, Eastern or Western." The first number has a thoughtful essay on "What the Time Needs" along these lines. A study of

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the *Bhagavad Gita* is commenced in March, but not continued in the April issue. A lecture on the "Future of Hinduism," by Dr. Coulson Turnbull, serves to bring out in a series of editorial notes some important distinctions. "The Hindu's ideal of education differs vitally from the Western conception of it, and is based fundamentally upon certain spiritual requirements. The Hindu's education is one entire round of duties performed at home and in society; it is Hindu Life and Discipline—and all intellectual progress which has not this for its object is with the Hindu so much *mis*-education." But this conception is not peculiar to Hinduism.

In an interview with M. Charles Richet in the HUMANITARIAN, that great Frenchman expresses his interest in matters psychic. He has been much attracted by the case of little Otto Poehler, the two year old child of a Brunswick butcher, who "can read any kind of manuscript in German and also in Latin without ever having learned to read."

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT (Waco, Texas) has been devoting some attention to theosophy, and more particularly to reincarnation. The editor's difficulty consists in a lack of proofs. If he is willing to accept these ideas as theories, and he appears to be willing, the scientific method is to extend the application of the theory. The proof of our chemical theories of atomicity is not direct, but circumstantial. Belief in the atom is merely a scientific dogmatism. Belief in the reincarnating soul is no less and no more. It is not in belief, but in practice, the laboratory practice of life, that proofs are to be sought.

The Swedish THEOSOPHIA for April contains an article by Dr. Zander on "The Idea of a Personal God from a Theosophical Standpoint," besides some translations and reports. Two new lodges have been formed in Sweden, and the convention of 27th and 28th May represents a splendid membership.

The other foreign-tongued magazines increase in number. L'ISIS MODERNE for March, containing a translation from the Sanscrit by Emil Burnouf; the THEOSOPHISCHE RUNDSCHAU, published in Berlin; LOTUSBLÜTHEN, Dr. Hartmann's own magazine, from Leipzig, etc., have been received. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the Theosophic Gleaner; The Thinker; Notes and Queries; Islamic World; Mystical World; Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society; Occult Review: Occult Science, a new monthly intended to cover the whole field of the occult; Woman's Exponent; Dominion Review; Secular Thought; The Editor, which is to be commended to all literary Theosophists; Mystical World; The Buddhist, Colombo, beginning a new series—this journal speaks very highly of H. W. Cave's "Ruined Cities of Ceylon"; The Tribes, etc., etc.

TIME.

"The Present is the child of the Past; the Future the begotten of the Present. And yet, O present moment! Knowest thou not that thou hast no parent, nor canst thou have a child; that thou art ever begetting but thyself."—*Secret Doctrine.*

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

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MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

THE most important activity of the past month has been the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America held in New York on the 25th and 26th April. It was the largest Convention yet held and all its proceedings were characterized by the greatest harmony. Among those present were Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley and the other members of the Crusade including Mrs. A. L. Cleather, Rev. W. Williams, H. T. Patterson and F. M. Pierce. The foreign delegates present were Dr. A. Keightley, Mrs. Keightley, Miss Hargrove, Basil Crump and Herbert Crooke from England; D. N. Dunlop from Ireland; Dr. Franz Hartmann from Germany; Mrs. Keightley was also special delegate from Norway and Sweden.

The business meetings, Sunday morning and afternoon and Monday morning, were closed meetings for members only. Dr. J. D. Buck was elected Temporary Chairman and E. T. Hargrove, Permanent Chairman of the Convention. E. A. Neresheimer was reëlected Vice-President and Treasurer of the T. S. A. for the ensuing year, and the following were elected as the Executive Committee: Dr. J. D. Buck, Dr. A. P. Buchman, Dr. J. A. Anderson, A. H. Spencer, H. T. Patterson, E. A. Neresheimer.

Under the head of special business Maj. J. A. Clark of Baltimore asked a question with regard to the "alleged split" in the Society. A reply was made by W. C. Temple, of Pittsburg, who among other things said: "There is not a division in the Theosophical Society. . . . If there are any people to-day who are theosophists and are so unfortunate as to be outside the Theosophical Society, if they will come to the proper officers and make their application for admission in the proper way as laid down by our Constitution and By-laws, I will pledge myself that they will never be rejected. And it seems to me that there is no other way that any so-called reconciliation of a purely mythical break in the Theosophical Society can ever hope to be made."

The following resolution was presented by Dr. J. D. Buck:

"*Whereas*, The theosophical movement which has for its object the true union of the whole human race on the basis of Brotherhood, has been made manifest around the globe by its accredited leader and representatives within the brief space of ten months, thus securing interest and discussion at the same time in all countries, and thereby trebling the membership of the Theosophical Society, and

"*Whereas*, The planning and management of this Crusade, and its conduct to a successful issue, is due to the great heart, wise judgment and invincible courage of Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley (applause) supported by the loyal devotion of her immediate associates, therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That this Convention of Delegates, representing the branches in this and other countries, hereby extends to Mrs. Tingley its sincere thanks, its cordial approval and its loyal devotion as the accredited and trusted successor of William Q. Judge (applause), and that we pledge to her in the future our united support and our unwavering confidence and coöperation in her great work."

On hearing the resolution the entire audience rose to its feet and calls were made for Mrs. Tingley with loud and continued cheering.

Mrs. Tingley rose to acknowledge the tribute paid her in the resolution and when the cheering had ceased, said:

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"Let me thank you most heartily for the kind expression offered in this resolution and to tell you that I have done only my simple duty and that as long as I have this support it will always be easy no matter how hard the persecution may be which comes from others. I shall ever work for the principles followed by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and I am yours always in brotherly love." (Applause.) The resolution was carried by acclamation.

A resolution was also presented in regard to Lotus Circle Work to the effect that it would be for the better interests of that work and would bring the public more into sympathy with it if the present official connection with the T. S. A. be severed, although T. S. A. members would continue to coöperate in the work. This resolution was carried and afterwards Mrs. Mayer on behalf of the Lotus Circle Committee stated that Mrs. Tingley had been asked to take the office of President for life of the Lotus Circles and that she had accepted this office. The announcement was received with loud applause.

For detailed news of the Convention the reader is referred to the official report and the May number of the *Theosophical Forum*.

Immediately after Convention, on April 29th, Rev. W. Williams and Burcham Harding made a short lecturing tour in New England and visited Boston, Lynn, Cambridge, Lowell, Roxbury, Providence. Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump also visited Boston staying *en route* at Bridgeport, Conn., and lecturing at both places on Wagner with musical illustrations. On their return they lectured in New York on May 3d in Tuxedo Hall and on May 6th they accompanied Mrs. Tingley to Chicago and then to Washington and Philadelphia. Wonderfully successful meetings were held at all these places. Mr. D. N. Dunlop visited Toronto spending a week there. The branches on the northern Pacific coast report good results from the recent visit of James M. Pryse. Mr. Pryse then visited Montana and is now in Wisconsin.

New branches continue to be formed throughout the U. S. A.—the latest reported being Tampa, Fla.; Students T. S., Augusta, Ga.; Wellington, Ohio; Houston, Texas; Vancouver, B. C.; and Logansport, Ind.

May 8th, White Lotus Day, was kept by nearly all the branches in the U. S. in commemoration of H. P. Blavatsky's life and work.

The financial statement of the Crusade of American Theosophists around the world shows the total expenditure to have been $28,127.90.

From England a new branch is reported as having been formed at Romford and also that much interest in Theosophy is being shown by members of the Labor Church.

Excellent reports reach us from the Theosophical Society in France, where Mrs. Off and Mr. A. E. Gibson of California have been giving great assistance. Mr. G. Lawrence writes that they have taken a larger public hall for their meetings, as the attendance continues to greatly increase.

The Society in Germany is also carrying on an active propaganda. Dr. Franz Hartmann, its President, who represented the German-speaking Theosophists of Europe at the recent Convention, brought with him the best of news concerning the growth of the movement throughout Germany and Austria.

A new Branch has been formed in Malmö, Sweden. From different parts of the country evidences reach us of unwavering devotion on the part of the many members there. The membership in Sweden is rapidly growing.

The Theosophical Society in Holland continues its good work. New activities are constantly being developed. The latest undertaking of which we have received news is the founding of a theosophical magazine in Dutch.

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The annual meeting of the New Zealand T. S. was held March 11th, closing a most successful year of work and opening one of new activities. Another centre has been formed among the Maoris at New Plymouth.

The N. S. W. division of the Society in Australasia is as active as ever and speaks for itself through the columns of the *Australian Theosophist.*

Good reports have been received from the Indo-American Branches, especially from Benares. The members are busily engaged in doing all that they can to relieve their famine-stricken countrymen.

The following letter, addressed to a member in Australia, is of particular interest as showing how deeply Mrs. Tingley's work was appreciated by the people of India:

INDO-AMERICAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

BENARES, INDIA, Feb. 25, 1897.

Dear ——

On behalf of the President and members of the Indo-American Theosophical Society, Benares, I tell you that we are actually filled with joy on reading the happy tidings sent by you and other members of your Society. The hopes of realizing the aim of Theosophy that you have kindled in our hearts are so dazzling and bright that we have not got the will or strength of either writing or speaking left in us. We are actually seeing our way to the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without any distinction whatever.

The luminous rays of theosophy emanating from New York and being reflected from New South Wales have made our dreary night of isolation, egotism and selfishness, one brilliant day of brotherly love, harmony, peace and joy.

Amid the horrid gloom of pestilence and famine all around us here, we see the distant beacon of hope and encouragement coming nearer and nearer to us, and begin to feel that we are saved. How can we sufficiently convey our gratitude to Mrs. K. A. Tingley for the timely aid, the much needed succor, the badly-wanted hope and energy that she has imparted to us, we do not know. We find ourselves in a new world—a world where Peace, Love, and Truth reign supreme.

We have read the newspaper cuttings you have sent us over and over again, and have every time drawn fresh hope and new energy from them. We thank your people for the sincere interest they take in our cause.

May I ask you how far the appeal of our leader, Mrs. K. A. Tingley, on our behalf to the Australian people has been responded to by your people. We are literally starving in this country—once the land of abundance and plenty—the Eldorado of the East. Our markets and public places are full of hungry wretches, half naked skeletons, whose sufferings we are trying to alleviate; but our efforts on the whole only go to relieve a small proportion. We are not in a position to satisfactorily cope with the disaster. Cases of respectable people who preferred the agonies of death to the self-reproach of begging in public, came in several instances to our notice a little too late—when the help of man would not avail. In our gratitude for your noble efforts and generous help we can only say, "God bless you good people."

Yours fraternally,

(Signed) AJIT PRASADA,
Secretary.

To repeat an evil thing said of another, even without unkind intention, may injure that other as much as a deliberate and cruel slander.—*Book of Items.*

ÔM.

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BELGENLAND	3,692	423	40
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OHIO	3,392	355	43
PENNSYLVANIA	3,166	355	43
ILLINOIS	3,163	355	43
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THEOSOPHY

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

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THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

VOLUME XII: No. 4.

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"THEOSOPHY"

PROSPECTUS FOR AUGUST.

Among other articles promised for the August issue are :—

"Notes on the Crusade," BY **Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley,** Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world, in which Mrs. Tingley treats most entertainingly of her recent tour round the globe accompanied by several well-known Theosophists. These "Notes" will be illustrated with views and portraits.

"Music," is an interesting interview with Mr. E. A. NERESHEIMER, Vice-President of the Theosophical Societies in America, Europe and Australasia.

Mr. BASIL CRUMP, the English authority on Wagner, continues his delightful series of articles on **"Richard Wagner's Music Dramas."**

Dr. J. A. ANDERSON, the well-known author, will contribute an article on **"Why I believe in Reincarnation."**

Dr. A. P. BUCHMAN, lecturer to the Fort Wayne Medical College, writes on the subject of **"The Nature of Life."**

"The Three Objects of the Theosophical Society," are dealt with by Dr. FRANZ HARTMANN, the author of *Magic, White and Black.*

Mr. CHAS. JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S., gives a further contribution on **"Hindu Philosophy,"** which contains several original translations.

Other articles will appear by such well-known writers as Dr. J. D. Buck, author of *Mystic Masonry;* Mrs. J. Wharton Lewis Keightley; Miss Katherine Hillard, the famous Dante scholar, and others. "Cavé" deals with the subject of Ambition.

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This day we have a father who from his ancient place rises, hard holding his course, grasping us that we stumble not in the trials of our lives. If it be well, we shall meet and the light of Thy face make mine glad. Thus much I make prayer to Thee; go Thou on Thy way —*Zuñi prayer.*

THEOSOPHY.

Vol. XII. JULY, 1897. No. 4.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an Official Document.

Where any article or statement has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned the Editor will be accountable.

VISIONS OF A LIFE.

"Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is a riddle and the key to the riddle is another riddle. There are as many billows of illusion as flakes in a snowstorm; we wake from one dream to another dream."

A HIGH hill; winding around it a beautiful river stretching far out to the blue ocean beyond. Across the river, green hills outlined against a sky of purple and gold. In the valley below, along the river banks are pretty cottages almost hidden by graceful elm and maple trees.

The side of the hill is notched with great boulders, back of it are majestic pines. On the banks of the river stands a little child, a soul out of the ages, clothed again in human form, gazing in wonderment at the scene around her. The water is splashing on the rocks from the spring above, the wind rustling through the trees and grass; the rain has ceased, the air is heavy with the odor of pine and sweet clover.

There comes to this soul dim memories of a long-forgotten past. Fascinated with the beauty around her, the child is filled with the consciousness that in some strange and subtle way she has been a part of this great life; that she has played with the winds and waters, floated in the sunbeams and had the rain-drops for her companions.

But now she is alone, isolated, imprisoned in a body. She is

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trying hard to fathom the meaning of it all. What is this great oppressive weight that is holding her down? Why cannot she fly away and be again a part of beautiful nature? But the veil is not to be penetrated and she is left with a sense of mysterious loneliness in her heart, pitying herself as no one else can. In a moment a picture of the vast world of human life rises before her, with its whirl of thought, its throbbing activity, its despair and mystery. She turns her thoughts to the house on the hill, to her father and mother, brother and sister; they love her, but they seem farther away than all else.

Even in their love and care for her, they shut her in from the great world of nature. They bring her books and try to teach her the things they say she should know, yet all the while her soul within is crying for its freedom; filled with unrest, never happy unless in the woods with the birds and flowers and the tall pine trees and with her faithful dog, Ringo, for a companion. Yet she chides herself as ungrateful and unkind to those who watch over and shelter her. Tired with these thoughts, she throws herself

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down on the moss-covered rock and tries to check the spirit of unrest that holds her, but in spite of her effort it still remains.

Far down the stream is heard the paddle of a steamer crowded with human beings bound for a day's pleasure in the pine woods up the river. As it comes nearer and nearer the noise of the band disturbs the air with its sharp notes and jars upon her sensitive ear like the wild cry of some bird of prey.

She falls asleep, and to her soul's eyes appears the form of a man standing over her, his face radiant with kindness, youthful in its absolute purity, with an expression of godlike wisdom and power. He lays his hand gently on her forehead, and then—instantly, —as if by magic,—her soul is loosened from its prison-house of flesh. With a bound of joy she now moves freely. Now she hovers over the earth, feeling herself a force of energetic life and light. Higher and higher she rises, then comes the sound of rushing waters, hurricanes of wind and the heavy roll of thunder all about her like the roar of eternity's forces.

Again the rushing and the crashing as though all the planets in the universe were at war with each other. Suddenly it changes to low soft notes like the moan of the sea and then resolves into pure harmonies, divine music, the vibrations of which bring a sense of delicious rest to the soul, a realization of perfect peace.

A little robin perched in the branches of the tree that sheltered her face from the Sun, sang out its gladsome notes in the sunshine and seemed to echo, peace, peace. In that moment her soul gained victory, freedom ! True it was that life and light were hers !

Oh ! the joy of it all to be out in the bright sunshine close to the heart of all things, moving along in harmony with nature, seeing the great mountains, oceans and rivers, the low hills and beautiful valleys : all the time with another hand clasped in hers and the consciousness of the strange friend who led her. On, on they went and with every breath, new and beautiful scenes appeared. Memory that had been shut up in the soul now forced itself into recognition. Familiar pictures like a flash would come and go, the reality of one life after another stretching far back into time, until each one seemed but a moment of experience in the eternity of things.

Another picture, and the whole aspect of the earth is changed ! At first darkness everywhere, then flashes of light and the dim sound of the old noises returning ; then the clouds disappear.

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A new scene, a picture of wondrous beauty. A great land stretching across what is now the Atlantic forming a vast continent. Here were cities with gorgeous palaces, great temples and buildings of rare architecture. And the people, where did they come from? Who were they? What giants! What perfect types of human beings!

Many were the questions the child's soul asked the Companion and he answered:

"Some day I will tell you more about these things, then you will be able to tell others and teach them, for humanity has forgotten the knowledge of right living. Men no longer know the higher truth, they have lost the 'Word,' the key to the mysteries of the past. Let us move on," he said, and his voice was full of compassion.

Her soul then moved back through space, back to the river's bank, to the rock where the childish form lay sleeping. As her eyes opened she found herself in the old body. There were the same surroundings. What did it mean? She had travelled thousands and thousands of miles; had seen strange countries and strange people and yet she was there, not one day older. What had happened to her? Why did she have to return to that body again? Why did her life seem to grow more and more mysterious.

"Some of the things I have seen I may tell and some are my secret," she said to the one standing near her.

"They are yours for a while, my child, but some day when you are older and understand yourself better, the knowledge that you are gaining now you may then give to others; but the world is not ready for it yet."

Looking up she saw her Companion had disappeared, and standing in his place was her dear old grandfather, who had been for hours wandering through the woods and on the banks of the river searching for her. In the house on the hill the folk had begun to think something must have happened to her for she never stayed away so long.

"Well, little one," he said, "it is time that you were home. Don't you see the Sun is going down over the hills? And don't you know that very soon all the little birds will be asleep and that you, too, must rest? Because if you do go to school when you are asleep, as you tell me, you must always be punctual."

"Oh, dear!" said the little child, "Grandpa, you don't bother

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me as much as the rest of the people do, but now you make me cross for I want to be alone just a little while longer, I want to think. Grandpa, then I want you to sit down here with me and let me tell you about the great big man who came and touched me on the forehead and filled my heart so full of love that I thought it would burst. Then I went to sleep and I saw such wonderful things and heard such sweet music. I don't know how big the world is, but it seemed to me that I had been all over it. Then another thing, I was so happy, everything was so strange and beautiful. I wasn't a bit lonely or afraid, I felt all the time that I was growing bigger and bigger and that if I had that kind, strange man for my Companion all the time, I should love everybody and be glad to live even in this body, which I don't like now."

Silence followed for the moment and the grandfather clasped the little one in his arms and said,

"Little one, you have taught me love from the first time I saw your little peepers and you are teaching me it all the time. To-morrow we will come down here and sit under the trees and you can tell me more about this strange Companion who visits you."

Satisfied, the little child took the hand of the dear old grandfather and walked up through the grass to the house on the hill.

P.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ESSENCE OF THE TEACHING.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S., F. T. S.

Being an Original Translation from the Sanskrit work, entitled *Vâkya Sudhâ*, or *Balâ Bodhanî*, ascribed to Shankara Achârya.

SEER AND SEEN.

THE form is seen, the eye is seer; the mind is both seen and seer. The changing moods of mind are seen, but the witnessing Self, the seer, is never seen.

The eye, remaining one, beholds varying forms; as, blue and yellow, coarse and fine, short and long; and differences such as these.

The mind, remaining one, forms definite intentions, even while the character of the eye varies, as in blindness, dullness, or keen-sightedness; and this holds also of hearing and touch.

The conscious Self, remaining one, shines on all the moods of mind: on desire, determination, doubt, faith, unfaith, firmness and

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the lack of it, shame, insight, fear, and such as these.

This conscious Self rises not, nor has its setting, nor does it come to wax or wane; unhelped, it shines itself, and illumines others also. [5.]

THE PERSONAL IDEA.

This illumining comes when the ray of consciousness enters the thinking mind; and the thinking mind itself is of twofold nature. The one part of it is the personal idea; the other part is mental action.

The ray of consciousness and the personal idea are blended together, like the heat and the hot iron ball. As the personal idea identifies itself with the body, it brings that also a sense of consciousness.

The personal idea is blended with the ray of consciousness, the body, and the witnessing Self, respectively,—through the action of innate necessity,of works, and of delusion.

Since the two are bound up together, the innate blending of the personal idea with the ray of consciousness never ceases; but its blending with the body ceases, when the works wear out; and with the witnessing Self, through illumination.

When the personal idea melts away in deep sleep, the body also loses its sense of consciousness. The personal idea is only half expanded in dream, while in waking it is complete. [10.]

The power of mental action, when the ray of consciousness has entered into union with it, builds up mind-images in the dream-state; and external objects, in the waking state.

The personal form, thus brought into being by the personal idea and mental action, is of itself quite lifeless. It appears in the three modes of consciousness; it is born, and so also dies.

THE POWERS OF GLAMOR.

For the world-glamor has two powers,—extension and limitation, or enveloping. The power of extension brings into manifestation the whole world, from the personal form to the universal cosmos.

This manifesting is an attributing of name and form to the Reality—which is Being, Consciousness, Bliss, the Eternal; it is like foam on the water.

The inner division between the seer and the seen, and the outer division between the Eternal and the world, are concealed by the other power, limitation; and this also is the cause of the cycle of birth and death. [15.]

The light of the witnessing Self is united with the personal form;

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from this entering in of the ray of consciousness arises the habitual life,—the ordinary self.

The isolated existence of the ordinary self is attributed to the witnessing Self, and appears to belong to it; but when the power of limitation is destroyed, and the difference appears, the sense of isolation in the Self vanishes away.

It is the same power which conceals the difference between the Eternal and the visible world; and, by its power, the Eternal appears subject to change.

But when this power of limitation is destroyed, the difference between the Eternal and the visible world becomes clear; change belongs to the visible world, and by no means to the Eternal.

The five elements of existence are these: being, shining, enjoying, form and name; the three first belong to the nature of the Eternal; the last two, to the nature of the visible world. [20.]

In the elements,—ether, air, fire, water, earth; in creatures,—gods, animals, and men, Being, Consciousness, Bliss are undivided; the division is only of name and form.

SIX STEPS OF SOUL VISION.

Therefore setting aside this division through name and form, and concentrating himself on Being, Consciousness, Bliss, which are undivided, let him follow after soul-vision perpetually, first inwardly in the heart, and then in outward things also.

Soul-vision is either fluctuating or unwavering; this is its twofold division in the heart. Fluctuating soul-vision is again twofold: it may consist either in things seen or heard.

This is the fluctuating soul-vision which consists in things seen: a meditating on consciousness as being merely the witness of the desires and passions that fill the mind.

This is the fluctuating soul-vision which consists in things heard: the constant thought that "I am the self, which is unattached, Being, Consciousness, Bliss, self-shining, secondless." [25.]

The forgetting of all images and words, through entering into the bliss of direct experience,—this is unwavering soul-vision, like a lamp set in a windless place.

Then, corresponding to the first, there is the soul-vision which strips off name and form from the element of pure Being, in everything whatever; now accomplished outwardly, as it was before, in the heart.

And, corresponding to the second is the soul-vision which consists in the unbroken thought, that the Real is a single undivided Essence, whose character is Being, Consciousness, Bliss.

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Corresponding to the former third, is that steady being, is the tasting of this Essence for oneself. Let him fill the time by following out these, the six stages of soul-vision.

When the false conceit, that the body is the Self, falls away; when the Self supreme is known; then, whithersoever the mind is directed, there will the powers of soul-vision arise. [30.]

The knot of the heart is loosed; all doubts are cut; all bondage to works wither away,—when That is known, which is the first and the last.

THE THREE SELVES.

The individual self appears in three degrees: as a limitation of the Self; as a ray of the conscious Self; and, thirdly, as the self imagined in dreams. The first alone is real.

For the limitation in the individual self is a mere imagination; and that which is supposed to be limited is the Reality. The idea of isolation in the individual self is only an error; but its identity with the Eternal is its real nature.

And that song they sang of "That thou art" is for the first of these three selves alone; it only is one with the perfect Eternal, not the other selves.

The power of world-glamor, existing in the Eternal, has two potencies: extension and limitation. Through the power of limitation, Glamor hides the undivided nature of the Eternal, and so builds up the images of the individual self and the world. [35.]

The individual self which comes into being when the ray of consciousness enters the thinking mind, is the self that gains experience and performs works. The whole world, with all its elements and beings, is the object of its experience.

These two, the individual self and its world, were before time began; they last till Freedom comes, making up our habitual life. Hence they are called the habitual self and world.

In this ray of consciousness, the dream-power exists, with its two potencies of extension and limitation. Through the power of limitation, it hides the former self and world, and so builds up a new self and a new world.

As this new self and world are real only so long as their appearance lasts, they are called the imaginary self and the imaginary world. For, when one has awakened from the dream, the dream existence never comes back again.

The imaginary self believes its imaginary world to be real; but the habitual self knows that world to be only mythical, as also is the imaginary self.

The habitual self looks on its habitual world as real; but the

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real Self knows that the habitual world is only mythical, as also is the habitual self.

The real Self knows its real oneness with the Eternal; it sees nothing but the Eternal, yet sees that what seemed the unreal is also the Self.

FREEDOM AND FINAL PEACE.

As the sweetness, the flowing, and the coldness, that are the characteristics of the water, reappear in the wave, and so in the foam that crests the wave;

So, verily, the Being, Consciousness, and Bliss of the witnessing Self enter into the habitual self that is bound up with it; and, by the door of the habitual self, enter into the imaginary self also.

But when the foam melts away, its flowing, sweetness, coldness, all sink back into the wave; and when the wave itself comes to rest, they sink back to the sea.

When the imaginary self melts away, its Being, Consciousness, Bliss sink back into the habitual self; and, when the habitual self comes to rest, they return to the Self supreme, the witness of all.

THE TEACHINGS OF SHANKARA.

Tradition, our best guide in many of the dark problems of India's past, attributes the admirable philosophical work we have just translated to Shankara Acharya, the greatest name in the history of Indian philosophy, and one of the greatest masters of pure thought the world has ever seen.

Shankara, again according to the tradition of the East, lived and taught some two thousand years ago, founding three colleges of Sanskrit learning and philosophy, the most important being at Shringeri, in southern India. He wrote Commentaries on the older Vedanta books, and many original works of great excellence, of which this is reckoned to be one.

Like all Shankara's separate works, *The Essence of the Teaching* is complete in itself, containing a survey of the whole of life, from a single standpoint; in the present case, from the point of view of pure intellect.

The moral problem before us, is the liberation of our souls from the idea of personality; and the opening of the door to the life of the universal Self, which will enter our hearts, and rule them, once the personal idea is put out of the way. And there is no more potent weapon for combating the personal idea than the clear and lucid understanding that what we call our personality is, in reality, only one of many pictures in the mind, a picture of the body, held

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before our consciousness, viewed by it, and therefore external to it. If the personality is a picture in the field of consciousness, it cannot be consciousness itself; cannot be our real self; but must necessarily be unreal and transient.

We are the ray of consciousness, and not the image of the body which it lights up, and which, thus lit up, we call our personality. And here we come to one point of the highest interest, in the present work: its central ideas anticipate, almost in the same words, the most original teachings of German philosophy—the only representative of pure thought, in the modern world. Hence a right understanding of it will bridge over one of the chasms between the East and the West, the remote past and the life of to-day; thus showing, once more, that the mind of man is everywhere the same; that there is but one Soul making itself manifest throughout all history.

It may be enough, here, to point out that German philosophy,—the teaching of Kant, as developed by Schopenhauer,—regards each individual as a manifestation of the universal Will, a ray of that Will, fallen into manifestation, under the influence of the tendency called the will-towards-life.

This individualized ray of the universal Will, falling into the intellect, becomes thereby subject to the powers which make for manifestation, and which Kant analysed as Causality, Time, and Space. For Kant has shown, with admirable cogency and lucidity, that these so solid-seeming realities are not real at all, but were forms of our thought; mere figments of our intellects. What we call manifestation, Schopenhauer calls representation; and he has very fully developed the idea of the Universe as the resultant of the universal Will, manifested through these three forms of representation,—Causality, Time, and Space.

Now it is quite clear that he calls Universal Will what Shankara, following the Upanishads, calls the Eternal; and that the forms of Representation of Schopenhauer's system, correspond to the World-glamor, or Maya, of Indian thought. And it is further clear that the will-toward-life, or desire for sensuous existence, of the one system, is very close to the personal idea, or egotism, of the other.

Whoever is acquainted with the two systems, can point out a further series of analogies; we shall content ourselves with alluding to one. Schopenhauer taught that our salvation lies in denying the personal and selfish will-toward-life, within ourselves, and allowing the Universal Will to supersede it;—the very teaching which lies at the heart of Indian thought: the supersession of the individual self by the Self universal, the Self of all beings.

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To turn now from the purely intellectual, to the moral side of the matter. If we consider it well, and watch the working of the powers of life we find within us, we shall see that all our misery and futility come from this very source, the personal idea,—the vanity and selfishness of our own personalities, coming into strife with the equally vain and selfish personalities of others.

There is not an evil that cannot be traced to this fertile source. Sensuality, for example, with all its attendant crime and pain, is built on two forces, both springing from the personal idea: first, the desire for the stimulus of strong sensation, to keep the sense of the separate, isolated self keen and vivid; and then the vanity and foolish admiration of our personal selves, as possessors of such abundant means of gratification. Another evil, the lust of possessions, is of the same brood; and, curiously enough, the root of it is —fear; the cowering fear of the personal self, before the menacing forces of the world; the desperate, and,—infallible accompaniment of cowardice,—remorselessly cruel determination to build up a triple rampart of possessions between the personality and the mutability of things. The whole cause of the race for wealth, the cursed hunger of gold, is a fearful and poltroon longing for security, protection for the personal self; which, indeed, as a mere web of dreams and fancies, is in very bad need of protection.

The last evil, ambition, which is only vanity grown up, is so manifestly of the same color with the others that no special indication of the fact is needed. Thus we see what an immense part of human life, and that, the most futile and pitiable part of it, is built up on so slight a foundation: the wholly mythical personality, the web of dreams, the mere image of a body, itself unreal, which has usurped a sort of sovereignty over all the powers of our wills and minds.

The whole problem for us is this, and it is one that recurs in every moment of life: to disperse this web of dreams which we call our personality, and so to let the pure and universal Will pour into our hearts, to follow out its own excellent purposes, and manifest its own beneficent powers. And thus we shall, for the first time, enter into our inheritance; no longer as shadowy and malevolent sprites, raging between earth and heaven, a sorrow to the angels, a mockery to the fiends; but rather as undivided parts of the great soul of humanity; of that universal Self, whose own nature is perfect Being, perfect Consciousness, perfect Bliss.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE PYRAMID.

BY MAJOR D. W. LOCKWOOD, CORPS OF ENGINEERS, U. S. A.

THAT something curiously different from ordinary geometrical methods, is somehow connected with the Problem of the Pyramid, has existed as a tradition for many years. In what this difference consists may be surmised from the fact that "Cubing the Sphere" and "Quadrating and Rectifying the Circle" are regarded as connected with the problem, although just how or in what way, has never been made plain, so far as I know. That the Great Pyramid was ever anything more than an unmeaning pile of rocks, except to the people of the so-called pagan times in which it was constructed, modern scientists are not disposed to admit, and little consideration is shown advocates of the affirmative. Circle-squaring and Perpetual Motion are classed as kindred subjects. Mathematicians readily accept the algebraical statement that $\pi D = C$; D being a diameter and C a circumference. Why not $\frac{C}{\pi} = D$? Since π is incommensurable, why one rather than the other? It is simply a matter of custom and convenience so-called. In the one case we construct an incommensurable circumference by describing a circle with a given or commensurable radius; in the other we construct an incommensurable radius for a given or commensurable circumference, by means of a pyramid or a pyramid triangle.

It is simply a case of inversion of methods. The lines in either case are equally geometrical.

A perfect pyramid, in the problem, is a right pyramid, in which the relation between the height and base side is the same as that existing between the radius of a circle and one-fourth of the circle described with it. Take any isosceles triangle, the relation between its height and base may be expressed as follows, b being the base and h the height, $\frac{2b}{h} = X$, from which $h = \frac{2b}{X}$. The height is also equal to one half the base by the tangent of the angle at the base, or calling this angle α, $h = \frac{b}{2}$ tang α. Equating these values of h, there results $X = 4$ cotang α. This being a general expression is true for any value of X and is therefore true for $X = \pi$. Call the angle at the base of the triangle when $X = \pi$, α', then we shall have $\pi = 4$ cotang α'. The triangle is now a section of a perfect pyramid by a plane through its axis and perpendicular to a face.

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PLATE 1

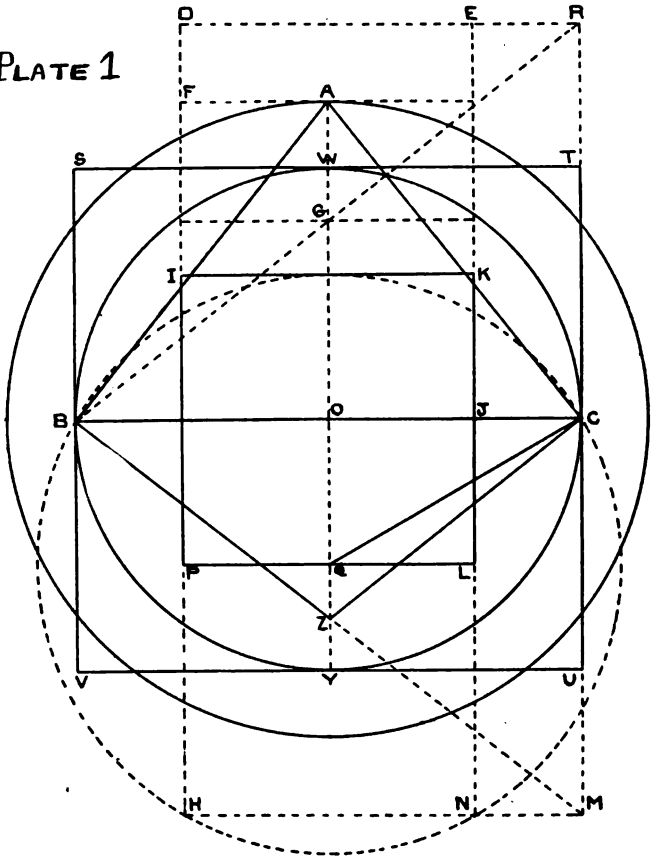
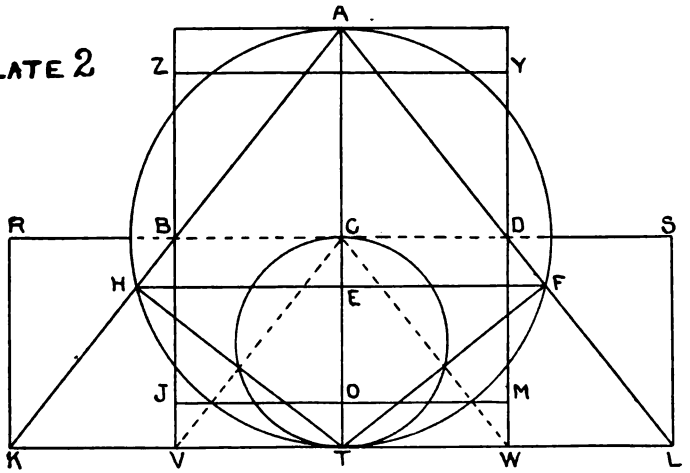


PLATE 2



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To develop the relation between the perfect pyramid, the cube and sphere: The cosine of 30° is equal to $\frac{1}{2}\sqrt{3}$ so that in a sphere whose radius is R, the diameter of the circle of 30° is equal to $R\sqrt{3}$, and since this is the long diagonal of the cube with R as an edge, it appears that if a second sphere be constructed whose diameter equals the diameter of the circle of 30° of the first sphere, it will circumscribe the cube of the radius of the first sphere.

Plate I.—In the figure, let $IKLP$ be the face of the cube whose edge PL equals R. With Q, the middle point of the base as a centre, and QC equal to PL equal to R, as a radius, describe a circle. Lay off OQ equal to $\frac{R}{2}$ and draw BC parallel to PL.

Then the line BC equals $R\sqrt{3}$. On BC construct the isosceles triangle ABC. Then calling the angle at the base α we shall have $X = 4$ cotang α, when $X = \frac{2BC}{AO}$ or $AO = \frac{2BC}{X}$ or $\frac{2R\sqrt{3}}{X}$.

Draw BZ and CZ perpendicular to AB and AC respectively. Then since the angle OBZ is the complement of ABO, the tangent of the former equals the cotangent α, and $OZ = \frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$ cotang α or $\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{8}X$. Construct the large square $STUV$ on BC as middle line, its area is $3R^2$. There are now two pyramids having a common base equal to $3R^2$; the height of the erect one being $AO = \frac{2R\sqrt{3}}{X} = \frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$ tang α. The inverted pyramid has a height OZ equal to $\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$ cotang $\alpha = \frac{R\sqrt{3}}{8}X$.

In the triangle ABZ right-angled at B, we have $\overline{BO}^2 = AO.OZ$ or $\frac{3R^2}{4} = \frac{R\sqrt{3}}{8}X.\frac{2R\sqrt{3}}{X}$ or we may write $R^2 = \frac{4}{3}\,\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{8}X.\frac{2R\sqrt{3}}{X}$.

Multiply both members of the equation by R^4 and the resulting expression may be put in the form

$$R^6 = \frac{4}{3}R^2.\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{8}X.\ R^2.\frac{2R\sqrt{3}}{X} \text{ in which } R^2.\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{8}X$$

equals the volume of the inverted pyramid and $R^2.\frac{2R\sqrt{3}}{X}$ equals that of the erect pyramid. Putting the above equation in the form of a proportion we may write

$$(1)\quad \frac{4}{3}\left(R^2.\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{8}X\right) : R^3 :: R^3 : R^2.\frac{2R\sqrt{3}}{X} \text{ or translated:}$$

A cube is a mean proportional between $\frac{4}{3}$ the volume of the in-

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verted pyramid and that of the erect, the pyramid base side being equal to the diagonal of the cube, or the pyramid base being a square equal in area to three times the base of the cube.

If in proportion (1) we make $X = \pi$, then the first term becomes equal to *one-third* the volume of the sphere whose diameter is $R\sqrt{3}$, the fourth term becomes the volume of a Perfect Pyramid, and the relation between the cube, sphere and perfect pyramid may be written as follows:

(2) $\frac{\sqrt{3}}{6}\pi R^3 : R^3 :: R^3 : \frac{2\sqrt{3}}{\pi} R^3$, or translated:

A cube is a mean proportional between one third the volume of the sphere circumscribing it, and a Perfect Pyramid whose base side equals the diameter of the circumscribing sphere, the long diagonal of the cube. It will be noted that when X becomes equal to π, the volume of the inverted pyramid becomes equal to *one-fourth* that of a sphere whose diameter is equal to the pyramid base side. By dividing the proportions, (1) or (2), through by R or R^2 the resulting proportions will apply to surfaces and lines respectively.

Substituting for X its value 4 cotang α in proportion (1) there results: $\frac{1}{3}(R^2 . 2R\sqrt{3} \cot \alpha) : R^3 :: R^3 : R^2 \frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2} \tan \alpha$.

Draw MR perpendicular to BC, and lay off OG equal to OZ; prolong BZ to M and draw BR through G. Then RM is equal to $2R\sqrt{3}$ cotang α, or four times the height of the inverted pyramid.

The circumference of a circle whose diameter is $R\sqrt{3}$ is $\pi R\sqrt{3}$ or $4R\sqrt{3}$ cotang α', its semi-circumference will therefore be $2R\sqrt{3}$ cotang α', so that when X becomes equal to π, MR becomes equal to $2R\sqrt{3}$ cotang α', or the semi-circumference of a circle whose diameter is $R\sqrt{3}$. The volume of the sphere whose diameter is BC equal to $R\sqrt{3}$, is then equal to a rectangular prism whose base is equal to the face of the inscribed cube and whose height is equal to $2R\sqrt{3}$ cotang α', or the semi-circumference of a great circle, or generally: the volume of a sphere is equal to a rectangular prism whose base is that of the inscribed cube and whose height is equal to the length of the semi-circumference of a great circle. If the base of the prism is taken as the square of the radius, then the height of the resulting prism is $\frac{4}{3}(2R\sqrt{3}$ cotang $\alpha')$ or 240° of the arc of a great circle. If the base of the prism is the square of the diameter, then the height of the resulting prism will be the length of the arc of 60° of a great circle.

The volume of the Perfect Pyramid is equal to that of a prism whose base is R^2, the face of the inscribed cube, and whose height equals one half the diameter of a circle whose circumference is

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$4 R \sqrt{3}$, while the volume of the inverted pyramid is equal to that of a prism whose base is R^2 and whose height is $\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$ cotang α' or the length of 45° of the arc of the circle whose radius is $\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$.

As stated above when $X = \pi$, MR becomes equal to the length of the semi-circumference of the circle whose radius is OC equal to $\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$, or $\pi \frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$. In the triangle BRM we then have RM its base equal to $\pi \frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$ and BC its height equal to $R\sqrt{3}$. The area of the triangle is therefore equal to $\frac{1}{2}(RM.BC) = \frac{3\pi R^2}{4}$, which is the area of the circle whose radius is OC equal to $\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$. Equal areas with the above are also the rectangles whose bases are MC or CR or ZG and whose common height is BC, or the rectangle whose base is MR and whose height is OC.

All that is needed to effect the above solutions *practically* is the angle α' at the base of the Perfect Pyramid.

If when $X = \pi$, a circle be described with O as a centre and OA as a radius, the latter then being the height of the Perfect Pyramid, the length of the circumference will be equal to the perimeter of the square $STUV$, the base of the Perfect Pyramid, and the square will be circled.

Plate 2.—This discussion could be made, using Plate 1, by turning it so as to make MR horizontal, but to avoid confusion about lines a separate plate is used.

Let ABD be a right vertical section of a pyramid, whose height is AC equal to h; with C as a centre and $AC = h$ as a radius describe a circle; complete the diameter AT; draw KL, perpendicular to it and prolong AB and AD to K and L respectively; join H and F, intersections with the circle, and draw CV and CW parallel to AK and AL respectively. Since the discussion is general for any value of X we may write π for X, and treat the triangle AKL as a vertical section of a Perfect Pyramid by a plane perpendicular to a face. In the triangle CVT we then have VT equal to h cotang α', equal to one fourth of KL or the latter line is then equal to $4h$ cotang $\alpha' = \pi h$, the semi-circumference of the circle. The area of the triangle AKL is then equal to πh^2.

If a rectangle be constructed on VW equal to $\frac{\pi h}{2}$ as a base, and a height AT equal to $2h$, its area will be equal to πh^2. So with the rectangle whose height is CT and whose base is KL.

There are then a circle, a triangle and two rectangles of equal

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area, and if we multiply each of these areas by h, there will result a cylinder, two rectangular prisms and a triangular prism of equal volume, πh^3. πh is the semi-circumference of a circle or a straight line, $4 h \operatorname{cotang} \alpha'$, so that in the foregoing expressions πh, πh^2, πh^3, the last of which is three fourths the volume of a sphere whose radius is h, if we make h equal to 1, a unit, as 1 foot, π becomes a universal unit of measure for lines, surfaces and volumes of the Cube, Sphere and Perfect Pyramid.

π is therefore a universal element, function or measure for these figures and derivatives from them.

Join the points H and T and F and T. The triangle AHT being right-angled at H, we have $\overline{HE}^2 = AE.ET$, in which $AE = \frac{4\,HE}{\pi}$ and $ET = 2\,h - \frac{4\,HE}{\pi}$, whence $HE = \pi \frac{8\,h}{\pi^2 + 16}$ or $HF = \pi \frac{16\,h}{\pi^2 + 16}$. From the pyramid relation therefore, we have AE equal to $\frac{32\,h}{\pi^2 + 16}$. If for π we substitute its value $4 \operatorname{cotang} \alpha'$, this last expression for the new height AE, becomes $2\,h \sin^2 \alpha'$ and the distance ET becomes $2\,h \cos^2 \alpha'$; the line HF being equal to $\pi \frac{16\,h}{\pi^2 + 16}$, becomes $4\,h \cos \alpha' \sin \alpha'$. In short if a square be constructed on HF as middle line it will be a trigonometrical base, and the height will be trigonometrical also. The sum of the volumes of the erect and inverted pyramids will be $\frac{32\,h^3}{3} \sin^2 \alpha' \cos^2 \alpha'$.

If on VW a square be constructed, its perimeter will be equal to $2\,\pi\,h$, or the circumference of the circle whose radius is h, and if it be constructed on BD as middle line, it will be symmetrically disposed with reference to the circle, as $ZYMJ$.

If CT, equal to h, be made the diameter of a circle, the area of the latter will be equal to $\frac{\pi h^2}{4}$ or any one of the small rectangles equal to $CDWT$, and its circumference will be equal to the perimeter of the small square $CDMO$ etc., or if AT be made the radius of a new circle and a large pyramid section be constructed, the π relation will still hold true, in all cases the base of the resulting triangle will be equal to the semi-circumference of the circle, and its area equal to that of the circle, the limits being a point at T and a circle with an infinite radius.

If for h we write $\frac{R\sqrt{3}}{2}$, to preserve the same nomenclature used with Plate 1, then HF becomes equal to $\pi \frac{8\,R\sqrt{3}}{\pi^2 + 16}$ or $2\,R\sqrt{3} \sin \alpha'$

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cos α', and AE and ET become respectively $R\sqrt{3}\sin^2\alpha'$ and $R\sqrt{3}\cos^2\alpha'$, while the sum of the volumes of the erect and inverted pyramids becomes $4R^3\sqrt{3}\sin^2\alpha'\cos^2\alpha'$ or $(2R)^2 R\sqrt{3}\sin^2\alpha'\cos^2\alpha'$.

The discussion is general for any value of h.

Many more curious relations could be developed, but my object in this paper is mainly to show that there was a definite geometrical design in the pyramid figure, and also to indicate something concerning the reason for evolving such a figure bearing the relation already given, to the cube and sphere.

A Perfect Pyramid as will be seen from this discussion is therefore such a figure, that any section by a plane parallel to its base, *i. e.*, perpendicular to its axis, is a square whose perimeter is equal to the circumference of a circle described with the pyramid height above the section, as a radius. A vertical section by a plane through its axis and perpendicular to a face, is a triangle, such that its area is equal to that of a circle whose diameter is the height of the triangle, while its base is equal to the semi-circumference of the circle. It would therefore appear that a Perfect Pyramid is of the nature of a cube and a sphere, or it may be regarded as a cube and a sphere, illustrating geometrically the idea of At-one-ment, as of Man, The Earth and The Universe,—The Pyramid, Cube and Sphere.

What is the object of evolving such a figure? My theory is that it was designed for *universal monumentation.* By its use the relations between circular and spherical elements may be expressed by employing the elements of a cube.

I am aware that the conclusions I have stated regarding π, are somewhat different from those generally held concerning that function, but they seem warranted. In the geometrical conception of the Wisdom Religion of the Ancients, π symbolized the Divine, or Divine Spirit, and the demonstration proving its universality, shows the presence of the Divine in everything from a geometrical point, an atom, to a sphere whose radius is infinite—Omnipresence.

In the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, under the head of "Squaring the Circle," an article written by Thomas Muir, LL.D., it is stated that "In 1873 Hermite proved that the base ε of the Naperian Logarithms cannot be a root of a rational algebraical equation of any degree. To prove the same proposition regarding π is to prove that a Euclidian construction for circle-quadrature is impossible. * * * Hermite did not succeed in his attempt on π: but in 1882 Lindemann following exactly in Hermite's steps, accomplished the desired result."

The article also states that "the interest attaching to them (pseudo circle-squarers) is more psychological than mathematical."

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I quote the above to show the present accepted mathematical conclusions concerning such problems as "circle-squaring," and the standing of those interested in the subject; it would appear, however, that given the angle at the base of the Perfect Pyramid a Euclidian construction for Cubing the Sphere, Quadrating and Rectifying the Circle *is* possible and that these problems are elementary. In time when the Problem of the Pyramid is still further developed, it may dawn on many who are doubters now, that such men as Prof. Piazzi Smyth, Col. Ralston Skinner and many others, who have suffered for their faith in the Great Pyramid, are entitled to some other designation than "mere dreamers," and that the references to that Great Structure in the *Secret Doctrine* were based on knowledge.

Proportion (1) was derived from a study of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, on the theory that its latitude at the time of its construction was 30° North. Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati has always been an advocate of the theory that this was the key to the solution of the mystery.

Why, it may be asked, should the Builders go to the 30th parallel to build a pyramid? For two reasons, 1st, to obtain geometrically the pyramid cubit, $\sqrt{3}$, and 2d, because nowhere else on the Earth can an Earth pyramid, *i. e.*, one whose base side is the diameter of a sphere circumscribing the cube of the Earth's radius, be constructed geometrically, and be erect, than on the parallel of 30° North latitude. This would imply that a certain relation exists between the elements of the pyramid and those of the Earth.

Granting for the present that the Great Pyramid was built on the 30th parallel of latitude, the position of the polar diameter of the Earth at that date can be determined, by a re-determination of the latitude, and the azimuth of a base side or better still, that of the centre line of the descending passage.

The original elements of the pyramid before the casing was removed by the Caliphs of Egypt, about the year 1000 A. D., were as follows, according to the results I have reached.

Length of base side, 441 cubits or $441\sqrt{3}$ feet; height, 486.2025 feet; $X = \frac{800\sqrt{3}}{441} = 4.\frac{200\sqrt{3}}{441} = 3.142042+$; $\alpha = 51° \; 51'$; height of inverted pyramid, 300 feet; the cotang α equals $\frac{200\sqrt{3}}{441}$, which makes the angle at the base exactly 51° 51′.

Col. Howard Vyse, who discovered two of the casing stones in place along the North base side in 1837, made the above angle 51° 50′, by measuring the angle which the sloping face of the stones made with the horizon. The engineers and scientists who accompanied Napoleon in his invasion of Egypt in 1799, measured the

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North base side, having discovered the hollow sockets cut in the rock to mark the N.E. andN.W. corners; they made the distance 763.62 feet. Col. Howard Vyse measured this same base side in 1837 making it 764 feet. The mean of these two measurements is 763.81 feet. My determinations make this distance 763.8344+ feet.

The British foot appears to have been the standard unit of measure for length, and the pyramid or builders' cubit derived from it was 1 3 feet or 1.7320508+ feet in length.

The geometry of the pyramid shows the origin of many ancient symbols. Circumscribing a cube by a sphere and then unfolding the cube, gives the Ansated Cross. The triangle in a circle, a Masonic Symbol, is itself a circle, its area being equal to that of a circle whose diameter equals the height of the triangle. The inverted pyramid section is the flap on the Masonic Apron, and when worn point down should be in token of humility; it is a complete inversion of the erect pyramid even to the angles. The Descending Passage is a geometrical line, and so is the Ascending Passage, but appears to have been modified somewhat in its general location, for structural reasons, as theoretically the King's Chamber and Antechamber should occupy a certain *point*. A definite distance appears to be indicated between the foot of the step at the entrance to the Antechamber and the Portcullis near the Descending Passage. The geometry connected with the Coffer is very comprehensive and suggestive, and abounds in ancient symbols.

So far my investigations tend to indicate that the Great Pyramid was constructed according to a carefully conceived geometrical design, and that its records, when read aright as they will be some day, will be of vast interest. If my theory is correct, that it was designed for universal monumentation, the whole story may not be evolved for a long time, but the records are safe even if the entire structure were destroyed, thanks to the efforts of practical pyramid enthusiasts, who have carefully measured the different parts.

D. W. LOCKWOOD.

God always plays the geometer.—PLATO. See PLUTARCH'S *Symposiacs*.

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THEOSOPHY GENERALLY STATED.*

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE claim is made that an impartial study of history, religion and literature will show the existence from ancient times of a great body of philosophical, scientific and ethical doctrine forming the basis and origin of all similar thought in modern systems. It is at once religious and scientific, asserting that religion and science should never be separated. It puts forward sublime religious and ideal teachings, but at the same time shows that all of them can be demonstrated to reason, and that authority other than that has no place, thus preventing the hypocrisy which arises from asserting dogmas on authority which no one can show as resting on reason. This ancient body of doctrine is known as the "Wisdom Religion," and was always taught by adepts or initiates therein who preserve it through all time. Hence, and from other doctrines demonstrated, it is shown that man, being spirit and immortal, is able to perpetuate his real life and consciousness, and has done so during all time in the persons of those higher flowers of the human race who are members of an ancient and high brotherhood who concern themselves with the soul development of man, held by them to include every process of evolution on all planes. The initiates, being bound by the law of evolution, must work with humanity as its development permits. Therefore from time to time they give out again and again the same doctrine which from time to time grows obscured in various nations and places. This is the wisdom religion, and they are the keepers of it. At times they come to nations as great teachers and "saviours," who only re-promulgate the old truths and system of ethics. This, therefore, holds that humanity is capable of infinite perfection both in time and quality, the saviours and adepts being held up as examples of that possibility.

From this living and presently acting body of perfected men, H. P. Blavatsky declared she received the impulse to once more bring forward the old ideas, and from them also received several keys to ancient and modern doctrines that had been lost during modern struggles toward civilization, and also that she was furnished by them with some doctrines really ancient but entirely new to the present day in any exoteric shape. These she wrote among the

* From the Official Report, World's Parliament of Religions.

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other keys furnished by her to her fellow members and the world at large. Added, then, to the testimony through all time found in records of all nations, we have this modern explicit assertion that the ancient learned and humanitarian body of adepts still exists on this earth and takes an interest in the development of the race.

Theosophy postulates an eternal principle called the Unknown, which can never be cognized except through its manifestations. This eternal principle is in and is every thing and being; it periodically and eternally manifests itself and recedes again from manifestation. In this ebb and flow evolution proceeds and itself is the progress of the manifestation. The perceived universe is the manifestation of this Unknown, including spirit and matter, for Theosophy holds that those are but the two opposite poles of the one unknown principle. They coëxist, are not separate nor separable from each other, or, as the Hindu scriptures say, there is no particle of matter without spirit, and no particle of spirit without matter. In manifesting itself the spirit-matter differentiates on seven planes, each more dense on the way down to the plane of our senses than its predecessor, the substance in all being the same, only differing in degree. Therefore from this view the whole universe is alive, not one atom of it being in any sense dead. It is also conscious and intelligent, its consciousness and intelligence being present on all planes though obscured on this one. On this plane of ours the spirit focalizes itself in all human beings who choose to permit it to do so, and the refusal to permit it is the cause of ignorance, of sin, of all sorrow and suffering. In all ages some have come to this high state, have grown to be as gods, are partakers actively in the work of nature, and go on from century to century widening their consciousness and increasing the scope of their government in nature. This is the destiny of all beings, and hence at the outset Theosophy postulates this perfectibility of the race, removes the idea of innate unregenerable wickedness, and offers a purpose and an aim for life which is consonant with the longings of the soul and with its real nature, tending at the same time to destroy pessimism with its companion, despair.

In Theosophy the world is held to be the product of the evolution of the principle spoken of, from the very lowest first forms of life, guided as it proceeded by intelligent perfected beings from other and older evolutions, and compounded also of the egos or individual spirits for and by whom it emanates. Hence man, as we know him, is held to be a conscious spirit, the flower of evolution, with other and lower classes of egos below him in the lower kingdoms, all however coming up and destined one day to be on the same

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human stage as we now are, we then being higher still. Man's consciousness being thus more perfect is able to pass from one to another of the planes of differentiation mentioned. If he mistakes any one of them for the reality that he is in his essence, he is deluded ; the object of evolution then is to give him complete self-consciousness so that he may go on to higher stages in the progress of the universe. His evolution after coming on the human stage is for the getting of experience, and in order to so raise up and purify the various planes of matter with which he has to do, that the voice of the spirit may be fully heard and comprehended.

He is a religious being because he is a spirit encased in matter, which is in turn itself spiritual in essence. Being a spirit he requires vehicles with which to come in touch with all the planes of nature included in evolution, and it is these vehicles that make of him an intricate, composite being, liable to error, but at the same time able to rise above all delusions and conquer the highest place. He is in miniature the universe, for he is a spirit, manifesting himself to himself by means of seven differentiations. Therefore is he known in Theosophy as a sevenfold being. The Christian division of body, soul, and spirit is accurate so far as it goes, but will not answer to the problems of life and nature, unless, as is not the case, those three divisions are each held to be composed of others, which would raise the possible total to seven. The spirit stands alone at the top, next comes the spiritual soul or Buddhi as it is called in Sanskrit. This partakes more of the spirit than any below it, and is connected with Manas or mind, these three being the real trinity of man, the imperishable part, the real thinking entity living on the earth in the other and denser vehicles of its evolution. Below in order of quality is the plane of the desires and passions shared with the animal kingdom, unintelligent, and the producer of ignorance flowing from delusion. It is distinct from the will and judgment, and must therefore be given its own place. On this plane is gross life, manifesting, not as spirit from which it derives its essence, but as energy and motion on this plane. It being common to the whole objective plane and being everywhere, is also to be classed by itself, the portion used by man being given up at the death of the body. Then last, before the objective body, is the model or double of the outer physical case. This double is the astral body belonging to the astral plane of matter, not so dense as physical molecules, but more tenuous and much stronger, as well as lasting. It is the original of the body permitting the physical molecules to arrange and show themselves thereon, allowing them to go and come from day to day as they are known to do, yet ever retaining

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the fixed shape and contour given by the astral double within. These lower four principles or sheaths are the transitory perishable part of man, not himself, but in every sense the instrument he uses, given up at the hour of death like an old garment, and rebuilt out of the general reservoir at every new birth. The trinity is the real man, the thinker, the individuality that passes from house to house, gaining experience at each rebirth, while it suffers and enjoys according to its deeds—it is the one central man, the living spirit-soul.

Now this spiritual man, having always existed, being intimately concerned in evolution, dominated by the law of cause and effect, because in himself he is that very law, showing moreover on this plane varieties of force of character, capacity, and opportunity, his very presence must be explained, while the differences noted have to be accounted for. The doctrine of reïncarnation does all this. It means that man as a thinker, composed of soul, mind and spirit, occupies body after body, in life after life, on the earth which is the scene of his evolution, and where he must, under the very laws of his being, complete that evolution, once it has been begun. In any one life he is known to others as a personality, but in the whole stretch of eternity he is one individual, feeling in himself an identity not dependent on name, form, or recollection.

This doctrine is the very base of Theosophy, for it explains life and nature. It is one aspect of evolution, for as it is reëmbodiment in meaning, and as evolution could not go on without reëmbodiment, it is evolution itself, as applied to the human soul. But it is also a doctrine believed in at the time given to Jesus and taught in the early ages of Christianity, being now as much necessary to that religion as it is to any other to explain texts, to reconcile the justice of God with the rough and merciless aspect of nature and life to most mortals, and to throw a light perceptible by reason on all the problems that vex us in our journey through this world. The vast, and under any other doctrine unjust, difference between the savage and the civilized man as to both capacity, character, and opportunity can be understood only through this doctrine, and coming to our own stratum the differences of the same kind may only thus be explained. It vindicates Nature and God, and removes from religion the blot thrown by men who have postulated creeds which paint the creator as a demon. Each man's life and character are the outcome of his previous lives and thoughts. Each is his own judge, his own executioner, for it is his own hand that forges the weapon which works for his punishment, and each by his own life reaches reward, rises to heights of knowledge and power for the good of all who may be left behind him. Nothing is left to chance, favor, or par-

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tiality, but all is under the governance of law. Man is a thinker, and by his thoughts he makes the causes for woe or bliss; for his thoughts produce his acts. He is the centre for any disturbance of the universal harmony, and to him as the centre, the disturbance must return so as to bring about equilibrium, for nature always works towards harmony. Man is always carrying on a series of thoughts, which extend back to the remote past, continually making action and reäction. He is thus responsible for all his thoughts and acts, and in that his complete responsibility is established; his own spirit is the essence of this law and provides forever compensation for every disturbance and adjustment for all effects. This is the law of Karma or justice, sometimes called the ethical law of causation. It is not foreign to the Christian scriptures, for both Jesus and St. Paul clearly enunciated it. Jesus said we should be judged as we gave judgment and should receive the measure meted to others. St. Paul said: "Brethren, be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." And that sowing and reaping can only be possible under the doctrines of Karma and reïncarnation.

But what of death and after? Is heaven a place or is it not? Theosophy teaches, as may be found in all sacred books, that after death, the soul reaps a rest. This is from its own nature. It is a thinker, and cannot during life fulfill and carry out all nor even a small part of the myriads of thoughts entertained. Hence when at death it casts off the body and the astral body, and is released from the passions and desires, its natural forces have immediate sway and it thinks its thoughts out on the soul plane, clothed in a finer body suitable to that existence. This is called Devachan. It is the very state that has brought about the descriptions of heaven common to all religions, but this doctrine is very clearly put in the Buddhist and Hindu religions. It is a time of rest, because the physical body being absent the consciousness is not in the completer touch with visible nature which is possible on the material plane. But it is a real existence, and no more illusionary than earth life; it is where the essence of the thoughts of life that were as high as character permitted, expands and is garnered by the soul and mind. When the force of these thoughts is fully exhausted the soul is drawn back once more to earth, to that environment which is sufficiently like unto itself to give it the proper further evolution. This alternation from state to state goes on until the being rises from repeated experiences above ignorance, and realizes in itself the actual unity of all spiritual beings. Then it passes on to higher and greater steps on the evolutionary road.

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No new ethics are presented by Theosophy, as it is held that right ethics are forever the same. But in the doctrines of Theosophy are to be found the philosophical and reasonable basis for ethics and the natural enforcement of them in practice. Universal brotherhood is that which will result in doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, and in your loving your neighbor as yourself—declared as right by all teachers in the great religions of the world.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

FAIRIES.

. . . Love them by their names, for names
They had, and speech that any word of ours
Would drop between its letters uncontained;
Love them, but hope not for impossible knowledge.
In their small language they are not as we;
Nor could, methinks, deliver with the tongue
Our gravid notions; nor of this our world
They speak, tho' earth-born, but have heritage
From our confines, and property in all
That thro' the net of our humanity
Floats down the stream of things. Inheriting
Below us even as we below some great
Intelligence, in whose more general eyes
Perchance Mankind is one. Neither have fear
To scare them, drawing nigh, nor with thy voice
To roll their thunder. Thy wide utterance
Is silence to the ears it enters not,
Raising the attestation of a wind,
No more. As we, being men, nor hear but see
The clamor and the universal tramp
Of stars, and the continual Voice of God
Calling above our heads to all the world.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

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WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION.*

BY J. D. BUCK, M. D., F. T. S.
Dean of Pulte Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAN may be studied from two aspects. First: as a bundle of organs, tissues, cells, molecules, and atoms; in short, as an aggregate of elements and functions. Second: as an individual whole, in which all elements are, in an orderly sequence, subordinate to the Individual. In perfect health the individual not only dominates the elements, but is practically unconscious of their existence. When the organs and functions are out of order the individual is hampered in his manifestations, but he practically remains the same.

The body is thus the *chariot;* the vital energies the *horses;* and the Individual, the Thinker, the Ego, is the *driver.* These are the logical deductions from all the facts and phenomena of human existence, and warranted by every known law of physics and physiology, and volumes might be cited in their support.

The next point in our study of man will be to determine the relations of the Thinker or Ego to the organs, or body as a whole. (a) Has the *driver* any existence independent of, or separate from the *chariot?* (b) Are the two separable? (c) Does the driver build the chariot, or (d) does the chariot build (create) the driver, or (e) does something else create both?

The separability of the body from its animating intelligence is the common phenomenon of death, with the visible remainder, the body, and its final dissolution or decomposition. If the animating Ego still exists it is invisible to ordinary vision, and it ceases to manifest on the physical plane. The chariot remains, but driver and horses disappear. Separation has taken place. It being abundantly proven that under certain circumstances, separation between Ego and body takes place, the next question is, does separation either in whole or partially take place under any other circumstances?

In answer to this question stand all the phenomena of syncope, catalepsy, trance, and the higher subjective phenomena of hypnotism; proving beyond all possible denial that partial separation, and sometimes *almost* as complete as at death, does take place. Beyond all these incidental and often, apparently, accidental separations be-

*The first of a series of articles under this heading to be contributed by well-known exponents of Theosophy.

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tween thinker and vehicle, stands the psychological science of the East, the science of Yoga, which is supported by all the empirical evidence, known in the West, including the whole record of hypnotism, mesmerism, etc., etc. The "projection of the double," *i. e.*, the appearance of the individual at places distant from where the body is known to be, gives evidence at this point of the separability of the Ego and its physical body.

Returning now to the more complete separation of Ego and vehicle as it occurs at death, we have abundance of evidence that what is invisible to ordinary vision, is visible to the clairvoyant. I have had the process of separation described and the invisible residuum fully defined by one whom I knew to be entirely ignorant of the science and philosophy involved, and such evidence is fully corroborated by thousands of witnesses in all times.

By the foregoing line of evidence I find the conclusion inevitable that man, as we find him, is an *ego*, inhabiting, and manifesting through a physical body, dependent upon that body for manifestation on the physical plane, and with the *strong probability* that the Ego both antedates and survives the physical body. In other words: there is overwhelming evidence of *Incarnation*.

From the nature of man and the fact of incarnation, we come to consider the question of Reincarnation. All religions, all mythology and all traditions even of the most barbarous and primitive people assume the immortality of the soul, and while this fact does not amount to proof, it does create a strong probability in its favor. Such an instinct or intuition, universally held, must of itself have had a sufficient cause. If, however, (d) is true, and the chariot builds the driver; if the body creates the soul; if the Individual, the Thinker, the Ego, is the fortuitous result of an aggregation of atoms and molecules, or of the association of organs and functions, then, I hold, that with the dissolution of the atoms and molecules of the body, and the disappearance of vital movements and final dissociation of organs and functions, no Ego or soul survives. That which begins in time, ends in time. The question of immortality is, therefore, completely involved in the question of Reincarnation. If the Individual does not antedate, and in some way help to create the body, I hold that there is neither evidence, philosophy, nor probability that it survives it.

The next line of evidence is found in the theory of Evolution. If man lives but once upon this earth in a physical body, not only is there no evidence or hope of immortality, but, so far as the whole human race is concerned, no evolution possible. The increment supposed to be carried forward by heredity, generation after gen-

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eration, and the potential yet unconscious evolution of all progenitors, is completely annulled by the law of cycles, and the descent again to barbarism, and the final disappearance of all previous civilized races. In other words, the law of evolution is met by the facts of atavism and the equally universal law of degeneracy, so far as physical life is concerned.

If, therefore, man lives but once upon this earth, Creation is without motive, evolution a farce, and immortality impossible.

By accepting the theory of Reincarnation every paradox disappears, and every difficulty is at an end. The perfection of man stands revealed as the purpose of his creation; and evolution, through repeated incarnations, is the orderly process by which such perfection is attained, while the persistence of the Ego constitutes the immortality of the soul.

These, in brief, are the considerations that lead me to believe in Reincarnation as a logical necessity, based on all facts in human experience, fortified by all we know of the science of man and the philosophy of evolution. Outside of all such evidence, stand certain empirical facts in individual experience, viz., a large number of individuals, both children and adults, who seem to remember previous lives. It may readily be granted, that outside such individuals and in the absence of other, and corroborative evidence, such cases, for the mass of humanity who have no such recollection of previous existence, do not constitute proof of Reincarnation. They are charged to imagination, self-deception and the like. In the cases occurring spontaneously in young children, which cases are many and rapidly on the increase, imagination must be innate, as these children often horrify their orthodox parents by their recitals.

On the other hand, taken in conjunction with the consideration previously noted, we must I think add empirical proof to reason, logical necessity and probability, in favor of the theory of Reincarnation.

In conclusion, I hold that there is no Universal Law generally admitted by science that is supported by more evidence than this Law of periodical embodiment and disembodiment of the Ego in a physical vehicle. Not a single fact or probability stands recorded against it. All the evidence we have is in favor of it. I hold, therefore, that the theory of Reincarnation merges, by *sufficient evidence*, into a Universal Law of Nature; the most beneficent of all human conceptions; the most valuable of all scientific discoveries; the most comprehensive of all philosophical deductions.

J. D. Buck.

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THE TEACHINGS OF PLATO.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

"'Eagle! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and starry-paven home
Floatest thou?'
'I am the image of great Plato's spirit
Ascending heaven; Athens doth inherit
His corpse below.'"

"OUT of Plato" says Ralph Waldo Emerson "come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought." All else seems ephemeral, perishing with the day. The science and mechanic arts of the present time, which are prosecuted with so much assiduity, are superficial and short-lived. When Doctor James Simpson succeeded his distinguished uncle at the University of Edinburgh, he directed the librarian to remove the text-books which were more than ten years old, as obsolete. The skilled inventions and processes in mechanism have hardly a longer duration. Those which were exhibited at the first World's Fair in 1851 are now generally gone out of use, and those displayed at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 are fast giving place to newer ones that serve the purposes better. All the science which is comprised within the purview of the senses, is in like manner, unstable and subject to transmutation. What appears to-day to be fundamental fact is very certain to be found, to-morrow, to be dependent upon something beyond. It is like the rustic's hypothesis that the earth stands upon a rock, and that upon another rock, and so on; there being rocks all the way down. But Philosophy, penetrating to the profounder truth and including the Over-Knowledge in its field, never grows old, never becomes out of date, but abides through the ages in perennial freshness.

The style and even the tenor of the *Dialogues* have been criticised, either from misapprehension of their purport or from a desire to disparage Plato himself. There is a vanity for being regarded as original, or as first to open the way into a new field of thought and investigation, which is sometimes as deep-seated as a cancer and about as difficult to eradicate. From this, however, Plato was entirely free. His personality is everywhere veiled by his philosophy.

At the time when Plato flourished, the Grecian world had undergone great revolutions. The former times had passed away. Herakles and Theseus, the heroes of the Myths, were said to have

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vanquished the manslaying monsters of the worship of Hippa and Poseidon, or in other words supplanting the Pelasgian period by the Hellenic and Ionian. The arcane rites of Demeter had been softened and made to represent a drama of soul-history. The Tragedians had also modified and popularized the worship of Dionysos at the Theatre-Temple of Athens. Philosophy, first appearing in Ionia had come forth into bolder view, and planted itself upon the firm foundation of psychologic truth. Plato succeeded to all, to the Synthetists of the Mysteries, the Dramatists of the Stage, to Sokrates and those who had been philosophers before him.

Great as he was, he was the outcome of the best thought of his time. In a certain sense there has been no new religion. Every world-faith has come from older ones as the result of new inspiration, and Philosophy has its source in religious veneration. Plato himself recognized the archaic Wisdom-Religion as "the most unalloyed form of worship, to the Philosophy of which, in primitive ages, Zoroaster made many additions drawn from the Mysteries of the Chaldeans." When the Persian influence extended into Asia Minor, there sprung up philosophers in Ionia and Greece. The further progress of the religion of Mazda was arrested at Salamis, but the evangel of the Pure Thought, Pure Word, and Pure Deed was destined to permeate the Western World during the succeeding ages. Plato gave voice to it, and we find the marrow of the Oriental Wisdom in his dialectic. He seems to have joined the occult lore of the East, the conceptions of other teachers, and the undermeaning of the arcane rites, the physical and metaphysical learning of India and Asia, and wrought the whole into forms adapted to European comprehension.

His leading discourses, those which are most certainly genuine, are characterized by the inductive method. He displays a multitude of particulars for the purpose of inferring a general truth. He does not endeavor so much to implant his own conviction as to enable the hearer and reader to attain one intelligently, for themselves. He is in quest of principles, and leading the argument to that goal. Some of the *Dialogues* are described as after the manner of the Bacchic dithyrambic, spoken or chanted at the Theatre; others are transcripts of Philosophic conversations. Plato was not so much teaching as showing others how to learn.

His aim was to set forth the nature of man and the end of his being. The great questions of who, whence and whither, comprise what he endeavored to illustrate. Instead of dogmatic affirmation, the arbitrary *ipse dixit* of Pythagoras and his oath of secrecy, we have a friend, one like ourselves, familiarly and patiently lead-

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ing us on to investigation as though we were doing it of our own accord. Arrogance and pedantic assumption were out of place in the Akadémé.

The whole Platonic teaching is based upon the concept of Absolute Goodness. Plato was vividly conscious of the immense profundity of the subject. "To discover the Creator and Father of this universe, as well as his operation, is indeed difficult; and when discovered it is impossible to reveal him." In him Truth, Justice and the Beautiful are eternally one. Hence the idea of the Good is the highest branch of study.

There is a criterion by which to know the truth, and Plato sought it out. The perceptions of sense fail utterly to furnish it. The law of right for example, is not the law of the strongest, but what is always expedient for the strongest. The criterion is therefore no less than the conceptions innate in every human soul. These relate to that which is true, because it is ever-abiding. What is true is always right—right and therefore supreme: eternal and therefore always good. In its inmost essence it is Being itself; in its form by which we are able to contemplate it, it is justice and virtue in the concepts of essence, power and energy.

These concepts are in every human soul and determine all forms of our thought. We encounter them in our most common experiences and recognize them as universal principles, infinite and absolute. However latent and dormant they may seem, they are ready to be aroused, and they enable us to distinguish spontaneously the wrong from the right. They are memories, we are assured, that belong to our inmost being, and to the eternal world. They accompanied the soul into this region of time, of ever-becoming and of sense. The soul, therefore, or rather its inmost spirit or intellect,* is of and from eternity. It is not so much an inhabitant of the world of nature as a sojourner from the eternal region. Its trend and ulterior destination are accordingly toward the beginning from which it originally set out.

The Vision of Eros in the tenth book of the *Republic* suggests the archaic conception generally entertained that human beings dying from the earth are presently born into new forms of existence, till the three Weird Sisters shall have finished their task and the circle of Necessity is completed. The events of each succeeding term of life take a direction from what has occurred before. Much may be imputed to heredity, but not all. This is implied in the question of the disciples to Jesus: "Which sinned, this person or

* Plato taught that the amative or passional soul was not immortal.

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his parents, that he should be born blind." We all are conscious of some occurrence or experience that seems to pertain to a former term of life. It appears to us as if we had witnessed scenes before, which must be some recollection, except it be a remembrance inherited from ancestors, or some spiritual essence has transferred it as from a *camera obscura* into our consciousness. We may account it certain, at any rate, that we are inhabitants of eternity, and of that eternity Time is as a colonial possession and distinct allotment.

Every thing pertaining to this world of time and sense, is constantly changing, and whatever it discloses to us is illusive. The laws and reasons of things must be found out elsewhere. We must search in the world which is beyond appearances, beyond sensation and its illusions. There are in all minds certain qualities or principles which underlie our faculty of knowing. These principles are older than experience, for they govern it; and while they combine more or less with our observations, they are superior and universal, and they are apprehended by us as infinite and absolute. They are our memories of the life of the eternal world, and it is the province of the philosophic discipline to call them into activity as the ideals of goodness and truth and beauty, and thus awaken the soul to the cognizing of God.

This doctrine of ideas or idealities lies at the foundation of the Platonic teachings. It assumes first of all, the presence and operation of the Supreme Intelligence, an essence which transcends and contains the principles of goodness, truth, and order. Every form or ideal, every relation and every principle of right must be ever present to the Divine Thought. Creation in all its details is necessarily the image and manifestation of these ideas. "That which imparts truth to knowable things," says Plato, "that which gives to the knower the power of knowing the truth, is the Idea of the Good, and you are to conceive of this as the Source of knowledge and truth."

A cognition of the phenomena of the universe may not be considered as a real knowing. We must perceive that which is stable and unchanging,—*that which really is.* It is not enough to be able to regard what is beautiful and contemplate right conduct. The philosopher, the lover of wisdom, looks beyond these to the Actual Beauty,—to righteousness itself. This is the *epistémé* of Plato, the superior, transcendent knowing. This knowledge is actual participating in the eternal principles themselves—the possessing of them as elements of our own being.

Upon this, Plato bases the doctrine of our immortality. These principles, the ideals of truth, beauty and goodness are eternal, and

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those who possess them are ever-living. The learning of them is simply the bringing of them into conscious remembrance.*

In regard to Evil, Plato did not consider it as inherent in human nature. "Nobody is willingly evil," he declares; "but when any one does evil it is only as the imagined means to some good end. But in the nature of things, there must always be a something contrary to good. It cannot have its seat with the gods, being utterly opposed to them, and so of necessity hovers round this finite mortal nature, and this region of time and ever-changing. Wherefore," he declares, "we ought to fly hence." He does not mean that we ought to hasten to die, for he taught that nobody could escape from evil or eliminate it from himself by dying. This flight is effected by resembling God as much as is possible; "and this resemblance consists in becoming just and holy through wisdom." There is no divine anger or favor to be propitiated; nothing else than a becoming like the One, absolutely good.

When Eutyphron explained that whatever is pleasing to the gods is holy, and that that which is hateful to them is impious, Sokrates appealed to the statements of the Poets, that there were angry differences between the gods, so that the things and persons that were acceptable to some of them were hateful to the others. Everything holy and sacred must also be just. Thus he suggested a criterion to determine the matter, to which every god in the Pantheon must be subject. They were subordinate beings, and as is elsewhere taught, are younger than the Demiurgus.

No survey of the teachings of the Akadémé, though only intended to be partial, will be satisfactory which omits a mention of the Platonic Love. Yet it is essential to regard the subject philosophically. For various reasons our philosopher speaks much in metaphor, and they who construe his language in literal senses will often err. His *Banquet* is a symposium of thought, and in no proper sense a drinking bout. He is always moral, and when in his

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* Professor Cocker has given a classification of the Platonic Scheme of Ideas, of which this is an abridgment.

I. *The Idea of Absolute Truth.* This is developed in the human intelligence in its relation with the phenomenal world, as 1, the Idea of Substance; 2, the Idea of Cause; 3, the Idea of Identity; 4, the Idea of Unity; 5, the Idea of the Infinite.

II. *The Idea of Absolute Beauty* or Excellence. This is developed in the human intelligence in its relation to the organic world, as 1, the Idea of Proportion or Symmetry; 2, the Idea of Determinate Form; 3, the Idea of Rhythm; 4, the Idea of Fitness or Adaptation; 5, the Idea of Perfection.

III. *The Idea of Absolute Good*—the first cause or reason of all existence, the sun of the invisible world that pours upon all things the revealing light of truth. This idea is developed in the human intelligence in its relation to the world of moral order, as 1, the Idea of Wisdom or Prudence; 2, the Idea of Courage or Fortitude; 3, the Idea of Self-Control or Temperance; 4, the Idea of Justice. Under the head of justice is included equity, veracity, faithfulness, usefulness, benevolence and holiness.

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discourse he begins familiarly with things as they existed around him, it was with a direct purpose to lead up to what they are when absolutely right. Love, therefore, which is recognized as a complacency and attraction between human beings, he declares to be unprolific of higher intellect. It is his aim to exalt it to an aspiration for the higher and better. The mania or inspiration of Love is the greatest of Heaven's blessings, he declares, and it is given for the sake of producing the greatest blessedness. "What is Love?" asked Sokrates of the God-honored Mantineké. "He is a great dæmon," she replies, "and, like all dæmons, is intermediate between Divinity and mortal. He interprets between gods and men, conveying to the gods the prayers and sacrifices of men, and to men the commands and replies of the gods. He is the mediator who spans the chasm that divides them; in him all is bound together and through him the arts of the prophet and priest, their sacrifices and initiations and charms, and all prophecy and incantation find their way. For God mingles not with men, but through Love all the intercourse and speech of God with men, whether awake or asleep, is carried on. The wisdom which understands this is spiritual; all other wisdom, such as that of arts or handicrafts, is mean and vulgar. Now these spiritual essences or intermediaries are many and diverse, and one of them is Love."

It is manifest then, that Plato emulates no mere physical attraction, no passionless friendship, but an ardent, amorous quest of the Soul for the Good and the True. It surpasses the former as the sky exceeds the earth. Plato describes it in glowing terms: "We, having been initiated and admitted to the beatific vision, journeyed with the chorus of heaven; beholding ravishing beauties ineffable and possessing transcendent knowledge; for we were freed from the contamination of that earth to which we are bound here, as an oyster to his shell."

In short, goodness was the foundation of his ethics, and a divine intuition the core of all his doctrines.

When, however, we seek after detail and formula for a religious or philosophic system, Plato fails us. Herein each must minister to himself. The Akadémé comprised method rather than system; how to know the truth, what fields to explore, what tortuous paths and pitfalls to shun. Every one is left free in heart and mind to deduce his own conclusions. It is the Truth, and not Plato or any other teacher, that makes us free. And we are free only in so far as we perceive the Supernal Beauty and apprehend the Good.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

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PRINCIPLE OR SENTIMENT?

BY J. W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

THE sentiment of Brotherhood is one thing; the principle of Brotherhood is another. The one is a phase of emotion; the other is a fact throughout Nature. The principle is a constructive force in action; the sentiment, inadequate, partial and restricted, weakens, hence destroys. Unless we are able to discriminate between them in our daily lives, we shall risk to tear down where we would build; more, we shall risk many a benign possibility of the future, for is not this the supreme cyclic moment wherein, as in some titanic laboratory, the elements of future attainment are brought together? The principle will combine where the sentiment would scatter them.

By the principle of Brotherhood is meant the building power, the unifying force. It constructs by means of the harmony of contraries. Compassion is its name of names, its law of laws, and not its attribute. In that this principle flows forth to all from Nature's inmost heart, harmonizing all to one consenting whole, the infinite mercy of its action stands revealed. We come to understand why a teacher, speaking for his entire fraternity, said to a would-be pupil that it is their business to humanize their nature with compassion.

In the harmony which exists between apparent contraries lies a wise and simple teaching. Forms may differ, formulæ may diverge, but let the chord of the mass be identical; let the same binding vibration exist; let the mental tendency or the spiritual gravitation be similar, and we shall find a central harmony and likeness in the most dissimilar appearances. The principle of Brotherhood will then have ample expression. Chemical relations at the one pole of Being and the relations of human minds at the other pole, alike serve to illustrate this broad fact. All at once we see that Brotherhood lies, not in the divergences, not in the differences, but in the identity of a central truth, a common factor in whose presence those differences are minor, are without essential meaning. In the presence, as it were, of a divine unity, these temporary divergences are without force and weight. Thus compassion, in the presence of the spiritual identity of all Being, overlooks the clouds obscuring our sun-natures, and has but a single, universal care; that care, to assist the sun of the Self to shine forth.

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This "spiritual identity of all Being" is another way of phrasing Universal Brotherhood. By the use of the word "spiritual" we transfer the conception to the plane of force *per se*. If we are to establish a clear distinction between the principle and the mere sentiment, some practical, working definition of the principle must be found; and it must hold good in every department of life. From the world of the mineral to the world of mind we must be able to identify it at every step. It is then evident that this principle can only be expressed in terms of force, for only through the media of underlying forces can all the planes of life be said to intercommunicate. The principle we seek is then readily found, for:

That which in the mineral kingdom is the binding force holding the molecules together around a common centre:

That which in the world of bodies is the equilibrating force, maintaining or preserving their interaction during "life," and after "death" coördinating the separating atoms to larger processes of life-action, returning each constituent of matter, of force or of substance to the cosmic storehouse whence it was drawn:

That which in the world of human action finds expression in the social, the communal, the coöperative, the conservative and preservative instincts, however misused:

That which in the world of thought becomes visible as the intuition of an immortal essence and of the identity of all souls with the Over Soul:

These are all varying modes of one binding force, of one underlying unit of consciousness, seeking with never dying compassion to harmonize all these world-wide differences with itself—the Self. Everywhere to assist this ultimate expression is the work of the true Brotherhood.

The conception of unity in diversity lies at the root of the human mind. Warped and selfish instincts distort its features. Noble lives are those whose clear vision has seen that we must work for the good of the whole if we would advance the race, that we must continually bind, harmonize, equalize and equilibrate, often attaining some united result by means of the interaction of contraries, rounding each orbit to a central aim. They have seen that the tangent is unproductive. True, the master-builders have pulled down in order to build, but what have they demolished? Forms, creeds, habits of thought, erroneous ideas. Never persons; individuals never. Their use of force is necessarily impersonal, working as they do with Nature, and not against her. When men have hardened the living truth into a dogma, by the very laws of life that truth which is alive and vital must presently find another vehicle of expression, expand-

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ing with the expanding mind of man. Then the master-builders, arriving one by one along the centuries, attack these old devitalized forms, as the air attacks cast-off bodies exposed to its action; as the earth, the water, and the fire do. Imitating this natural action of the elements, the servants of Nature assist the disintegration of each rejected chrysalis of thought, aiding that thought—the escaping life itself—to soar where once it crept. Teaching and living the law of individual responsibility and freedom of choice, they have applied themselves only to the dispersion of false ideals; they have not attacked persons, but have left these to the law. For the Wise know well that man is not homogeneous, and, meeting the divine in each with the divine, they have endeavored to humanize the bestial with compassion, and failing, have veiled their eyes awhile. Their hearts they veil never.

When we thus attain to the idea of the impersonal nature of force, we begin to understand why it has been said; (*a*) That the true disciple must feel himself to be but a force in nature and "work on with her"; and (*b*) That the first exercise of the selfish (or "black") magician is to hypnotize individuals. On the one hand, impersonality; on the other hand, personality carried to its highest degree. On the right, an endeavor to assist the central perfection of Nature: on the left an effort to centre Nature around one's self.

The law of cycles has its inevitable sweep and sway. With that the master builder works and must work, though nations fall. There are cataclysms he cannot avert, convulsions which he cannot impede but which he may shorten by hastening and intensifying their action. In truth he knows—and the knowledge averts sorrow—he knows that only outer forms can fail. The land may sink beneath the seas, bodies may disperse to the elements; but the national spirit lives and re-incarnates, the national mind finds its outlet and manifestation in lands remote, emerging from the waves, in bodies more adapted to the continuous *mental* development of the human soul.

It remains for us to establish some touchstone whereby we may know the absence of this impersonal spiritual force from our lives, or its presence in them. This touchstone is found in the *tendency* of a person, an act or a thought. Our judgment will not be infallible, but the constant effort to make it by this larger light, clarifies the mental vision. A teacher is quoted as having said: "Judge the act, but not the actor." Is not this but another way of expressing the idea that we should observe the separative tendency of others and of ourselves, while presuming to judge and condemn no fellow being?

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We have all of us seen persons whose main trend is towards unity, harmony. Not all their acts have borne an impress so divine. Yet their tendency is constructive. Whether in secluded homes they create an atmosphere of tranquillity and duty; whether they flash through the world clearing, as by the action of light, a way for truth and justice, they are ever units of the binding force, sharers of Nature's action. They have abandoned self. This is true of the simplest home maker as of the great patriots and reformers. The test of either is the question: Did they build or did they destroy? But no surface judgment must be brought to bear. Napoleon warred, but to raise the model of a wider freedom; to open out, amid prejudice and privilege, a broader path for human thought and human endeavor; his victories were eloquent for peace. Grant battled, but it was to bind his divided nation together in a more liberal and more lasting union. Before the profound mystery of human progress we are forced to admit that a just judgment of mankind is rarely possible to us: we know not what star has overshadowed the agents of destiny.

Once again, we have all of us met persons whose tendency is distinctly separative. Home, creeds, parties, movements, they struggle for supremacy of action in one or all of these and rend all alike. The sphere of destruction is theirs. They combine, only to explode. What they cannot break down, they condemn. The more inoperative their condemnation, the more insistent it becomes, until the moral sense is blunted and they condemn upon hearsay only; they have lost sight of that basic rule of the truth lover, never to make a statement of fact except upon their own personal knowledge. They lead, only by the power of their personality; when this wanes, they are but names and ghosts. It must ever be so. Whenever the human mind has sown the giant weed of self, cultivating that under the sounding titles of genius or talent, power or charm; whenever the individual force is used for personal ambition and not in the all-embracing ends of Nature's harmonious plan; whenever the individual arrays the Personal Idea against the Ideal Nature; then Nature herself provides the antidote, the force reacts, the individual loses power and minds enslaved are all at once set free.

How then shall we know when this separative force is set in action, whether by another or by ourself? Can we not see when a person is attacked and when a principle? Can we not discern that action which aggrandizes a personality from that which upholds an ideal? Do we not know when the divine in man is encouraged and when the personality is praised? When the lower nature is bidden

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to look upward in hope, and when disdain and self-righteousness strike it lower still? Ah, yes! We are not so much at ease in our restricted mental atmosphere that we feel no exhilaration from a purer air.

Coming now to the question of the principle of Brotherhood and the mere sentiment thereof, I would point out that the sentiment may exist as a parasitic growth upon the true principle, threatening to stifle that in its false embrace. Sentimentality never discriminates. It advocates a "mush of concession." It rejoices in the exercise of emotion; loves to "feel good," to "feel kind"; to lisp the sugared phrase, the honeyed hope. It never knew that in Justice dwells a higher Brotherhood. Music, light, the enthusiasm of the crowd or of the personal mood are its stimulants. It delights in fictions, as a false peace, an impossible equality. It pays no heed to spiritual harmony; has no respect for the fitness of things: ignores the laws of force; violates the underlying spirit of persons and acts; has no care but for its own expansion, no aim but to bubble and spill. Better than the vast diapason of Nature it loves the tinkle of its own slender tune. It must see itself in evidence and in its own way does quite as much harm as the combative use of the separative force. Why? Because it is, in fact, one mode of that same force. It seeks—what does it seek? Self-gratification, self-exhibition, the generous pose before its own mental mirror. It hesitates not to tread where angels fear to trespass, but goes giddily about its self-assumed task of uniting spiritual dissimilars, heedless what delicate balance of force it disturbs. Its vanity would seek to bind peace and war together; to merge, as only the ONE can do, the two poles of life into the circle, and because its passing sensations can bestow an emotional fraternity upon the most divergent acts or personalities, it fancies it has equalized all. This maudlin streak manifests in most of us and its test is the same as the test of a more spartan virtue. The sentiment of Brotherhood attaches to persons. It views a man as a simple unit, not as a congeries of forces, praises him as if his light were single and white. A principle is too cold and abstract a thing to kindle this facile flame. And that is our fault. When we have made the principle warm and vital with our abounding love, our daily heart-living of it, then, and then only can we complain if it draws not the love of others as a star attracts a star.

Whenever an act or a thought threatens the unity of that sacred cause to which we are pledged, it becomes our duty to suppress these in ourselves as to refrain from supporting them in others. For, I repeat, we cannot act alone; each must be wise for the rest. Mo-

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ments will come when we must fulfil that other duty of pointing out the disruptive tendency of some proposed action. Then go forward in God's name. Do not fear to offend sentiment; fear only to be unjust. Having done our duty, we may leave that to the law while with our fellows we work on at other tasks. Remember that many an impulse apparently amiable has its root in self-esteem. The wish to ease a personal friend at any cost can do as much harm to the spiritual unity of our movement as hatred and malice can do: partiality is a separative agent and hath its back-stroke. There are times when it were better to follow our comrades in a mistake, giving up our own view with the larger aim of preserving harmony, for in such case those who guide the movement can use this harmonious force for great ends and can at the same time re-adjust the mistaken action. It were a far more difficult task to re-adjust those who quarrel in the cause of peace. Forces are forces, they are not to be gainsaid, not all the "sweetness and light" that sentiment ever uttered can abate one atom of their power, once we have evolved them. It is from our motives that they have birth and color; guard vigilantly the fountain of force in the heart.

Nor shall we fear to be loyal to our leaders, past and present. Smile the critics down; tell them we praise, not the leaders, but their work. Are they not embodied principles? When loyal expression is a force of far-reaching power in the grasp of the masters of forces, shall we withhold that aid? I trow we will not withhold it. Our Society was never so large, so vigorous, so united and harmonious as it is to-day, and the force which it represents is the outcome of the lives of our leaders; their vital power, their constructive energy. That we praise, that ancient building spirit, we, followers of that through many times and lands. Shall we not trustingly follow still, being ware of our own personal tendency, distrusting mere sentiment and, looking higher, looking deeper, discern in justice, in calmness, in patience and in compassion that universal principle which is the only true Brotherhood because it looks only at the spiritual identity? Let us make no pact with the spirit of disruption, for we are the trustees of the future, a far-reaching spiritual responsibility is ours.

J. W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

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A GREAT UNPUNISHED CRIME.

BY J. M. GREENE, TREASURER, NEW ENGLAND ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY.

"All reforms have to pass through three stages, viz., ridicule, argument and adoption."
—JOHN STUART MILL.

THAT our vision cannot at will always penetrate the surface of society and of civilization, is both fortunate and unfortunate: unfortunate in that wrongs we could right thus continue to flourish, fortunate because we may thus enjoy a serenity of mind which, although unearned, is sweet. Beneath the ordinary walks of life, though near yet hidden, there are on every hand, recesses and labyrinths as if of another world, strange and unknown to the ordinary mortal, yet playing an important part in the affairs of men. Amid these labyrinths is one chamber, the sights and sounds of which rarely reach the day and when described are often not credited; and yet, although concealed from the world in general, to the patient inquirer this chamber yields up its history. It is the history of "Vivisection."

Vivisection is the comprehensive term used to describe all forms of experiment upon living animals. It includes cutting, burning, freezing, poisoning, electrifying, breaking the bones, dissecting out the internal organs, etc. It is done principally by "scientific" men, as they say "for the advancement of science."

In such an important question as that of vivisection, every progressive person is anxious to distinguish the facts from the fancies. The facts are a matter of acknowledged record, and are gleaned largely from the statements of the experimenters themselves. Vivisection is not, as many suppose, a thing rarely done. It is a wide-spread, regular occupation, carried on by teachers for the purpose of demonstrating well-known facts, by students for the "practice" they acquire and by multitudes of physiologists all over the world. It is not done, however, by physicians in general, the majority of whom have but a slight knowledge of the subject. Animals are vivisected by the thousands, being often bred for that purpose in large establishments. Pasteur tells us that, in his experiments on rabies, the number of animals used had "passed beyond the possibility of numbering them."

We find, upon investigation, that vivisection is not, as many think, performed upon animals generally under the influence of an anæsthetic. Anæsthetics are the exception, not the rule. We

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find that to most animals, including cats and dogs, anæsthetics are very dangerous to life, and must be used with the greatest care. On the other hand, there is a drug called *curare* * (which we see commonly mentioned in descriptions of laboratory experiments), which has the power of paralyzing the nerves of motion, leaving the nerves of sensation intact, and not endangering life. We also discover that chloral and morphia are not true anæsthetics, but simply narcotics, producing a torpor but not destroying pain. In multitudes of cases, in fact in a great majority, including experiments upon the nerves and brain, physiologists tell us that anæsthetics, if used, would destroy the effect of the experiment: consequently they are omitted. In inoculation experiments, also, often involving long and painful disease, anæsthetics are not used. Someone has said, indeed, that the existence of anæsthetics is a curse rather than a blessing to the animal, inasmuch as the public, deluding itself with the idea that the animals do not suffer, imagines that its sympathy is not required.

With regard to the fruits of vivisection, the most valuable results in the past are claimed by its supporters. When we demand a definite statement, however, we find that these alleged results are comprised in a few standing and oft-repeated claims. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood is mentioned; but we find that Harvey himself denies this in his published writings. Sir Charles Bell's discoveries regarding the double function of the nerves are claimed; and yet Sir Charles himself, referring to this in his *Nervous System of the Human Body*, page 217, says, "They are, on the contrary, deductions from anatomy." Hunter's treatment of aneurism is cited; but we find that the same method was employed before his time, and that Hunter himself never made the claim for vivisection. Anæsthetics are named as a result of experimentation upon animals; we know, however, that these were discovered by Simpson and Morton through experiments upon themselves. Beyond a few definite claims like these, which have been proved unwarranted, the defenders of vivisection appear to confine themselves to very broad and sweeping statements. The question, however, naturally arises: If the only definite statements, oft reiterated, are not susceptible of proof, what credence should be placed upon vague generalizations?

* Claude Bernard, in a physiological work, says, that we may "take it for granted that experiments when not otherwise described are performed on *curarized* dogs;" and their condition he himself describes as "accompanied by the most atrocious sufferings which the imagination of man can conceive!" Professor Holmgrén says of this drug: "This venom is the most cruel of all poisons. It changes us into a living corpse, which knows everything but is unable to move a single muscle."

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It is declared that wonders are being performed at the present time through inoculations based upon the germ theory, and the vivisectionist points with pride to Brown-Sequard, Koch, Pasteur, and Behring. And yet have not each one of these "discoveries" ended in failure on the very lines where the greatest success was expected? As Brown-Sequard's "elixir of life" is now a by-word, as Koch's "consumption lymph" is now spoken of as a cruel hoax, as Pasteur's "prophylactic" for hydrophobia has received and is receiving the denunciations of some of the brightest scientific minds of the age,* so the diphtheretic "antitoxin" of Behring and Roux seems to be slowly and surely coming under the cloud.†

As one contemplates this almost immeasurable sum of animal experimentation, which has been going on for generations, the question arises, "why has it not accomplished more?" If the results were in proportion to the cost in labor, expense, and pain, there would not be, it would seem, an incurable disease upon the earth, the cause and proper treatment of all the ills of the flesh would be tabulated in a perfect system, and lingering deaths from chronic ailments would be a thing of the past. Instead of this, we find that many chronic diseases are on the increase, and among them those very ones which have been the especial study of the professors of vivisection,—such as cancer, tuberculous disease, epilepsy, diabetes, and brain disease. What is the cause of this failure? Is it not in the fact that the basis of action has been false from the beginning, and the method unscientific? An inference has been drawn from the animal under abnormal conditions and applied to man under entirely different circumstances. Nature has been tortured as in an inquisition, and then expected to give a truthful answer. Man has watched for valuable results over organisms, every function of which was distorted from its natural action by the influence of pain. He has mixed, as it were, his materials in the crucible, but could not keep out a disturbing element which, in unknown quantity, was ever present to frustrate his efforts.‡

Why, then, it is asked, if vivisection be so unscientific and use-

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* Dr. Dolan, the eminent editor of the *Provincial Medical Journal*, in his work "Pasteur and Rabies," declares: "Not only does M. Pasteur not protect from the disease, but he has added a new terror to it by the introduction of paralytic rabies."

† Joseph E Winters, M D., Professor of Diseases of Children, medical department, New York University, and celebrated for his investigations in anti-toxin, has recently written: "Further observation of the anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria only tends to confirm me in my belief as to its uselessness, and what is still more important, to its dangerous and even fatal effects"

‡ Dr. William Rutherford, of Edinburgh, acknowledged before the Royal Commission that "pathological experiments *must afterwards be tried on a man*, before a conclusion could be drawn."

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less, is it carried on to such an extent and defended by so many? This is a vital question, but it is likely that an answer will be found when the following facts are considered. The principal defenders of vivisection are those whose regular and often lucrative occupation it is, and who find in this a fascinating field for the gratification of curiosity * in watching strange and exciting phenomena, and for the registration of a vast bulk of physiological happenings, having no necessary bearing on disease or its remedy, but which can be exploited in medical reports and help to build up some one's reputation as a "man of science." Vivisection is defended also by many physicians who possess but slight knowledge of the subject, but who have the idea that, being practiced by distinguished exponents in their own general line of work, it is therefore necessary to the profession, and that it would be treason to oppose it. We see, however, that many distinguished members of the medical and surgical profession, who have investigated this subject from a practical and disinterested standpoint, denounce the practice in no measured terms. Many of these in their earlier days practiced vivisection themselves. Among these opponents of vivisection may be mentioned: Prof. Lawson Tait, England's greatest abdominal surgeon; Sir William Ferguson, F. R. S., Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen; Wm. F. Clarke, M. D., of London; the late Sir Charles Bell, F. R. C. S.; Dr. Ed. Haughton; Deputy Surgeon-General Thornton, M. B.; Dr. Chas. Bell Taylor, F. R. C. S.; Surgeon-General Charles Gordon, C. B.; Matthew Woods, M. D., of Philadelphia; Wm. R. D. Blackwood, M. D., of the same city.†

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* Dr. Charles Richet, in *Revue de Deux Mondes*, February 15, 1883, confesses that "it is not desire to relieve human suffering or advance utility that animates these men," but simply "scientific curiosity."

For the proof of this statement we refer the reader to such medical publications as *The Journal of Experimental Medicine*, New York.

† "My indictment against vivisection (implying painful experiments such as are daily used upon dumb animals) is: That they are inconclusive. That they are cruel beyond all reasonable excuse, and shameless in their savage brutality. These experiments are sometimes apparently purposeless, often unnecessarily repeated, and occasionally silly, and without even the possibility of adding to our knowledge on account of their own inherent fatuity. They are gradually converting the old art of healing into a system of corrupting the blood with the most revolting concoctions."—(From speech at Nottingham, December, 1893. Dr. Ed. Haughton.)

"Experiments have never been the means of discovery, and a survey of what has been attempted of late years in physiology will prove that the opening of living animals has done more to perpetuate error than to confirm the just views taken from the study of anatomy and natural motions."—(From *The Nervous System*, Part II, p. 184. The late Sir Chas. Bell, F. R. C. S.)

"One of the greatest physicians who ever lived . . . . Sir Thomas Watson, told me himself, not long before he died, that young men had to unlearn at the bedside what they had learnt in the laboratory."—(From speech of Canon Wilberforce, June 22, 1892.)

"Like every member of my profession, I was brought up in the belief that by vivisection had been obtained almost every important fact in physiology, and that many of our most valued means of saving life and diminishing suffering had resulted from experiments on the lower animals. I now know that nothing of the sort is true concerning the art of surgery; and not

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There is, however, another phase of this question to consider. Some one has pungently said that, "if there is anything worse than vivisection, it is the excuses that are made for it." The question is not alone, can vivisection truthfully claim certain beneficial results; it is not, have these results, if any, outweighed the cost in labor and pain; it is not even, would these alleged results have been impossible by means of other and more humane methods; the question is rather, is vivisection carried on by the sacrifice of the principles of justice? The law of justice should include *all* that can suffer and enjoy; its domain cannot be bounded by the limits of one race or species. The false idea that the end justifies the means has been and is the excuse for every atrocity. It does not matter so much *what* suffers, as whether the suffering is undeserved. The words of Bishop Butler will ever stand in the nature of an axiom: "On the simple fact that an animal is capable of pain, arises our duty to spare it pain." A truly civilized being would not torture an animal, or allow one to be tortured, to save himself a pang. Why, then, should he countenance the same thing, when done out of his sight, because some one else demands it? If not right in the one case, it is wrong in the other. That the strong have a right to inflict pain upon the weak for their own selfish benefit, is an idea born of savagery and superstition, and the greater the helplessness of the victim the greater the crime, for the less is the chance of redress. The same excuses that are given for the vivisection of animals would apply, and more strongly, to the vivisection of human beings, which, indeed, we see that the former prepares for and directly leads to. *

One of the strangest things connected with the discussion of this subject, is the apparent indifference of the defenders of the practice to its moral effects. In their eagerness for material gains or knowledge, they lose sight of the danger therein threatening the moral nature. The force of habit holds most of us as slaves. If, then, the finer sensibilities are continually repressed and the cruel tendencies given free scope, the mind becomes finally a relentless

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only do I not believe that vivisection has helped the surgeon one bit, but I know that it has often led him astray."—(*Birmingham Daily Post*, Decemher 12, 1881. Prof. Lawson Tait.)

"As a surgeon, I have performed a very large number of operations, but I do not owe a particle of my knowledge or skill to vivisection. I challenge any member of my profession to prove that vivisection has in any way advanced the science of medicine or tended to improve the treatment of disease."—(Letter in *Times*, July 31, 1880. The late Dr. Chas. Clay.)

* Prof Cyon says: "Many a surgical operation is performed less for the benefit of the patient than for the service of science." (*Methodik*," p. 8) This tendency in the direction of crime against human beings is seen in the experiment, described in the *Lancet* of November 3, 1883, in which Dr. Ringer practises on men and women with nitrate of sodium, inducing symptoms of violent poisoning, prostration, etc. This was done from motives of curiosity.

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machine, preying upon whatever falls in its path and can serve its purpose, considering sensitive organisms, endowed with thought, feeling and affection, as mere "stocks and stones."* May not a system properly be questioned which can produce a result like this: an intelligent, educated human being of the nineteenth century, who, for the sake of prestige to be gained in some physiological journal, will rack with pitiless torments that friend of man, the dog, whose faithful heart would beat loyal to its trust even in its last moments! Which of the two is really the superior being?

How to stem this undertow, as it were, of inherent barbarism, is one of the most important questions before the humane and thinking public. Two things are necessary to accomplish this end: information and organization. The inertia of the human mind is indeed a drawback, but one great reason why abuses are so lasting is because the people have not a vivid knowledge of them. When informed, however, the friends of reform should combine their forces. Little can be done without concerted action. Each earnest soul, who realizes the extent of this evil, should raise his protest, knowing that in unison with his own, are other mighty protests which cannot always be ignored. Science, whose canons are thus violated; myriads of living things whose lives, poor at best, are turned into a curse; the friends of the dumb and helpless, whose cup of bitterness by the knowledge of these acts is filled to the brim, and across whose lives is ever the shadow of a triumphant wrong; and, above all, the spirit of justice, the guide of the Higher Life, mourning at the sacrifice of the high to the low, of nobility of character to sordid ends, protest against it. These protests cannot always be in vain. Though the march of reform be slow, it is sure; and, as civilization was freed from the blot of human slavery, once likewise defended in high places, so some time shall this stigma also be effaced by friends of a true humanity.

J. M. GREENE.

*Claude Bernard, in his "Introd. à l'étude," p. 180, says: "A physiologist does not hear the animal's cries of pain; he does not see the blood that flows. He sees nothing but his idea."

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THE INNER MAN.

THE centres of action in the inner man have always been a profound mystery to many students. This inner man in one of its aspects might be called the body of the mind. It may be well to point out that it is contrary to reason to conceive of the mind acting directly upon the physical nervous system; there must be some medium of action, some etheric body, composed of so subtle an order of matter that while able to affect the gross body it can yet be directly affected by the forces of the mind or Ego. I must, however, for the purposes of this article, take it for granted that this inner man exists, referring my readers to *The Ocean of Theosophy*, *Septenary Man*, and other similar works for arguments and evidences concerning its existence and nature. I must also take it for granted that this inner man has certain well defined centres of action.

These centres of action are intimately related to the *Tattvas*—sometimes defined as "subtle elements"—and are constructed by the Ego in order to relate itself to these forces, which in their totality constitute the manifested Cosmos. They may be thought of as telegraph stations, from which the Ego receives intelligence from without and within and governs itself accordingly. Those impressions coming from without constitute the Senses, with which all are familiar. Those coming from within constitute the "finer forces of nature," which it is so important that the student should learn to recognize and control.

Take for example the Desire centre, represented, let us say, by the Sacral plexus (physically), and radiating thence to all portions of the body, but having its greatest affinities, or effects, in the stomach and liver. It is a real thing, having its physical representation in the body, and its definite function and office. It relates the Ego to the Desire Principle in nature, or places him *en rapport*, or in actual contact, with all "desiring" entities. Just so much of this universal desire as is capable of finding expression through his organism will be developed within him and manifested by him. This will be a purely automatic effect following upon the arousing to activity of this centre. It follows just as certainly as the electric current does upon completing the electrical circuit. He who arouses this centre receives the forces flowing from all desiring entities whose desires are upon the particular plane to which he descends.

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This constitutes one of the finer forces of nature, and indicates its mode of action. And these forces are terrific in their potencies. Take the man who begins, let us say, a trivial dispute with another. His vanity is touched by opposition; he becomes angry, and so opens communication with the destructive anger of all the entities within the hierarchy to which he thus relates himself. Though normally he would be utterly incapable of such a deed, this force overwhelms him, and he stains his soul with murder in consequence.

Nothing can come out of nothing. The forces functioning through the desire centre of such a man are just as real, and more powerful, than is the energy exhibited in the explosion of dynamite. They have for the time entirely dominated all other centres, have made it impossible for them to act. The Ego itself is not responsible for the mad deed which followed upon the arousing of the centre, although it must suffer the inevitable consequences. Its connection with the deed lies in the fact that it has failed in preventing the original calling into activity of the centre.

And once the automatic action of these centres is fully recognized, and man has so far at least learned to "know himself," the responsibility increases a hundred fold. The student must learn to look upon his body as he would upon a partially tamed animal which must be kept under strict control, the slightest relaxation of which is fraught with danger. When anger is felt approaching, the thought should be made to arise by the patient association of ideas that a mechanical portion of his physical mechanism is being aroused into undue activity, and he should dissociate himself from it, and control it as dispassionately and as deliberately as he would a restive horse which threatened to "bolt."

These centres, in a similar manner, relate the Ego to the entire Cosmos. Communication may be had with the highest principles in nature just as surely as with desire-filled entities. The Ego has ever the choice as to what portions of its complex machinery it will utilize. The thinking centre acts equally automatically, once aroused into activity. The brain is just as much a mechanical mechanism for a definite purpose as is the heart. The brain-mind is only a superior kind of tool which the Ego uses, and it may be overwhelmed by the finer forces with which it places itself *en rapport*, just as completely, although not in the same manner, as the desire centre is when murder is committed. Thought must be controlled even more sternly than desire; its force is more subtle, its evil effects not so immediately apparent. In ordinary dreams we see its automatic action fully demonstrated. Let each student beware, then, how he relates his thinking centre with the vibrations flowing from

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similar centres. Many an honest student of life has descended into the slough of materialism because he invited the united forces of all the materialistic minds of his age. The finer force so evoked was overwhelming, and as real as dynamite.

Let each student, therefore, habitually think of himself as apart from all these centres. He is the Mystery-Ego, the Ray of the Infinite, who relates himself to his Cosmos with these divinely complex centres which constitute his real body. All are his servants; none are himself. All are to be utilized; but all are to be controlled.

They must be made servants; must not be permitted to usurp the function of Master. Without the desire centre the Ego would be cut off from all knowledge of desire in himself or others, and, how, then, could he develop compassion? It is the same with all these centres. They have not been idly or uselessly constructed. All are divine, and all necessary to complete the divine harmony of perfected being.

Let them be studied; let the student learn to recognize them, and their modes of action, their location as centres, their automatic nature, and he will find them as an open door upon the threshold of the Temple wherein the Mysteries of Being are enacted.

ZETA.

MOTIVES.

Examine thy motive now, for the time will come when thy motive will examine thee. It will tear forth the secrets of thy heart and make them live in deeds; it will take thee by surprise in the hour of thy need, will spring upon thee out of the darkness of thy past.

Therefore be prepared. Turn upon thyself now, while the hour is yet with thee, and fearlessly force the issue with the array of thy thoughts. Be not deceived: no man's motive is absolutely pure till he is purity itself. He must learn to discriminate between the source of a thought and the form it assumes in his mind; for the desires of the personal man may work in harmony with the aspirations of the impersonal self—up to a certain point; then their paths separate and the combat of ages reaches its climax. But up to that point the desires of the personal man are easily mistaken for the promptings of the soul. Their immediate result is the same, and we are apt to judge by the show of things. Be not deceived!

Face thyself; calmly, indifferently, and relentlessly. Do not expect to find superiority when thou wilt find nothing but humanity. Take thyself as thou art; use thyself as thou canst—and rejoice that thou art alive, one of many million travellers to the home of peace.—H. O. SMITH, *The Mirror of Life.*

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THE improvements made last month in the get-up of THEOSOPHY met with quick recognition from the reading public and the press. The circulation of the magazine has already more than doubled. Articles of real interest and permanent value will appear in each issue. The series of "Notes on the Crusade," by Mrs. K. A. Tingley, the leader of the Theosophical movement throughout the world, who steered the recent Crusade round the globe through many difficulties to a safe haven, have a rare fascination and should attract thousands of new readers. So, while the present shows an unqualified success, the future of THEOSOPHY promises to be a veritable triumph.

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One of the strangest manias of unthinking man is his desire to kill his fellows upon what he considers adequate provocation. The folly of inflicting capital punishment legally was admirably demonstrated in our last issue by Dr. Rexford. But if there be a worse form of murder than the legal destruction of life, it is to be found in the lynching of people already condemned by the law. Cases of lynching are appallingly frequent in some parts of America. Only one thing can stop this, and that is the *united* voice of the community—never to be raised, however, until people in general realize that their desire to wreak vengeance upon the offender springs from the same ferocious brutality that instigates the crimes for which the penalty of death is most often enforced. Every man has something of the "lion and the ape" in his composition, as Ruskin said, and the recital of some outrage tends to evoke the ape-qualities in him by reaction. Blood cries aloud for blood, and if this cry be heeded another crime soon darkens the State's record. Punishment, in any case, should be inflicted as a duty, not in a spirit of revenge. Its object should be remedial and should be carefully suited to the character of the crime committed. In short, our criminals should not be treated like brutes to be kicked, but like brothers to be helped, and this would be perfectly compatible with the utmost severity whenever that attitude might be deemed necessary. In no case can mob-law promote the cause of justice, for a mob is notori-

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ously governed by its transient passions and emotions, and once these are let loose in the cause of destruction they will very soon turn into other channels, in time imperilling the existence of nations.

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Considerations like the above give rise to questions concerning fundamental principles of right government, and in a Republican government such as prevails in America, help to remind us that each citizen shares to some extent the responsibility for every miscarriage of justice. Republicanism differs from autocracy inasmuch as it supposes that all voters are qualified to assist in governing their country. Such a system must fail if individuals consider their own interests first, then the interests of their city or State, and, lastly, the interests of their country as a whole. Self-sacrifice and self-control are necessary, even in politics, if people would see their country wisely governed; and at some future date, when man's vision broadens and he comes to see that the interests of humanity as a whole are inseparable, self-sacrifice on the part of nations will be looked upon as neither Quixotic nor absurd, but as right and proper and perfectly consistent with the main object of all government—the greatest good to the greatest number, with due regard to the welfare of the few.

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Man is responsible for the right performance of his worldly duties, whether they be to his family, to his business associates, to the land of his birth or adoption. It was not by chance that he was born into any given environment; it was due to causes originated by himself in the past, and he should see to it that, on dying, he leaves behind him no unsettled debts, for he can at best postpone their payment—at compound interest.

"No such thing as chance": it is a statement so evidently true that superficial reasoners are apt to conclude they have no free-will; that they can only be what they are, and become what they are doomed to become. They perhaps appreciate the truth of the theosophical teaching that man is the result of his own past thoughts and acts, having made himself what he is, and daily and hourly making himself what he will be. And they ask, wherein is man free? He is free in the *use he makes* of the present moment; for he may use a disaster and by his inner attitude in its midst may convert it into at least a moral victory. Whatever limitations may encompass a man they are absolutely his own creations. Within these he is free—just as a bird in a cage can fly freely within the limits of the cage, though unable to pass its bars. But man has made his own cage;

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he is responsible for its existence and responsible for all he does or fails to do within his confines.

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It would seem as though the apparatus for telegraphing without wires had been finally perfected by Nikola Tesla, the famous electrician. He claims to have succeeded in utilizing the "electric fluids of the earth" for this purpose, and to have constructed an instrument for registering the disturbances he produces in these "fluids." This would practically revolutionize the whole of our modern civilization. Possession of an instrument would enable ships at sea to communicate with land from any distance, while the theatrical explorer of "darkest Africa" could rejoice in daily columns of his own reports, issued simultaneously on four continents. But if his instrument were accidently destroyed! And here is the weak spot in all these inventions: they force man to depend more and more upon mechanical contrivances which in no way assist him to develop his own latent powers. It does not occur to the modern scientist, dealing as he does almost exclusively with phenomena, to try to find in his own brain a receiver and transmitter, which would never leave him so long as his body endures. Physiology admits that it cannot account for the existence of certain atrophied centres in the brain and for various cavities in the bony structure of the skull—the *frontal sinus* for instance. Such centres will remain atrophied until used, and their use will never be determined until scientists, taking it for granted that "man is the mirror of the universe," deliberately search for agencies within themselves by means of which they can produce the same results as they can now attain by external means only. Man's body is the most marvelous instrument known to us. It would be well for him if he used it a little more intelligently. Sooner or later he has got to become a wise coöperator with nature. The first step in this direction will be the conscious performance of acts which he now does without understanding or even thought. "Man, know thyself!" E. T. H.

STRENGTH.

Strength does not depend upon hardness. The softest things, when properly controlled and used, can overcome those that appear immovable. Water can shatter granite.

Love is invincible; but it is the tenderness of love, not its fire, that conquers in the end.

Rigidity is the death of progress. Fluidity is essential to growth. But this applies to that part of the nature only, which exists in time and space, for the centre of life does not change: it is eternal.

A great general once said that he had won many of his battles by means of retreating at the right time. It often needs more real strength to give way than to push forward.

Therefore, be careless whether you are strong or weak. Do not seek strength; seek wisdom—which is thy Self—and the soul of wisdom which is love.—H. O. SMITH, *The Mirror of Life*.

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

THE address to the Society for Psychical Research by its President, Professor William Crookes, F.R.S., in January last, is a notable paper, that will doubtless fail—as usual—to attract from the scientific world the attention it deserves. Professor Crookes has had his experiences in this respect, and has not been cowed by them, while admitting that his individual ardor in disclosing results, may have suffered abatement. A zealous and indefatigable student, an open and sincere mind, and a courageous soul,—the world of science is indebted to him for numerous discoveries of importance in realms that he was almost the first to explore. The demonstration of the fourth or "radiant" condition of matter and the conduct of atoms in a vacuum are among his achievements, and it is, in fact, to the so-called Crookes' tube that the latest disclosure, of the nature and effect of the Röntgen rays are due. His recognized standing in the scientific world, however, did not prevent his being hounded by ridicule and persecution, and his sanity even being challenged when twenty years ago, he ventured to investigate the extraordinary phenomena illustrated by Home, the American medium, and had the nerve to publish the results of his investigations, as conscientious and accurate as any he ever made, indicating the existence of natural laws with which the world is not yet acquainted. Crookes' experience ran parallel with that of the German physicist Zöllner, who pursued a similar line of enquiry, and as a reward for his courage and fidelity to truth, was finally driven into a madhouse by the vituperations of his colleagues. Professor Crookes in his address does not hesitate to declare that Psychical Science seems to him "at least as important as any other science whatever," and the "embryo of what in time may dominate the whole world of thought." He states his conviction that no one can possibly declare what does *not* exist in the universe or even what is *not* going on about us every day. He therefore deprecates all dogmatism, confesses ignorance, and abides in the cheerful hope and expectation of new and interesting discoveries. We know little or nothing of the conditions that will invest us after death,—or so much of us as shall survive that event,—but it is in the highest degree improbable that spiritual existences are subject

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to so material a law as gravitation, or that materiality, form, and space are other than temporary conditions of our present existence.

Intelligence, thought and will, of which we may conceive our posthumous constitution to consist, must be untrammelled by space or gravitation, and yet it is difficult to imagine them independent of form and matter. What then must be the constitution of matter that it shall serve its purpose to form at once the solid rock ribs of the earth, and the ethereal moulding of spiritual substance. With Faraday, Crookes considers that the atom must be conceived not as a hard, irreducible, infinitesimal mass, but as a "centre of power," and that "shape" is merely a function of the disposition and relative intensity of the forces.

"This view of the constitution of matter would seem to involve necessarily the conclusion that matter fills all space. . . . In that view, matter is not merely mutually penetrable, but each atom extends, so to say, throughout the whole of the solar system—yet always retaining its own centre of force." (Faraday "On the Nature of Matter.") Professor Crookes therefore pictures what he conceives as the constitution of spiritual beings as follows: "Centres of intellect, will, energy and power each mutually penetrable, whilst at the same time permeating what we call space; but each centre retaining its own individuality, persistence of self, and memory. Whether these intelligent centres of the various spiritual forces which in their aggregate go to make up man's character or Karma, are also associated in any way with the forms of energy which, centred, form the material atom—whether these spiritual entities are material, not in the crude gross sense of Lucretius, but material as sublimated through the piercing intellect of Faraday, is one of those mysteries which to us mortals will perhaps ever remain an unsolved problem."

To this the transcriber may be permitted to add that to the earnest and intuitional student of the *Secret Doctrine*, the mysteries so clearly stated will be resolved into logical and comprehensive facts, and cease to present themselves as discouraging and impossible problems.

The succeeding three or four pages of the address are devoted to pointing out what would be the effect of shrinking man to microscopic dimensions, or enlarging him to those of a colossus. In the former case he would probably find the common laws of nature, as we understand them, quite incomprehensible, since molecular physics would compel his attention and dominate his world. For example, capillarity opposing its action to that of gravity as water rises in a thread or tube; the surface tension of

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liquids controlling their fluidity, as in a dewdrop ; metal bars floating on water, as a sewing needle will do. The study of molar physics, or even chemistry, as we understand them, would be beyond his ken. On the other hand, the colossus would fail to observe the minor natural phenomena—and granite would be as chalk. All his actions involving immense momentum and friction would develop heat, and from this he would imagine most substances to be inconveniently hot-tempered and combustible. These illustrations are given to show how completely we are creatures of our environment and how readily hallucinations and erroneous conclusions can be compelled by it. The suggestion is logically inevitable, that our own boasted knowledge must be largely based upon subjective conditions, and may be as fanciful in fact as the perceptions and convictions of a homunculus. In further evidence of the subjectivity that controls us, Professor Crookes quotes from Professor James, of Harvard, who shows the extraordinary variation in apparent sequence of phenomena that would ensue if our "time scale" or sense of duration were altered. The aspect of nature would be quite changed. We can now take cognizance of, say, ten separate events in a second. To increase the number, makes them indistinguishable. Suppose, as is likely, the period of our lifetime to be capable only of a certain number of impressions, and that we could perceive so many as 10,000 in a second. We should then endure less than a month and individually learn nothing of the changes of the seasons. A day would be two years long and the sun seem almost at a standstill in the heavens. Reverse the hypothesis and imagine our possible perception of events to be but one thousandth of what it is, and our lives consequently be correspondingly extended. The sequence of events as we see them now would be inconceivably rapid. Moving bodies, a District Messenger for example, from swiftness of motion, would become invisible, and the sun a whirling meteor running its course from sunrise to sunset in the equivalent of 43 seconds. The growth of mushrooms would seem instantaneous and plants to rise and fall like fountains. The universe would be completely changed for us, and yet there is reason to believe that there are forms of life for whom existence is quite comparable to either of those imagined for man.

It is the subject of Telepathy however, viz.: the transmission of thought impressions directly from one mind to another, without the intermediation of the recognized organs of sense, that most strongly engages Professor Crookes' attention and is the basis of the most interesting part of his discourse.

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Noting the reluctance of science to entertain this concept and the aversion and neglect with which the accumulated evidence of its actuality is treated, and considering how impressions may be conveyed, he takes as a starting point a table of vibrations in successive steps beginning with 2 per second and doubling at each step.

Between the 5th and 15th steps, viz.: from 32 to 32,000 vibrations per second, lies the range of sound audible to the human ear, conveyed by the air. Between the 15th and 35th steps, viz.: from 32,000 to a third of a billion vibrations is the region of the electric rays, the medium being the ether. Between the 35th and 45th steps, we are ignorant of the functions of these vibrations. From the 45th to the 50th—with vibrations from 35 billions to 1875 billions per second, we have the range of the heat and light rays—with red at 450 and violet at 750 billions, a narrow margin of visibility. Beyond this is a region unknown and almost unexplored, and the vibrations of the Röntgen rays may perhaps be found between the 58th and 61st steps, viz.: from a fourth of a trillion to 10 times that number per second. The known areas leave great gaps among them, and as the phenomena of the universe are presumably continuous, we are confronted at once with the narrow limitations of our perceptions and knowledge.

As the vibrations increase in frequency, their functions are modified, until at the 62d step, nearly 5 trillions per second, the rays cease to be refracted, reflected, or polarized, and traverse dense bodies as through they were transparent.

It is in these regions that Professor Crookes discerns the practicability of direct transmission of thought.

"It seems to me that in these rays we may have a possible mode of transmitting intelligence, which, with a few reasonable postulates, may supply a key to much that is obscure in psychical research. Let it be assumed that these rays, or rays even of higher frequency, can pass into the brain and act on some nervous centre there. Let it be conceived that the brain contains a centre which uses these rays, as the vocal cords use sound vibrations (both being under the command of intelligence), and sends them out with the velocity of light, to impinge upon the receiving ganglion of another brain. In this way some, at least, of the phenomena of telepathy, and the transmission of intelligence from one sensitive to another through long distances, seem to come within the domain of law, and can be grasped. A sensitive may be one who possesses the telepathic or receiving ganglion in an advanced state of development, or by constant practice is rendered more sensitive to these high-frequency waves. Experience seems to show that the receiving

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and the transmitting ganglia are not equally developed; one may be active, while the other like the pineal eye in man, may be only vestigial. By such a hypothesis no physical laws are violated, neither is it necessary to invoke what is commonly called the supernatural."

The obvious objection to this searching supposition is that the mental forces conveying the message would affect all sensitives within their reach and be subject to the law of expansion, and therefore become ineffective at great distances. The reply is also obvious that in the conditions assumed, we are, as with the Röntgen rays, no longer dealing with the common limitations of matter or the narrow concepts of space and time. Nor is it inconceivable that by the exercise of concentrated thought and will, the message can be determined in its direction as a telegraphic signal by its wire, and be delivered at its destination without loss of energy from distance, friction or other physical material sources of impediment or diminution. Intelligence and will here come into play, and these mystic forces are outside the law of conservation and loss of energy as understood by physicists.

It is surprising that the subject of telepathy should be so carefully avoided by scientific investigators and associations, because the overwhelming advantages were it practicable of so direct and swift a means of communication are obvious, and because the evidences of its practicability are of almost daily occurrence. It is not in the least unusual that an attentive listener interested in the sequence of thought conveyed by the speaker is able to divine the conclusion of a sentence or the outcome of the communication. This is in fact a rather common occurrence. It is a parlor game also, to make a blindfolded person discover an object, secretly hidden during his absence, by the concentrated thought and directive mental impulse of those who are cognizant of the hiding place.

It is evident that even now very many people possess the faculties, both of transmission and perception, and that many more might presently acquire them; but it is also probable that the world at large is not yet prepared to use such a formidable power with prudence or advantage to others. The temptations to misuse it, as in the case of hypnotism, would be too great, perhaps, for average humanity to resist, and the evil-disposed would be the first to avail themselves of the power to control others for their own benefit, or for purposes not beneficial to humanity.

L. G.

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THE LITERARY WORLD

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE, F. T. S.

TO assume, in the consideration of contemporary literature, the godlike pose of universal acceptance, requires, at first sight, a bolder optimism than towards any other department of human activity. Actions quickly work out their consequences ; nations, however evil,—or good,—rapidly pass, and are replaced by others. But the record of human thought is as nearly everlasting as anything we are acquainted with, and potent accordingly. The scribes of a thousand generations back mould the mind of the reader of to-day, and the thinkers of our time may get themselves perpetuated in the silent thunders of future libraries to the continual detriment, perhaps, of those who may be willing to listen. For it is a faith among literary men to-day that their fellows were not born to think, but to read. It is characteristic of the greatest religious reformers that they never wrote anything. They directed man to the inner tablets. Their thought burst forth in the language of deed. They stooped and wrote in the dust of human action. We have a standard, then, to distinguish what we may be pleased to call theosophic literature from other varieties. It will teach us to think, while the baser sort, however noble in degree, will undertake to do our thinking for us. It is unnecessary to confine one's search for theosophic literature to the ranks of the Theosophical Society. The second object of the Society implies this breadth of view, and no greater Brotherhood has been conceived than in the old ideal of the Commonwealth of Letters.

Few recent books of its class have gained such widespread attention as Dr. Goldwin Smith's *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence*, and it is satisfactory to think that its avowed object, "the presentation of a plain case," will contribute in no small degree to the stirring up of thought upon its theme. "To resign untenable arguments for a belief is not to resign the belief, while a belief bound up with untenable arguments will share their fate." Dr. Smith has but small reverence for technical occultism, but his book must clear the way for many who may have the courage, once they have started, to go farther than he seems prepared to do.

It appears strange that a man of Dr. Smith's attainments should

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be satisfied, on the strength of church traditions merely, to assail the rhetoric of St. Paul. Speaking of the resurrection of the physical body, he says: "St. Paul's answer to doubters involves the false analogy of the seed, which germinates when he fancies that it dies." This is exactly what St. Paul does not do. His metaphor is exact and particular. The psychic body, he declares, is sown (at birth) in the physical body. It is sown in corruption. It is raised a spiritual body (necessarily during the life of the physical), incorruptible. And in order to prevent the misconception which the church subsequently developed into a dogma, and which Dr. Smith uses to put aside the whole argument, he appended verse 50 of the celebrated chapter. If Dr. Smith will read over the original Greek, whether he accepts St. Paul's statement or not, he may perhaps be prevailed upon to relieve the Apostle to the Gentiles of the stigma of bad rhetoric.

Among those who are doing the theosophic work of getting people to think, the Open Court Publishing Co. takes a prominent place. Their handy volume series, *The Religion of Science Library*, has been received with marked favor. Re-issues of Ribot's *Diseases of Personality* and Prof. Cornill's *Prophets of Israel* are just to hand. The latter is an excellent summary of the Higher Criticism of the prophetic scriptures. Dean Farrar's new work on the Bible must be almost as much of a revelation in this direction, to the severely "orthodox," as the book that made him famous. Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) has also done much to reëstablish the religion of love and wisdom among the masses. The contributions of archæology yield substantial support to this work.

Mr. Charles Johnston's volume *From the Upanishads*, which was noticed in THE PATH in March, '96, has been republished by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me. The delicacy and beauty of this edition is no less worthy of Mr. Mosher's reputation than of the exquisite English in which Mr. Johnston has rendered these old scriptures. Not only of the ancient thought, but also of its new dress may it be said, as in the courtly and companionable dedication to Mr. George W. Russell: "You will find in them, besides high intuition, a quaint and delightful flavor, a charm of child-like simplicity; yet of a child who is older than all age, a child of th eeternal and infinite, whose simplicity is better than the wisdom of the wise."

The Chariot of the Flesh, by Hedley Peek. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. The author of *The Poetry of Sport* has worked up part of the contents of his commonplace book into the form of a novel. Its delineation of a presumably developed

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occultist is perhaps as near the truth as the conception of a Master in *The Mystery of Cloomber*. Like the Irishman's dreams, they go by contraries. As a novel, however, the book is bright and not uninteresting, and meets with the approval of the average novel-reader. With all its occult absurdities it seems to be as well fitted for a "starter" as many other mystical fabrications held in high esteem. You cannot have a novel without love, and if it is to be an occult novel, how shall the Adepts be prevented from interfering in the plot? Grant that they are as much interested in our love affairs as we are ourselves, and the stream of mystic fiction will flow along bravely. Mr. Peek's hero has had the misfortune in a past incarnation, when he knew no better, to ally himself with a twin soul; in the present narrative she turns up with several exceedingly inconvenient characteristics. She engages herself all round, dares young men to kiss her, and at critical moments finds it impossible to prevent them. Her twin soul has quite a task to develop those features in her which he deems lacking. He is assisted in this by his gift of thought reading, which Mr. Peek in several instances endeavors to turn to humorous account. By the assistance of a Buddhist hierarchy, whose headquarters are in India, he finally gets her incarnated in a fresh little baby girl which happened to be born just as her other body died, and, after a further course of development they abandon ours for a securer plane. Quite enough good morals are scattered through the volume to give it vogue in a Christian community.

The magazines so far received for the current month do not present such attractive fare as usual. HARPER'S claims attention on account of "The Martians," in which DuMaurier's heroine, a disembodied daughter of Mars, explains to the hero her intention of incarnating as one of his future family. She is willing to take the draught of Lethe and lose her present consciousness for the sake of becoming his child. T. Mitchell Prudden describes "an elder brother of the cliff-dwellers" in the same issue, giving some account of the remains of a very ancient tribe of "basket-makers," long ante-dating the cliff-dwellers, and unknown to them. The CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for May contains an article by F. Legge on "The Devil in Modern Occultism" in which he enshrines the remarkable discovery that Satan is the Astral Light, a principle which he insists on personifying, or at least in declaring that the occultists do. As a member of the Society for Psychical Research he feels bound to allude to the "now moribund Theosophical Society." It is an article of faith in the S. P. R. that the T. S. "passed onwards" many years ago. If they will even have it so, and the T. S. actually be a dead body, then we must submit that its *post-mortem* activities fall well within the scope of their investigations.

Among the theosophical magazines THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST charms by its literary graces as well as its topics. Such work as one finds in "Priest or Hero?" or in "In Danaan Days," in the essay on Browning, or again in the

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exposition of the *Bhagavad Gita* helps one to realize the beauty as well as the strength of the theosophical movement. In THE GRAIL, R. W. Machell, the artist, writes suggestively on the combination of the primary colors, red and blue occurring in two distinct shades each, when considered in combination with yellow, and in the production of purple. Mixtures of pigments do not produce the same effects as the blending of colored light. Gordon Rowe explains the symbolism of THE GRAIL as we wished last month, and G. S. writes an interesting letter on the X-Rays. "Tannhauser" is the title of the opening paper in CHILD LIFE. "How Things Grow" is an admirable little chat for children. In the HUMANITARIAN the first three articles are all such as will appeal to the theosophic student. The most notable is Captain Richard Burton's paper on "Spiritualism in Eastern Lands." It is a slight record of various magical practices, which he concludes: "The fact is that the Soul, like 'Time,' 'Life,' and 'Death,' like 'Mind,' and 'Consciousness,' is a state of things, not of thing. But man's brain is compelled to coin useful words, and these words develop subjective entities. My own position towards these problems I have explained, 'I am a Spiritualist without the Spirits,' for I have seen nothing to convince me of their existence." "The Revival of Cremation" is an interview with Sir Henry Thompson, President of the English Cremation Society, and Evan Stuarth as a short essay on the "Poet of Humanity, Thomas Hood."

INTELLIGENCE appears in its new dress. The issue is equal to any of the old series and contains articles by Staniland Wake, Hudor Genone on the Philosophy of the Divine Man, Charles Johnston on the *Bhagavad Gita*, etc. WERNER'S MAGAZINE, a leading exponent of voice-culture and expression, contains notable interviews on public speaking with Col. Ingersoll and Chauncey Depew.

THE NEW UNITY, which stands "for good citizenship, good literature, and freedom, fellowship and character in religion," has been publishing a series of papers by George E. Wright, "On the Outer Rim." The fourth of these, on "Illusion," is a concise application of the philosophy of the transient to the elucidation of the changeless. Ordinary phases of social and business life supply apt illustrations. THE HYPNOTIC MAGAZINE for April–May has evolved fourteen articles of belief as its individual creed. When one of the propositions is proven unsound it will be struck out. As articles of unbelief we fancy they might meet with considerable success, and we look forward with interest to the result of the drastic measure proposed. THE AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST for March contains a popular paper on "The Light of Asia," by Miss Florence Williams. LOTUS BLUTHEN has articles on the *Secret Doctrine*, Karma, etc. Dr. Zander writes on the "Idea of a Personal God" in April THEOSOPHIA. The ARYA BALA BODHINI for April assures its readers, on the authority of ARJUNA, of the uncleanliness of the European. "The Irishman was the dirtiest, who on an average washed his whole body only after some seven years," etc. We may expect a Dublin crusade to Hindustan after this.

Moncure D. Conway has completed with the publication of the fourth volume, his new edition of "The Writings of Thomas Paine."

We are also in receipt of The Thinker (Madras), Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society, Theosophical News, Secular Thought, Notes and Queries, The Editor, Light of Truth, Occult Science, La Resurrection, The Exodus, The Equitist, Pacific Theosophist, (particularly interesting), Rays of Light, etc.

A. E. S. SMYTHE.

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A TALK ABOUT H. P. BLAVATSKY.

"WE have had many a crisis, but assuredly this was the greatest."

"To what do you refer, Professor?"

"To the departure of H. P. Blavatsky from her physical body. It might have been supposed, in advance, that this sudden taking-off would result to our disadvantage. But the fact is, disasters work upon the Theosophical Society in inverse proportion. The greater the (apparent) disaster, the greater the resultant good. The stronger the blow, too, the stronger our reaction. All attacks, all so-called exposures and losses have merely cleared away the impedimenta of weak and uncertain followers. The apparent loss of our leader did not, for one instant even, paralyze the activities of the working staff. Everywhere there is a sudden outburst of energy and new life. X. spoke of it to-day."

"What had he to say of it?"

"We were talking about Madame Blavatsky, and he said that, so far as he understood, she (the Adept) expended an immense amount of energy—*vis viva*, you know—in holding together a body whose every molecule tended to disruption. He believes that H. P. Blavatsky will be for some time occupied in training a new instrument, and one not so young as to be useless at the present cyclic crisis. He does not pretend to speak with authority, but certain sayings of hers—and perhaps what I might call *post-mortem* facts—bear him out. Certainly she left everything in order. All things were planned out and evidence was abundantly had to the effect that she knew her departure was near. Moreover, X. said that, looking upon her as an Adept, whose chief work was done outside of the objective body, it was reasonable to suppose that she is now enabled to use, upon higher (or inner) planes of being, the power previously expended in the maintenance of that body."

"Did he think that the present theosophic increase should be attributed to that fact?"

"Only in part. You see, he believes her attention to be largely engaged with the new instrument. But, from his point of view, her coadjutors and associates would naturally lend a helping hand in her absence, especially if the Theosophical Society, as a body, called down their help."

"What do you mean by calling down help?"

"I mean that the united impulse of a large body of truth seekers—more especially if they work for Humanity—attracts the help needed for its spiritual efforts. Imagine it as a great stream of energy going out into space and returning freighted with all that it had attracted to itself—all similars—on its passage. That in itself would be a source of power. Again, the increase is largely due to what H. P. Blavatsky foresaw. Theosophists are now able to stand alone, are all the gainers by being left to do so. (Take the words '*alone*' and '*left*' in a relative sense, please.) In the same way an infant is benefited when left to learn to walk, even at the cost of its tumbles; it is the course of normal, healthy growth in every department of Nature."—*The Path*, September, 1891, "Tea Table Talk," by "Julius" (Mrs. J. W. L. Keightley).

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MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES have by no means diminished on the approach of summer weather. Dr. Franz Hartmann, accompanied by Mr. C. F. Willard, left New York on May 5th on a lecture tour of the Central States. The first place visited was Syracuse, where Dr. Hartmann delivered two lectures. A visit was made, under the guidance of Dr. W. H. Dower, to the Onondaga Indians at the Indian Reservation, a few miles from Syracuse. Buffalo was reached May 9th; from there a flying trip was also made to Jamestown, Detroit, Fort Wayne, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton, Pittsburg and Philadelphia. All the lectures were attended by large audiences and the newspapers gave excellent reports. Besides the lectures many branch meetings and receptions were also attended.

IN SAN FRANCISCO much good work is being done in distributing literature on the vessels sailing from that port. Permission has been obtained to place boxes on most of the vessels, which are kept supplied with tracts and pamphlets. These are also distributed among the seamen.

JUNE 13th, the anniversary of the departure of the Crusade was celebrated by a special meeting at the H. P. B. Branch, New York. On the invitation of this branch the other New York branches adjourned their usual Sunday evening meetings to participate in the Crusade anniversary meeting. The hall was decorated with the flags of all nations which had been presented to the Crusaders. The meeting opened by music and a children's flower festival. Miss Stabler, the President, occupied the chair, and addresses were made by Mrs. Tingley, the leader of the Crusade and of the Theosophical movement throughout the World, and by F. M. Pierce, Rev. W. Williams, Herbert Crooke and J. H. Fussell.

MRS. A. L. CLEATHER AND MR. BASIL CRUMP lectured on Theosophy and Wagner's Dramas, with musical illustrations, with special reference to "Lohengrin," in Brooklyn and New York, Louisville, Toledo and Buffalo. Many people have been attracted by this new presentation of Theosophy. A reception was given to Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump at the close of the Aryan T. S. meeting on May 25th. Flowers were presented to Mrs. Cleather from Mrs. Tingley and also from the New York members. Accompanying the flowers from Mrs. Tingley was a letter appointing Mrs. Cleather as Home Crusader for England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland and Sweden.

Our English friends sailed for home on Wednesday, May 26th.

JAMES M. PRYSE is still in the West, lecturing. He has visited Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Lincoln, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Belleville, (Ill.) Burlington, Peoria, and Clinton, His tour has been very successful and he has given much help to all the Branches visited.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE will probably hold its next annual Convention on the 8th and 9th of August. The Swedish division of the Society has invited the other national divisions to assemble in Stockholm for that purpose. Representatives from America will be present.

AUSTRALASIA continues to make remarkable progress, theosophically speaking. New Zealand and New South Wales seem equally active.

THE WORK IN INDIA goes forward steadily. Members are doing their utmost to relieve their famine-stricken countrymen.

F. M. PIERCE has been appointed librarian of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. All donations of books and money for the purchase of books should be addressed to F. M. Pierce, Room 7, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

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ÔM.

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No man can safely speak but he that can willingly hold his peace.—*The Imitation of Christ.* THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THEOSOPHY.

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Where any article or statement has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible and for those which are unsigned the Editor will be accountable.

VISIONS OF A LIFE.*

PART II.

Our whole happiness and power of energetic action in this world depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it opening here and closing there; rejoicing to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied. —RUSKIN.

LITTLE Kathie and her grandfather went into the house and were met in the hall by "grandma" who looked disturbed and said: "Why, father, how could you keep that child out in the night air? Esther and I have been so worried about her. Dear, you are spoiling her, though you may not think so. Whenever you have the care of her you never chide her, not even when she runs away to the woods. She never appears to realize that she should be in the house a moment unless it is at night time to sleep. All she seems to care for is to teach Horace his letters, ride the horse Jerry, boy fashion; climb fences, and row her boat. Dunn has been up the road and all through the fields looking for her. I suppose you found her in her favorite place in the woods, with the pet squirrel and Ringold. I must say I do not like the idea of her going out there alone."

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"Don't you fret about me, grandma dear," said Kathie, as she nestled up to her side and patted her hand. "I am never alone; the squirrels, the birds and the trees are always there and we have lots of fun talking together. Yes, grandma, the trees do talk, and the leaves whisper to me. They make real, sweet music. Then there's the big rock; I can hear the bells ringing inside. Truly, truly, grandma, I am never alone out there. The music I hear sounds ever so much better than Dunn makes, when she sings 'There is a fountain filled with blood.'"

"Silence, child. Father, how can you smile when Kathie makes such queer speeches. Come, darling, it's time for you to go to bed. Run and find Dunn and she will give you your supper. You must be up bright and early to-morrow morning, for you are going to Sunday school with aunt Esther."

As soon as Kathie had left the room the grandfather, grandmother and aunt seated themselves in the back parlor, where the bible was read by the old gentleman, also the Commentaries, as was his usual custom before tea was served. While the reading was going on, which was somewhat slow and lengthy, the aunt yawned and looked hungry and restless, while the grandmother steadily watched the clock, which kept up its monotonous tick, tick, in such a slow and aggravating way.

After tea was finished and home matters had been discussed, including the anticipated return of Kathie's father and mother from their long journey, everyone suddenly became quiet. There was something in the old man's face that made one hesitate to break the silence. Yes, his mind was burdened. Kathie was such a mystery even to him. It was quite clear that none of the family understood her as well as he did. The odd story about the strange companion who had visited her, and the joy that seemed to be in her little heart and voice as she described him. "Come to think of it," he said half aloud to himself, "she is not like the rest of the children, even in appearance; she looks for all the world like an Indian, with her big, brown eyes, olive skin and straight black hair. How I wish I knew what was best for the child. I never have the heart to check her when she is telling me those strange stories, for everything she says seems to bear the stamp of truth. All I can do is to watch over her and trust for a higher power to guide me. Well, I'll go to bed and see if I cannot sleep out this troublesome problem. Kathie has the notion that in sleep we are instructed. How often have I heard her say, when I was in doubt about anything: 'grandpa, look into the darkness for the light—shut your ears to hear—close your eyes to see. Now grandpa dear, use your inside

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eyes and you will always find the path.' I think the little one means that: 'if thine eye be single thy body shall be full of light.' "

Brightening up with this thought he arose and left the room, seemingly quite forgetful of the presence of the others.

Early the next morning Kathie came tripping out on to the lawn with a doll in one hand, while the other held a box of paints and a tiny bell. Her face was beaming with expectancy, for she had laid awake half the night, thinking of what a happy time she would have telling her grandfather about her strange journey in the clouds the day before, with her wise companion.

"Well, Miss Kathie yo is here, shure enuff; yo looks mighty pert an' glad, yo dues. I reckon it's kase yer gwine go to Sunday-school to-day? Chicken, yo cant tote dat doll an' dem udder tings to Sunday-school; yo better go back an' spill 'em on th' verandy, for Miss Esther is mos' ready an' she don' wait fer nothin', she dont. It 'pears like she comes out boss every time, jess as she did about yer gwine to Sunday-school—howsumeber th' ole gemmen did arger dat it was too soon fer yo to go to a school of 'ligion. My 'pinion is he don' want yo never to go to Sunday-school."

This faithful old colored servant, Horace, felt himself to be Kathie's special protector and guide; he had a way of expressing himself very freely wherever her interests were concerned. Though born and raised in Virginia he had become attached to his northern home and to the family with whom he lived. His devotion to Kathie's father, who had been an officer in the army, and whose body-servant he was during the war, led him to leave his southern home and follow the fortunes of his new master.

Sunday-school! The thought of having to go there had made Kathie very unhappy. She remembered what her little cousin, who went every Sunday, had told her, that it was awfully tiresome, for the teacher said so many things you couldn't understand and the music always made her feel so sorry; and then, to think of it, they told her that God was a great big man up in the sky, who loved little children when they were good, but if they were naughty sent them away to a black place to be burnt up!

"Come, honey; cheer up, chile. Don' look so onhappy about gwine down dere. I kinder feels it in my bones dat sumfin is gwine to happen. Who knows but dat dere might come a streak o' lightnin' an' knock de roof offen de place. Belzebub an' Bell Taber is gittin' mighty resless. I spec' dey feels sumfin rong. I shouldn't wonder ef de git it into dere heads to run off an' smash de kerridge clean to pieces and frow Miss Esther off o' her set plan, what aint

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right, no way yo can make it. Don' git skeered, honey, ise jist 'sposin'—dat's all. If we all fell out, you an' me would fall on sof' grass anyhow, 'cause we'se in de right."

Just at this moment the aunt came out and led Kathie with a triumphant air to the carriage and off they went down the road past the green fields and wooded hills to the quaint old New England town of B——. All the way, the aunt sat erect and prim, earnestly reading her prayer-book, now and then looking out of the corner of her eye, to see how Kathie accepted the situation. She, poor child, was quietly petting her doll and saying: "We both wish very hard that the strange man will come and keep us from going to Sunday-school."

The church was soon reached and as they were about to enter, they were approached by an old friend of the family, Miss Anne Barnett, a most unique and interesting character. She was known for miles around for her devotion and kindness to the sick and poor; a striking personality, tall and graceful, neither young nor old; a woman of refinement and culture. Her face, beautiful in its spirituality and dignity, lent an indescribable charm to her appearance. Miss Barnett looked troubled. In a hesitating manner she accosted the aunt and said: "My dear friend Esther, you and I have been friends ever since we were little children and you know that you and Kathie's mother have been like sisters to me; so you will forgive me for what I am about to say—I am impelled to do it. Do you, Esther, realize what you are doing in taking the responsibility of directing Kathie's religious thought; may you not be changing the whole course of her life, contrary to what is best for her? I have learned to love the child and in our intercourse it always seemed to me that there was some great force guiding her life in the right direction. She has often, in her childish prattle, talked with a knowledge beyond her years. Then, the expression of her eyes, Esther! How often have I thought when looking at them, that there was an old soul looking out at me. You smile, because it brings up that unpleasant subject which you and I have spent so many hours discussing—reincarnation. You cannot accept it. I do not ask you to, but I do beg of you to turn back with Kathie. Her life is bound to be a sad one at best. She has her lessons to learn as well as we, but her soul should not be fettered with the teachings of creeds and dogmas." Anne's voice was soft and low, full of tender pleading, and as she stood there she looked like one inspired.

There was a momentary silence and the aunt turned away from the church. Her face grew pale and it was evident that she was

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startled by something she had seen. Kathie pulled her aunt's dress and said softly: "Don't be afraid aunty, dear, I know what it is. See, it's gone now."

Then in an awed and impressive tone she said: "When he bowed his head and smiled, he meant Miss Barnett was right."

Without further words they went to the carriage and drove homewards, while the few people standing about the church-door looked at each other, wondering at such a strange proceeding.

Miss Barnett and the aunt sat in the back seat in the carriage and kept up a continuous conversation. Kathie and Horace were on the front seat, whispering about something that seemed to make them very happy. "Kathie, chile," said Horace, "didn't I done tole yo' dat sumfin would happen? And shore enuff it has, an' nobody's don got hurt. I think it was a special act o' providence dat Miss Barnett should be on dem church steps jes as you'se gwine in de doah—ah, blessed Lord, it hab come out all right."

"You dear foolish old Horace; why don't you say the 'blessed law'? Don't you remember that grandpa said it's no big man that makes things go right, but the law does it?"

Just then they arrived at the gate and Kathie jumped out and gathering up her playthings from the veranda, rushed down to join her grandfather, whom she had seen on the bank of the river. As soon as she was seated and had recovered her breath, she commenced to tell him of all that had happened to her that morning,—how "dear darling Miss Anne Barnett had pulled her out of the Sunday school, just as Ringold did the day she fell into the water from the big rock up in the woods."

Her grandfather's eyes told the story of his joy as he stroked the little one's head lovingly. Next came the vivid description of the journey with the strange companion she had taken in the clouds the day before. As she was about to explain, with her paints and bell, how the colors and sounds worked together up in the clouds, she suddenly stopped and said: "Be quiet, grandpa; keep Ringold still; don't you see it is the strange man?" In a moment, the atmosphere and everything about became transformed. The sounds that she had heard the day before returned. The great boulder to the left of the rock upon which she sat assumed the form of a man's head; the bank of the river seemed to cave in and slowly moved down to the level of the river. Ringold, who was sleeping under the tree, became changed to a camél, and as Kathie followed with her eyes a shadow that moved towards the water she felt a strange tremor; the same unspeakable joy and gladness of yesterday came back to her, but this time, instead of feeling herself a ball of light

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and force, she was something else, much larger. She was attracted to the water, and looking into it she saw a form mirrored there, not her own, but that of a tall, dark-skinned Egyptian. She felt her hands, and they were large. So were her feet, and there were sandals on them: no longer was she little Kathie, but another. The memory of her grandfather, her home and all that had happened was fading away, and holding her hand was the friend of yesterday. Slowly she felt the weight of her body growing lighter and lighter, moving along out in the air. Without words the wise man seemed to say to her: "Trust, trust, little heart, for fear will make thy feet like lead, and thou wilt lose the way."

P.

(*To be continued.*)

"Tell brave deeds of war."

Then they recounted tales,—
"There were stern stands
And bitter runs for glory."

Ah! I think there were braver deeds.

STEPHEN CRANE, *The Black Riders.*

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A CONSCIOUS UNIVERSE.

BY J. A. ANDERSON, M.D., F. T. S.

TO the materialist, the universe is force-pervaded matter; to the occultist, embodied consciousness. To the former, form is but the fortuitous result of non-intelligent force taking the direction of the least resistance; to the latter, consciousness seeking expression through matter by directing force to this end. The method of the one must, therefore, radically differ from that of the other whenever a study of nature is attempted. Let us look at the universe for a few moments from the view-point of the occultist.

Since the universe is embodied consciousness, or consciousness veiled by, and seeking to express itself through, matter, the unveiling of Isis, or Nature, can only be accomplished through the disembodiment of consciousness, or by consciousness doubling upon itself, so to speak, and retracing its pathways to that divine Source from which it departed upon its infinite journey through Time and Space. For while matter may not be ignored (being in essence as divine and as eternal as consciousness), in this study it is of importance only as an index to the consciousness of which it is the expression. Indeed, matter, *per se*, cuts but a sorry figure from either the occult or the materialistic standpoint. Force is the aspect of nature in which materialism seeks to find the solution of the problems of existence, and idealistic materialists (to label them accurately) have already pushed matter off the stage of the universe, and define atoms, for example, as whirling centres of force, acting in a medium which, whatever else it may be, certainly can not be material. The occultist, however, affirms that force is but the intelligent action of consciousness upon matter, and relegates it, with the latter, to a position of secondary importance in the study of natural phenomena.

A study of the universe, then, is a study of consciousness. If it be attempted, it must be with one central truth kept clearly in mind at all times, viz.: All the conscious states which man perceives, or ever can perceive, are contained within himself. Not to nature, magnificently grand though it may appear, must the seeker after truth turn; but to the mysteries of his own being. For the universe to each individual is but his conscious perception of it; his expression in terms of self-consciousness of the forces from without which act and react upon his centre of consciousness. He translates these vibrations which reach him into sound, color, or

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what not; but he has no measure to determine whether or not he has translated them correctly except the slowly and painfully acquired data of actual experience.

Experience alone develops, or evolves, within man the conscious states with which he endows that which he perceives as his Not-Me. This Not-Me, or outer nature, however real it may be in its own essence, to man is but an illusion spread out in the inner darkness of his physical brain, given form, color, texture, location, and all the various qualities of matter, by the supreme, creative act of his own god-like and god-derived human soul. This is not to assert that the universe does not really exist (as maintained by some Idealists), but that we do not perceive it outside of ourselves in the manner in which we fancy we do. The perception is entirely internal. There is, however, a mechanical or physical relation between the outer universe and the inner observer, and we have, for this cause, no reason for doubting that that which we perceive has really the form and texture, and other qualities, with which we endow it, although all these may be (and are) only rates or modes of vibration. This relation is best exemplified in vision, which in the anterior eye is purely mechanical, and may be corrected where faulty and vastly added to by mechanical means. Were there not a real correspondence between that which is perceived interiorly and that which exists exteriorly this relation would be impossible.

But all these vibrations which man recognizes, and by means of which he constructs interiorly his outer universe, have been experienced consciously by him in the past. His centre of consciousness (or soul) has been clothed by their "matter"; he has *been* such states of consciousness as he recognizes, else would recognition be impossible. Within the silence and darkness of its physical brain the soul reconstructs its old universe so far as it has been an integral portion of that universe, but no farther. That which the soul has not experienced is non-existent to it until it is added to its conscious area by this method. By experience alone the universe deepens and broadens, which process constitutes the real evolution of the soul, together with at least a logical reason for its existence and obligatory journey through the cycle of necessity.

A basic conscious state is that of life—of being, or existence. With this consciousness the soul endows every object which it perceives, without exception. Indeed, perception itself is the declaration of the soul that the thing exists. It may recognize that the object perceived lacks a state of consciousness which it itself possesses, and, as the result of faulty reasoning alone, pronounce it "dead," but the act of perception itself rebukes this false and igno-

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rant assertion. So long as a thing exists, so long is it emitting those living vibrations which enable the perceiver to recognize it. Matter which seems "dead" is in reality vibrating with the most intense life. It is a portion of infinite consciousness, peacefully, joyously, contentedly, thrilling with the profound feeling of existence. Such apparently dead matter, too, represents the strength, the stability, the purpose, of the eternal mind.

In this feeling of life, all other states of consciousness find their root and rest upon it as their stable basis. To him who recognizes this, the universe takes on a new meaning—becomes vibrant with strength, beauty, harmony, *life*. Dead matter does not exist; the disintegration of form, which man mistakes for death, is but a removal of the life consciousness to other planes of being; it can never be destroyed. This state of consciousness is the eternal warrant of continuous existence; the promise and prophecy that the soul may one day realize all, and more, than it has ever dreamed of as the result of evolutionary processes. The granite mountains, the pulsing oceans, the circling suns, are its exemplars; their (to man's view) unchanging consciousness is the testimony of eternal duration.

So many æons of time have passed since the consciousness of the soul was identified and identical with this sublime consciousness of life that it has passed from its self-conscious memory; but each time the scenes of nature are portrayed to its inner vision, the old record is unconsciously recalled, and the soul is repeating its experiences when it was conscious of nothing but the thrilling vibrations of Life, as the waves of Being ebbed and flowed against the shores of its new, conditioned existence. Of this olden experience man constructs his present universe; because of it, he recognizes the infinite life without as well as within.

In other æons of conscious experiences, there arose within this all-pervading life-consciousness the consciousness of Desire. This is the state of consciousness which dominates the human soul at present almost wholly. The cycle of necessity has whirled experience after experience before its dawning vision, until, bewildered by the swiftly passing panorama, the eternal Witness has identified itself with that which it witnesses. It believes its one drop to be separated from the great ocean of life, and clings desperately to the transient form in which this chances to be manifesting. The joyous consciousness of universal life has been bartered for its fleeting manifestation in an animal body; the fatal illusion of separateness has fallen upon the soul; it rages for the continued experience of its present sensuous existence.

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But again the student has to be reminded that all this sea of passion, of vice and crime, of woe and sorrow, of delusion and desire, exists within himself. Out of its old experiences, the soul reconstructs and correctly translates its psychic, as truly as of its physical experiences it interprets its physical world. Unaided by actual experience, it would be as irresponsive to the vibrations of desire and passion as the physical eye is to the Roentgen ray. All the woe it knows is felt within its own being; all its joys are experienced within the same unfathomable recesses. The god-like soul within is taking the web of the differing vibrations coming from the outer world and weaving into it the woof of conscious states—translating these vibrations into terms of its own conscious experience. Had it never known grief itself, sorrow for it would be an unmeaning word; had it never known joy, rejoicing would be equally meaningless.

It is exceedingly difficult to realize that *all* that happens to the soul happens within; that its conscious world is within, and not without; that all this fleeting show which seems to be external is really enacted in the silent places of one's own being. But once realized, the universe again broadens, and life takes on still a newer meaning. For if man's conscious universe be within,—be his own creation, whether voluntarily or passively—then it cannot be taken from him, and eternal life is assured. The vehicle by means of which he receives vibrations which relate him to any particular plane of nature may be destroyed, but all that perishes is his relation with that portion of the universe; his power to create for himself "a new heaven and a new earth" is undiminished. A knowledge of this fact makes the after-death states clear and philosophical. They are only the soul using the same powers which it exercises at every moment of its so called waking life. Only from want of sufficient experience (but experience which it is rapidly attaining) its universe is after death entirely self-constructed; the soul no longer responds to vibrations from without; they are practically non-existent to it. When the potentiality of responding to these inner-external vibrations shall have been evolved, in the crucible of experience, into potencies, man will be self-conscious after "death," and death for him will have eternally passed away.

The most kingly, most divine, of these interior states is that of reason. Reason is the god within exercising his god-like functions—creating, like Brahm, his universe out of a portion of himself, and enjoying the delight of that creation. Here man is at one with God; thinking is creating; by means of thought he becomes the microcosm of the great macrocosm. Grant that the outer uni-

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verse is the thought of mightier creative beings than he; in his inner power to reconstruct it for his own bliss, man exercises the same kingly power; the difference is one of degree, not of kind. Nor is he limited to this inner exercise of the creative power. Even now from outer nature he constructs that wonderful microcosm of the universe, his body, and the day awaits him when he shall also construct his macrocosm, for in that day he will have become one with the Creative Gods.

But this creative energy is but one aspect of thought—the objective, or most material. Subjectively, reason seeks ever for truth, —a more God-like power than even creating form. (Thought and reason are synonyms; or, it may be, reason is the potency, thought its active exercise.) It is this power by means of which the soul takes new experience and by relating it to the old, deduces something of its true nature and meaning. It may err—reason continually errs—but this is not the point; the *ability to reason from the known to the unknown* is the all-important faculty, and ten million errors cannot lessen nor dim the marvel or wonder of it. It is the finite god within seeking by means of its own inherent majesty to rebecome the Infinite from which it emanated. It is finite only because of material bonds; it is a bound Samson in the temple of the material world, which it will one day overthrow.

For when the soul through reason has found the truth it eternally recognizes it; it becomes a portion of its being; the pilgrim has won another step upward on his pathway to the gods. This essence of its experiences thus stored away men call wisdom; the exercising of this wisdom is seen in intuition. Reason has patiently thought out the truths contained in the infinite experiences of the soul; they have become a portion of its unchanging self. They constitute intuition. But in intuition man rebecomes God, for God is Truth. So man may not say that his intuitions are his own; they belong to the Universal and Eternal. No longer may he dare say that his conscious universe is within (for this is that which perhaps makes him finite). He knows the Within and Without in their true essence, for they are but ONE.

So the soul sits within, clothed in the robes of eternal Substance, out of which it eternally weaves the transient, changing garments of matter which relate it to lower, phenomenal worlds. These come and go, and their coming and going produce the transient joys and sorrows of its material existences because it is blinded by the illusions of matter to its own divine and kingly nature. When the soul shall have learned to recognize that it is not the body, that the roar of the senses concern it not, that the desires, appetites and passions

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which now dominate it are not its own, but those of the body, that the latter must be made an obedient, useful servant, instead of the impulsive ruler which it now is, then will the woes of material life pass away, and its transient joys be estimated at their true value. The soul will then turn from the fleeting and mutable world of flesh to the eternal, immutable worlds of spirit. With infinite pain and travail, it has related itself by means of its self-constructed body to this material world ; the task which now confronts it is to conquer this, to wrest from nature the secrets which she holds for it, and to use the knowledge so attained as stepping stones to diviner worlds and to more god-like states of consciousness. Happy is the soul who has reached the point where it recognizes that it is but a spectator, where it can look upon the storms of passionate existence upon earth unconcerned as to the result. Truly, to such a soul death comes not, for it lives upon the stable, unchanging planes of true Being ; it has reached the Place of Peace ; its long, weary exile at end forevermore.

JEROME A. ANDERSON.

RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VI.—THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

PART IV.—THE DUSK OF THE GODS.

Moreover, the power that works for evil, the real bane of (*i. e.*, that poisons) Love, condenses itself into the *Gold* robbed from Nature and misused, the Nibelung's Ring. The Curse that cleaves thereto is not dispelled ere it is given again to Nature, the Gold plunged back into the Rhine. . . . All is *experience*. Nor is Siegfried, taken alone (the male alone), the perfect Man: only with Brynhild becomes he the redeemer. *One* cannot do all; it needs the plural; and the suffering, self-offering woman becomes at last the true, the open-eyed redemptrix: for Love, in truth, is the "Eternal Womanly" itself. . . . However, to summarize the thing, I ask you: Can you figure to yourself a *moral action* otherwise than under the idea of *Renunciation?* And what is the highest holiness, *i. e.*, complete Redemption, but the adoption of this principle for every action of our lives?—*Letter to August Roeckel.*

SIEGFRIED'S Death, as this, the last and most tragic section of the great Tetralogy, was originally called, was really the first part of the story which Wagner cast into dramatic form. But he saw in working it out that its deeply stirring interest and enormous import needed a setting forth of earlier causes in order to make the meaning clear. Thus it came about that, working backwards, the poet-musician unfolded the tale to the point where

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we see in the theft of Alberich, the cause of Siegfried's death at the hand of the Nibelung's son Hagen. Let us not lose sight of the elements of the "Eternal Manly" (Will, Force and Intellect) and the "Eternal Womanly," (Endurance, Love and Intuition) which one sees embodied again and again in the characters of these four dramas until they find their noblest expression in the union of

RICHARD WAGNER.

(We are indebted to the Musical Courier, New York, for this excellent portrait.)

Siegfried and Brynhild—a union which (as Brynhild foresaw) means death to them both, but in that death, VICTORY and REDEMPTION.

The Dusk of the Gods is ushered in by the sorrowful song of the three Norns (Goddesses of Fate and Daughters of Erda), as they weave the Cord of Fate and tell the story of the past on the Valkyrie's Rock. In the background is the yellow glow of the fire.

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The first Norn tells of the World's Ash Tree on whose verdant branches they once weaved the Cord of Fate. From its roots there welled forth a stream of purest knowledge.

A fearless god
Sought to drink of the fount,
*Giving up an eye**
To buy the ineffable boon.

Then from the Ash-Tree, Wotan broke off a branch to serve as the shaft of his all-ruling spear. The Tree, thus wounded, withered and died; the Fount of Knowledge ceased to flow.

Dark with sorrow
Waked then my song.
I weave again
At the World's Ash Tree no more,
So must the Fir Tree
Find me support for the Cord.

Then the second Norn relates how Wotan carved on his spear the Runes of Bargain, and the fearless Hero he had created cut it in twain. How he then summoned his heroes to fell the Ash Tree and gather the wood into faggots. Now, sings the third Norn, he sits in Valhalla, surrounded by gods and heroes, with the faggots piled around its walls. When the wood takes fire, then will begin the dusk of the gods. By the power of his spear he chained the Fire God to the Valkyrie's Rock. One day he will thrust the splintered spear shaft into Loke's smouldering breast, and cast the burning brand into the heap which surrounds Valhalla.

The night is waning and the Cord gets tangled and frayed, as the Norns tell of Alberich's theft and his awful Curse. Suddenly it breaks, and tying the pieces round their bodies they disappear, crying:

Here ends all our wisdom!
The world knows
Our wise words no more.
Away! To Mother! Away!

As the dawn appears, Siegfried and Brynhild enter from the Cave. He is in full armor and she leads her horse Grane, saying, "What worth were my love for thee if I sent thee not forth to shape fresh deeds? *Only the fear that thou hast not won enough of my worth* makes me hesitate." Then, as if sensing the future, she utters these solemn and beautiful words:

* Remember that this eye (the eye of spiritual vision) was afterwards regained by Siegfried when he had slain the Dragon. (See note to *Siegfried, ante* p. 56.)

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Think of the oaths which unite us,
Think of the faith we bear,
Think of the love we feel ;
Then will Brynhild always burn
In thy heart as a holy thing.

As token of this love Siegfried gives her the Ring—that dread symbol of selfish power which still holds Alberich's Curse. In return she gives him her horse, Grane, who is fearless as Siegfried himself. Now he recognizes that it is from her he gets his power and virtue :

Thy noble steed bestriding
And with thy sheltering shield,
Now Siegfried am I no more :
I am but as Brynhild's arm !

Whilst Brynhild's parting words remind him of their essential unity :

So art thou Siegfried and Brynhild.—
. . . . . .
O ye holy powers above us
Watch o'er this devoted pair !
Though apart, who can divide us ?
Though divided, we are one !

Can we not hear those beautiful lines from the *Dream of Ravan*—

Before all time—beyond—beside,
Thou rememberest her eternally,
For she is thy spirit's primeval bride,
The complement of thy unity,
Joined or dissevered, averted or fond,
'Twixt her and thee an eternal bond
Exists, which tho' ye were to seek,
Ye cannot ever, ever break—
A bond from which there is no freeing,
Since the typal spirit never
From its antitype can sever,
She is a portion of thy being
To all eternity.

Let the mind go back over this beautiful story of our forefathers which Wagner devoted the flower of his life-energy to forcing into the hearts of a cold, unbrotherly generation—the story of the loving care and protection of Brynhild for Siegfried, even before he came into objective being, and of her sacrifice of godhood in order to become united with him, teach him her wisdom, and so produce "The perfect Man, the Man-God, who is higher than the Angels." It is

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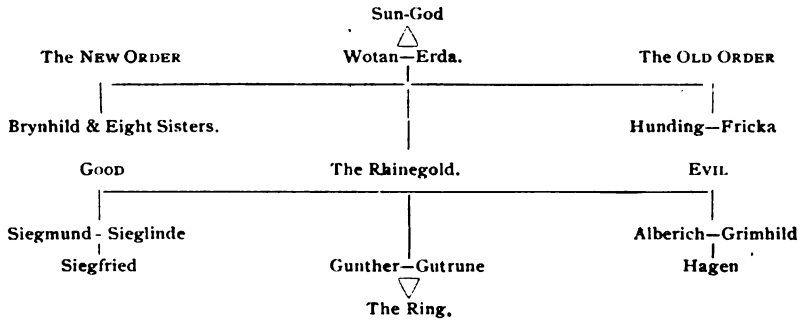
the self-sacrificing love of the "Inner God" for its Human Reflection, here throwing a beautiful and ennobling light on the higher and more real aspects of human relationship.

To the soul, newly united to its divine nature, there now comes a final trial, and his safety will depend on his keeping the remembrance of that divinity within his heart. Here it is that we shall see the last terrible result of the Nibelung's Curse. In order to understand clearly the complicated action which follows it will be well to roughly indicate the grouping of the good and evil forces as the various embodiments of the Will and Intellect of Wotan and the Wisdom and Love of Erda. The diagram must therefore not be taken in the ordinary sense of a genealogical tree.



With the parting of Siegfried and Brynhild the Epilogue closes and we are introduced to the Hall of the Gibichungs on the banks of the Rhine, where Hagen, the anger-begotten son of "Love's dark enemy," is plotting to get the Ring from Siegfried. His tools are the Gibichungs, Gunther and his sister Gutrune. It is interesting to note that they are the half-blood relations of Hagen, and they stand midway between the good and evil forces as shown in the foregoing diagram. To the vain and ambitious Gunther the evil half-brother holds out the prospect of winning more power and wisdom by wedding the maiden who dwells on the fire-girt rock. But only Siegfried, greatest of heroes, can pass through the fire; how then can Gunther win her? Hagen forthwith unfolds his crafty plan: Gunther shall give Siegfried a drink which shall cause him to forget Brynhild and fall in love with Gutrune. While they plot Siegfried's horn is heard on the Rhine and he enters in search of Gunther. The Drink of Forgetfulness is offered to him by Gutrune, and, accepting it, he immediately falls in love with her. Turning to Gunther he asks if he is married; Gunther replies that he is not and that he wishes to espouse Brynhild. Siegfried, at the mention of that name, shows that the Drink of Forgetfulness has done its

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double work and he has lost all memory of his holy love. Not only so, but he now enters into the rite of Blood-Brotherhood with Gunther, and undertakes with the aid of the Farn-helm or Helmet of Concealment to take Gunther's form and win Brynhild for him. We may here quote Wagner's comment on this, and the closely allied drama of *Tristan and Isolde* which he wrote during the greater labors of the Ring. "Both Siegfried and Tristan, in bondage to an illusion* which makes this deed of theirs unfree, woo for another their own eternally predestined bride, and in the false relation hence arising find their doom."

Meanwhile Brynhild is visited by her sister-Valkyrie, Valtranta, who in agitated and sorrowful tones tells her how Wotan sits silent and grave in Valhalla's halls, and has sent forth his two ravens to bring him tidings of the end:

Unto his breast
Weeping I pressed me;
His brooding then broke;—
And his thoughts turned, Brynhild, to thee!
Deep sighs he uttered,
Closed his eyelids,
As he were dreaming,
And uttered these words:
"The day the Rhine's three daughters
Gain by surrender from her the Ring
From the Curse's load
Released are gods and men!"

But merely to preserve the old order of things—the pomp and selfish rest of Valhalla and the gods—Brynhild will not renounce the Ring, and sends Valtranta away in despair. Wagner's explanation to his friend, August Roeckel, who could not fathom his deep meaning, throws the necessary light on this:

"Let me say a further word about Brynhild. Her, also, you misjudge, when you call her refusal to make away the Ring to Wotan hard and perverse. Have you not seen how Brynhild cut herself from Wotan and all the gods for sake of *Love*, because—where Wotan harbored plans—she simply loved? After Siegfried fully woke her, she has had no other knowledge saving that of Love. Now—since Siegfried sped from her—the symbol of this Love is—the *Ring*. When Wotan demands it of her, nothing rises to her mind but the cause of her severance from Wotan (because

* The illusion of matter, here represented by the Gibichungs, Hagen and the Curse of the Ring. In *Tristan* it is represented by King Mark for whom Tristan wooes Isolde.

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she dealt from Love) ; and only one thing knows she still, that she has renounced all godhood for Love's sake. But she knows that Love is the only godlike thing ; so, let Valhalla's splendor go to ground, the Ring—her love—she will not yield. I ask you : How pitifully mean and miserly were she, if she refused to give up the Ring because she had heard (mayhap through Siegfried) of its magic and its golden might? Is *that* what you seriously would attribute to this glorious woman? If, however, you shudder to think of her seeing in that *Cursed Ring* the symbol of true Love, you will feel precisely what I meant you to, and will recognize the power of the Nibelung's Curse at its most fearful, its most tragic height : then will you fully comprehend the necessity of the whole last drama, *Siegfried's Death*. That is what we still had to witness, to fully realize the evil of the Gold."

Here we can plainly see that the Curse is now blinding even Brynhild, and she fails to see that Love, renounced by Alberich in the lowest depths to gain selfish power, must now be renounced by her in its highest form *as a personal possession* if the Curse is to be redeemed. It is the terrible results which follow this last and highest form of Desire that force Brynhild to realize the necessity for executing Wotan's last wish. For be it remembered that, in Wagner's own words, "Wotan soars to the tragic height of willing his own undoing."

Now comes the most awful scene in this dark tragedy. Brynhild hears the notes of Siegfried's horn and eagerly awaits his coming, when lo ! to her astonishment and terror a strange form appears through the fire, announces himself as Gunther, and claims her as wife. In vain she holds up the ring to protect herself ; he wrests from her the treasured love-token and takes her to the real Gunther, who waits without. "Why does Brynhild so speedily submit to the disguised Siegfried?" continues Wagner in his letter. "Just because he had torn from her the *Ring*, in which alone she treasured up her strength. The terror, the dæmoniacal, of the whole scene has entirely escaped you. Through the flames foredoomed for Siegfried alone to pass, the fire which experience has shown that he alone *could* pass, there strides to her—with small ado—an 'other.' The ground reels beneath Brynhild's feet, the world is out of joint ; in a terrible struggle she is overpowered, she is 'forsaken by God.' Moreover it is *Siegfried*, in reality, whom (unconsciously—but all the more bewilderingly) despite his mask, she—almost—recognizes by his flashing eye. (You feel it, here passes something quite '*unspeakable*,' and therefore you are very wrong to call me to account for it in speech !)"

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Once more we return to the banks of the Rhine. It is still night, and Alberich, ever on the watch to regain his lost booty, is holding conclave with his son. The pale moonlight dimly reveals the evil pair :

Yet potent hatred
I planted, Hagen,
In thee, my avenger :—
To win me the Ring,
Thou'llt vanquish Volsung and Wotan.
Swear to me, Hagen, my son?

Hagen gives the required oath. The rising sun reveals Siegfried returning alone from the Valkyrie's Rock. Questioned by Hagen and Gutrune, he relates the horrible night's work and how he brought Brynhild to the real Gunther :

When shore was near,
Flash !—in shape
Reversed were Gunther and I.
Then by the helmet's virtue,
Wishing I hither flew.
By hast'ning wind impelled,
The pair up the river come.

The two falsely-matched couples meet. Brynhild, with terror and amaze, recognizes Siegfried. Almost fainting she falls into the unconscious hero's arms, murmuring, "Siegfried —— knows me not !" Mark the growing horror of this intensely dramatic crisis ; for, as Siegfried points to her supposed husband Gunther, in a flash she sees the Ring on his finger. Starting forward, "with fearful impetuosity," she exclaims : "Ha ! That Ring upon his hand ! His ——? Siegfried's ——?" Struggling to repress the storm of emotion which rises within her, she imperiously demands of Gunther an explanation. But Gunther, puzzled, knows nothing of it. Then, turning frantically on Siegfried, she accuses him of the heartless theft, denied in all unconsciousness by the hero, who, under the spell of the magic drink, remembers naught after winning it from the Dragon. This last fearful plot of the dark powers blinds even Brynhild's sight. She does not see that Siegfried unconsciously deceived her, and calls on the Gods to avenge the wrong :

Holy Gods !
Ye heavenly guardians !
Was this indeed
Your whispered will?
Grief do ye give

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Such as none ever grasped,
Shape me a shame
No mortal has shared?
Vouchsafe revenge then
Like none ever viewed,—
Rouse me to wrath
Such as none can arrest!
Here let Brynhild's
Heart straight be broken
If he who wronged her
May but be wrecked.

Straightway she declares that Siegfried is her true husband, and he is accused of breaking his oath of Blood-Brotherhood with Gunther. On the spear-point offered by the plotter Hagen he swears:

Where steel e'er can strike me;
Strike thou at me:
Where'er death can be dealt me
Deal it to me,
If she really is wronged—
If I have injured my friend.

And on this fateful point Brynhild also swears:

I sanctify thy strength
To his destruction!
And I bless thy blade, withal,
That it may blight him;
For broken are all of his oaths,
And perjured now doth he prove.

Horrible is the delusion which besets this hapless pair. Brynhild dimly feels it, and, as Siegfried and Gutrune depart, she murmurs in bewilderment:

What infernal craft
Can here be hidden?
. . . . . .
What can all my runes do
Against this riddle?

Now the arch-plotter Hagen, watching his opportunity, learns from her that she had made Siegfried invulnerable except in his back, since she well knew that he would never turn it to an enemy. "There," says Hagen, "shall he be speared." Thus is the plot completed for the Hero's death.

BASIL CRUMP.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE THREE OBJECTS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D., F.T.S.

I. UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE first and main object of the Theosophical Society and the one to which the other two objects are only subsidiary, is the formation of a nucleus for the practical carrying out of the idea of universal brotherhood, irrespective of any dogma, creed, religious belief or opinion whatsoever; and the only thing which the Theosophical Society as such demands of its members, is that each shall grant to the opinion of others the same amount of tolerance that he claims for his own. However opinions may differ in regard to different subjects, and however much the members may discuss these differences of opinion and try to convince each other of what each believes to be true, or to demolish erroneous theories, there ought to be amongst them that harmony of soul-union, which springs from the recognition of the one certain fact that we are all manifestations of the one great divine spirit, in whom we all dwell and live and have our being and who lives and dwells and strives for manifestation in us.

Owing to the many misconceptions existing within and without the ranks of the Theosophical Society in regard to its nature and object, this non-dogmatic and unsectarian character of the Society can hardly be asserted and insisted on with sufficient emphasis. The idea of a society having no dogma and no creed is too grand to be grasped by the average mind accustomed to see itself surrounded by innumerable circles, each of which has a certain accepted thought, but no real self-knowledge for its centre. The idea of universal brotherhood is no theory, it springs from no inferential knowledge based upon appearances; it arises from the recognition of the truth, that God is one in all, and this recognition is not a theory worked out by the brain, but a self-evident truth, clear to the soul in which it has become manifest. It is not a matter of mere belief or philosophical speculation, but a matter of understanding; it is not an idea to be invented, but an eternal truth which is to be grasped, and which must be felt by the heart before it can be realized by the brain. There is nothing in the constitution of the Theosophical Society which requires us to believe in any particular doctrine or in the infallibility of any person; nothing is asked of

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any member except tolerance. He who is tolerant is loyal to the constitution of the Society and loyal to the principle upon which that Society rests ; he who is intolerant is not loyal to that principle and acts against the object of the Society, and cannot be a true member of it, even if he were to be regarded by the public as necessary to its existence.

The Society has no adopted belief, nor can it ever have one without deserting its character as a theosophical society and taking a place among the many sects and societies crystallized around this or that theory or opinion. Even if some such theory were believed in by all the members, it could not become a dogma of the Society without destroying its character. If for instance the doctrine of Reincarnation—of the truth of which I am myself convinced—were to be adopted as a dogma of the Society, it would become a Society of Reincarnationists, drawing a dividing line between itself and those who did not believe in that dogma, and thus separating itself from that part of the great universal brotherhood of humanity. The word *Theosophia* means divine wisdom or the wisdom of the gods ; but divine wisdom is not made up of opinions and theories, it is the recognition of absolute truth, independent of any proofs or inferences, it is soul-knowledge illumined by the higher understanding ; it is enlightenment and manifests itself first of all as what is called "common sense." To those who have no wisdom the meaning of wisdom cannot be made comprehensible ; those who possess it, require no further explanation of it.

According to this definition of terms, a "Theosophist" would mean a man in possession of divine wisdom. If taken in that sense, I am not presumptuous enough to claim to be a Theosophist, neither do I consider the Theosophical Society to be composed of people in possession of divine wisdom. In fact we are not a society of Theosophists, which would mean sages and saints or adepts, but merely a Theosophical Society ; that is to say a society of people striving after higher knowledge or enlightenment, in the same sense as a Philosophical Society would not necessarily have to be a society composed of full-fledged philosophers.

But if a "Theosophist" means a person striving after wisdom, everybody who seeks for enlightenment is a Theosophist, whether or not he belongs to any society. In fact there are probably only a few people in the world who are not seeking or who do not believe they are seeking for light, and in this sense the whole world is striving after Theosophy. The teacher who educates the children, the preacher who presents to his congregation religious truths in a form which they are able to understand, the scientist who makes an

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invention that benefits mankind, and really everybody who does something useful for humanity works for Theosophy and is carrying out the dictates of wisdom. Only those who wish for the aggrandizement of self, those who work for their personal ambition, or to put themselves in possession of riches, or to outshine the rest, are the anti-Theosophists and anti-Christs, because they work for the illusion of self and that self is the devil, the enemy of love and truth. An ignorant servant girl who sweeps the steps, so that visitors may find them clean, is a far greater Theosophist than the greatest theologian or scientist, having his brain full of theories regarding the mysteries of divinity and having no love or truth or goodness within his heart. If everybody were to know the principle upon which the Theosophical Society is based, and if the members would act according to it, there is probably not a single honest and unselfish person in the world who would not hasten to join the Society.

The attainment of wisdom means the attainment of internal development; not only intellectual and moral, but above all spiritual development. In a perfect man or woman all of his or her principles or qualities are developed in the right direction. For the purpose of becoming a prize-fighter the muscles of the body must become well developed; for the purpose of becoming a good intellectual reasoner, the intellectual faculties and reasoning powers must be developed; for the purpose of attaining divine wisdom, the spiritual and divine powers of man must become unfolded by the influence of the light of divine wisdom.

All book learning, all dogmatic belief or all the theories in the world taken together, do not constitute wisdom; nevertheless we do not object to intellectual research nor to belief in dogmas. Everything is good in its place. Grass is good for the cow and meat for the lion. We do not ask anybody to give up his or her religious belief and to become converted to Theosophy: the blind cannot be converted to seeing the light. We only advise everyone to seek for the truth within his or her own religion; and if they have found it, they will have outgrown the narrow boundaries of their system and opened their eyes to the perception of principles. We do not ask the lame to throw away the crutches by which they are enabled to walk; we only try to instruct them how to walk without crutches, and when they accomplish it, they will want these crutches no more. We cannot overcome error by ignoring it, we cannot conquer ignorance by itself, we cannot become victorious by avoiding battle; but we should not be satisfied with our errors and narrow views; we should make room for more light.

Absolute truth is one and universal; it cannot be divided and

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the mind of no mortal man can grasp it as a whole. There is no bottle big enough to contain the whole ocean. But the more a man outgrows the narrow conception of self and the more his mind expands, the nearer does he come to the truth and the more will the light of truth become manifest in him; while on the other hand the more the light of truth becomes manifest in him, the more will it expand his soul and illuminate his mind, and, by helping him to outgrow the delusion of self, bring him nearer to the recognition of absolute truth, nearer to God. The great sun of divine wisdom shines into the little world, called "man," and the more the light of that sun is received by that little world, the more will the light therein grow and expand, and the two lights will thus be brought nearer to each other, until both lights blend into one. When the soul of man, the reflection of the light of divine wisdom, becomes one with the Oversoul, both will be as one. Then will the wisdom of God be the wisdom of man; there will be no extinction of individuality, but the individual soul of man will have become so great as to embrace the whole, and God and Man will be no longer separate, but one.

There is nothing in our way to the attainment of wisdom, except the love of self, and the love of self can be conquered only through unselfish acts. It is of little use to dream and talk about universal brotherhood and tolerance, if we do not practise it. An ideal will remain forever only an unattained ideal, unless we realize it by practice. When the ideal is once realized, it ceases to be a mere ideal for us and becomes a reality, and only when we begin to realize a thing can we come into possession of real knowledge in regard to it. Thus the theory must lead to the practice and without the practice the theory alone is of little value. If we practise the dictates of Universal Brotherhood, we will gradually grow up to the understanding of it and we will finally see in every being not only our brother and sister, but our own real self, which is God in All, though appearing in innumerable forms of manifestation. And having once attained through the expanding power of love that greatness of soul which constitutes the real Theosophist, there will be room for the manifestation of the light of divine wisdom, and as we enter into the wisdom of the gods, the wisdom of the gods will be our own.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

(*To be continued.*)

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BUDDHA'S RENUNCIATION.

Being an Original Translation from the Sanskrit of *Ashvaghosha's Buddha-Charita.*

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S., F. T. S.

IT is not quite certain when the poem, from which is taken this story of The Great Renunciation, was written; but we shall go near the truth if we say it dates from about two thousand years ago. So famous was this life of the Redeemer of Asia, and so great was the honor in which its author was held, that, when the Good Law passed beyond the barrier of the Snowy Mountains that hem in India like a wall, this book, carried with them by the Buddha's followers, was translated into the tongues of northern lands, and versions of it, in both Chinese and Tibetan, are well known at the present day. These versions were made when Buddha's doctrine first penetrated to the north, and from them, more than from any other book, the ideal of Buddha, as it lives among the disciples beyond the Himalayas, was formed and confirmed.

The manuscripts of this life of Buddha, which have been brought to the west, are copies of a single original, preserved in the library at Khatmandu, the capital of Nepal; and from the same place came our earliest knowledge of Buddha's teaching, and our earliest copies of Buddhist books. Looking back to our first acquaintance with Buddhism, and calling to mind the numberless books that have been written of recent years concerning Buddha's doctrine, we cannot refrain from marvelling at the persistence with which a teaching so simple and so full of light has been so grievously misunderstood. The truth seems to be that our linguists are no philosophers, and that our philosophers are no linguists; and so, between them, they have done the doctrine of the Buddha much wrong, painting it either as a pessimism so dreary and full of gloom that we are forced to wonder whether it was worth the prince's while to leave the pleasures of his palace, even though they had begun to taste bitter-sweet in his mouth, in order to discover so lugubrious an evangel; or giving us instead, as his authentic doctrine, a nihilism so complete that it could never have brought hope or light to the most miserable wretch that breathed, and from which even its expounders turn away repelled. In short, to hear his western prophets, the Buddha's mission was a ghastly failure, his glad tidings were something darker than our darkest fears, his gospel of

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hope, a confession of utter hopelessness, his renunciation made in vain.

But it is very certain that to no such doctrine as this would half the world have gladly turned, nor, in all the long years of his ministry, could one, bringing only such a message, have raised hope in a single sorrowing human heart, much less drawn after him those countless followers, the story of whose glad conversion is told in the annals of his faith.

To rid ourselves of these nightmare views of Buddhism, there is nothing like the teachings of Buddha himself, and the study of the books that have inspired his followers for twenty centuries. And in doing this, we shall be well-advised to turn first to this old Life of Buddha, written, as we have said, some two thousand years ago. Of all our western books on Buddhism, none has even rivalled the success of *The Light of Asia*, and this because the teaching put forth in it does really speak of hope and healing; does really appeal to the heart of man, as, the old traditions tell us, the spoken words of Buddha had appealed, when he first delivered his great Message, two and a half milleniums ago. The life of Buddha, one chapter of which we here translate, offers numberless most interesting points of comparison with *The Light of Asia*, and it is no disparagement of the modern poet, if we award the palm to the more ancient, as having a deeper grasp of the great Teacher's thought, a more philosophic insight, and, withal, a richer and more abundant wealth of poetry, finer beauty of imagery, and a purer and robuster style. How easy, for instance, it would have been, for a lesser poet, to have fallen into faults of corruption in that last, splendidly colored scene of Buddha's revulsion from the pleasures of life, and the supreme temptation of sensuous things. But the best comment on the poem is the poem itself.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

So he, the Shakya sovereign's son, unenslaved by things of sense, even those that are full of allurement, did not delight in them nor find contentment in his heart, like a lion pierced by a poisoned arrow. And, once on a time, with a following of the sons of the courtiers, most skillful, and of his companions eloquent, led by the desire to see the forest, and seeking pleasure there, he set forth with the permission of the King. He was mounted on his steed, Kanthaka, decked with a bridle of new gold, with tinkling bells, and adorned with waving yaktails, set in fair gold, as the moon might mount a comet. And led by the charm of the forest, he wandered

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on to the border of the wood, desiring to behold the beauty of the earth. And he beheld the fruitful earth being ploughed, as the path of the share divided the soil like the waves of the sea; and he saw also how, when the grassy sods were cut and thrown aside by the plough, the numberless lives of minute creatures were scattered and slain. Viewing the earth thus, he greatly grieved, as for the death of his own kin. Watching the men who were ploughing also, and how they were stained and parched by the sun and the wind and the dust, and seeing the draught oxen galled by the burden of the yoke, he, noblest of all, was full of pity. Thereupon, dismounting from his horse's back, he wandered slowly away, penetrated by grief; thinking on the birth and the passing away of the world. "Pitiful, indeed, is this!" he said, oppressed by sadness. Desiring, therefore, loneliness in his spirit, he sent back his friends that would have followed him, and sat down in a solitary place at the root of a rose-apple tree, heavily laden with luscious leaves; and he rested there on the earth, carpeted with grass and flowers, enameled as with precious stones.

And meditating there on the coming into being, and the passing away again of the world, he sought for a firm pathway for his mind; and when he had reached a firm resting-place for his mind, the desire for things of sense, and all longing towards them, suddenly left him. He reached the first meditation, discernment with clear reason, full of peace, and of nature altogether free from fault. And reaching this, he passed on to the soul-vision born of discernment, which is happy with supreme delight; and he went forward in thought from this to the path of the world, understanding it perfectly.

"Pitiful is it, in truth, that man born thus, to sickness, to waste away, to perish, the life-sap sinking out of him, should despise another, oppressed by old age, full of sickness or stricken with death, blinded by desire; but if I also, being such as they, should despise another, then that were against the nature of my being. Nor may such a thing as this be possible for me, who know the higher law."

As he thus spoke, beholding the world's dark shadows, sickness and age and misfortune, in the full activity of his life and youth and force, the joy in them that had filled his heart, faded suddenly away. Nor was he thereby overcome with astonishment, nor did remorse overtake him, nor did he fall into doubt, nor into faintness and oblivion. Nor was his mind inflamed by the allurements of desire, nor did he hate or despise anyone. So this wisdom grew in him, free from every stain and pure, in him mighty-souled.

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Then, unbeheld of other men, one drew near to him, in the garment of a wanderer; and that son of the king of the people questioned him, speaking thus:

"Say what man thou art!" thus he commanded him. And he made answer:

"Thou leader of the herd of men, I am a wanderer, oppressed by the fear of birth and death, a pilgrim seeking after liberation; I wander forth seeking to be free, in this world whose very nature it is to fade; and so I seek a blessed resting-place, unfading. No more akin to other men, I am equal-minded, turned back from sin and rage after things of sense. I rest wherever it may chance, at the root of a tree, or in some desert dwelling; or among the mountains, or in the forest. So I move through the world, without lust of possession, without hope or fear, a pilgrim to the highest goal."

And as the king's son thus beheld him, speaking these things he ascended again into heaven, for he was indeed a dweller of the celestials, who had taken that form to rouse the prince to memory, seeing that his thought was deeper than his mien. And when he had passed away through the air, like a bird of the air, he, the best of men was astonished, and marveled greatly. Then understanding what should be, he prepared his soul for the battle, knowing well the law. So king over his senses, like the king of the gods, he mounted his steed most excellent.

Turning back his steed, that looked towards his followers, and thinking on the pleasant forest, he found no delight in the city, free from desire for it, as the king of the elephants enters the circle of the yard from the forest-land.

"Happy and blessed is that woman whose husband is even such as thou art, large-eyed one!" thus spoke the king's daughter, seeing him enter the long pathway to the palace; and he, whose voice was like the sound of the wind, heard this; he found therein great joy. Hearing that word of hers, of "happiness," he set his mind on the way to supreme liberation. So the prince, whose body was like the pinnacle of a mount of gold, whose arm was in strength like an elephant, whose voice was as the deep voice of the wind, whose eye was keen as a bull, entered the dwelling, the desire of the imperishable law born within him, his face radiant as the moon, and lion-like in valor. Advancing, stately like the king of the forest, he approached the king of the people, who was sitting there, in the midst of the host of his counsellors, as the mind-born son of the Creator might draw near to the king of heaven, flaming in the midst of the powers of the breath. And making obeisance to him, with palms joined, he thus addressed him:

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"O sovereign of the people, grant me this request! I would set forth a pilgrim, seeking for liberation, for certain is the dissolution of mankind here below." The king, hearing this speech of his, shivered, as shivers a tree when an elephant strikes it. And clasping those two hands of his, lotus-like, he spoke to him this word, his voice choked with tears:

"Put away from thee, beloved, this mind of thine, for the time is not yet come for thee to enter on the pilgrimage of the law. In the first age of life, when the mind is still unstable, they say it is a grievous fault to enter thus on the path of the law. For the heart of a young man, whose appetites are yet eager for the things of sense, infirm in the keeping of vows, and who cannot remain steadily determined, the mind of him, still without wisdom, wanders from the forest to the things of unwisdom. But mine, O lover of the law, is it now to seek the law instead of thee, giving up all my wealth to thy desire. O thou of certain valor, this law of thine would become great lawlessness, if thou turnest back from thy master. Therefore putting away this determination of thine, be thou devoted yet for a while to the duties of a householder. And after thou hast enjoyed the pleasures of manhood, thou wilt find truer delight in the forest and forgetfulness of the world."

Hearing this word of the king's he made answer in a voice modulated and low:

"If thou wilt become my surety in four things, king, then will I not seek the forest and renunciation: that this life of mine shall not turn toward death; that sickness shall never steal upon my health; that old-age shall not cast down the glory of my youth; and that calamity shall not rob me of my prosperity."

The king of the Shakyas made answer to his son, thus putting upon him such a heavy quest:

"Abandon thou this mind of thine, set upon going forth, and this plan of thine, worthy of ridicule, and full of wilfulness."

And so he, who was the lord of the world, spoke thus to his lord:

"If thou doest not as I have said, then is my course not to be hindered. For he who would escape from a dwelling that is being consumed by fierce flames, cannot be kept back. And as in the world separation is certain, but not in the Law; then better separation lest death carry me away, powerless to resist, with my mission unfulfilled, my peace unwon."

The king of the land, hearing this speech of his son, eager to set out on the search for freedom, thinking: "he shall not go!" set a strong guard upon him, and most excellent allurements. And he,

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escorted by the ministers, as was fitting, with much honor and obeisance as the scripture teaches, thus forbidden by his father to depart, returned to his dwelling, greatly grieved. There he was waited on by fair women, their faces kissed by trembling earrings, their breasts rising and falling in gentle breathing, their eyes furtive, like the eyes of a fawn in the forest. And he, shining like a golden mountain, stirring the hearts of those fair-formed ones with passion, held captive their ears by the sweetness of his voice, their bodies by the gentleness of his touch, their eyes by his beauty, and their very hearts by his many graces. Then when the day was gone, lighting up the palace by his beauty like the sun, he slew the darkness by the shining of his presence, as when the day-star rises on the peak of the holy mountain. When the lamp was lit that sparkled with gold, and was filled with the excellent scent of the black aloe, he rested on his golden couch, very beautiful, whose divisions were splendid with diamonds. And then, in the gloom of evening, those fair women drew round him most fair, with sweet-sounding instruments, as they might draw near to Indra, king of the gods. Or as, on the crest of the Himalaya, on the snowy summit, the singers of the celestials might gather round the wealth-god's son; yet he found no joy in them, nor any delight at all.

For of him, the blessed one, the desire of renunciation, for the joy of the supreme goal, was the cause that he found no delight in them. Then, through the power of the gods that watch over holiness, suddenly a deep sleep fell upon them, woven of enchantments, and, as it came upon them, they were entranced, and the power of motion left their limbs. And one of them lay there, sleeping, her cheek resting on her tender hand; letting fall her lute, well-loved, and decked with foil of gold, as though in anger; and so it lay, beside her body. And another of them gleamed there, the flute clasped in her hands, the white robe fallen from her breast, as she lay; and her hands were like two lotuses, joined by a straight line of dark-bodied bees, and her breast was like a river, fringed with the white water's foam. And another of them slept there, her two arms tender, like the new buds of the lotus, with bracelets interlinked of gleaming gold, her arms wound round her tabor, as though it were her wellbeloved. Others decked with adornments of new gold, and robed in robes of the topaz' color, lay helpless there, in that enchanted sleep, like the branches of the forest tree, that the elephants have broken. And another lay there, leaning on the lattice, her body resting on her bended arm, and gleamed there, bright with pendant pearls, stooping like the curve of an arch in the palace. So the lotus-face of another, adorned with a necklet of gems, and scented

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with sandal, was bent forward, and shone like the curve of a lotus-stem in the river, where the birds sport in the water. And others lay, as the enchanted sleep had come upon them, with bosoms pendant, in attitudes of little grace; and they gleamed there, linking each other in the meshes of their arms, the golden circlets heavy upon them. One of them had sunk to sleep, her arms woven round her lute of seven strings; as though it were her well-beloved companion; and she stirred the lute, tremulous in her hands, and her face with its golden earrings gleamed. Another damsel lay there, caressing her drum, that had slipped from the curve of her arm, holding it on her knees, like the head of a lover, wearied with the subtle sweetness of her allurements. Another fair one shone not, even though her eyes were large, and her brows were beautiful; for her eyes were closed like the lotus-blooms, their petals all crushed together, when the sun has set. So another, her hair all falling in loosened tresses, her robe and adornments fallen in disorder, lay there, the jewels of her necklet all dishevelled, prone like a tree uprooted by an elephant. And others, powerless in that trance, no longer kept the bounds of grace, even though they were of well-ordered minds, and endowed with every bodily beauty; for they reclined there, breathing deep and yawning openly, their arms tossed about, as they lay. Others, their gems and garments fallen from them, the folds of their robes all tumbled, without consciousness, with wide eyes staring and unmoved, shone not in beauty, lying there, bereft of will. The veils had fallen from their faces, their bodies were crowded together, their wide-open lips were wet, their garments fallen in disarray. And another, as though wine had overcome her, lay there, her form all changed, and powerless.

And he, the prince, of fascinating beauty, rested there, quite otherwise, full of seemliness and becoming grace, and bore his form like a lake, when the wind not even stirs the lotuses on its waters. And seeing them lying there, their forms all changed, powerless in their young beauty, even though they had every charm of body, and shone in their endowments, the heart of the prince was repelled within him;

"Unholy and unseemly, in this world of men, are the charms of these enchanting women; and a man becomes impassioned of a woman's beauty, deceived by her fair robes and adornments. If a man should consider the nature of women, thus overcome, and changed by sleep, it is certain that his passion would grow no longer, but he falls into passion, his will overcome by their allurements."

So to him, thus beholding them, the desire of renunciation came suddenly there, in the night. And he straightway perceived that

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the door was set wide open by the gods. So he went forth; descending from the roof of the palace, his mind turned in repulsion from those fair women, lying there in sleep; and so, all fear laid aside, he crossed the first courtyard of the house, and went forth; and awaking the keeper of his steed, the swift Chhandaka, he thus addressed him:

"Bring hither quickly my steed, Kanthaka, for the desire has come upon me to go forth to seek immortality. And as this happiness is born in my heart to-day, and as this mission of mine is fixed irrevocably, so I have now a lord, even in the wilderness, and the goal that I have longed for, is surely before my face. For, as these youthful beauties, putting away all shame and sense of reverence, fell into this trance, before my eyes, and as the doors were opened of their own accord, so it is certain that the hour is come for me to go forth after that which no sickness overtakes."

Obedient then to his master's command, even though he saw that this was the matter of the king's decree, as though moved in mind by the will of another, he set his thoughts to the bringing of the swift-going steed. So he led up that most excellent horse to his master with the golden bridle fitted in its mouth, and its back scarce touched by the light-lying bed—the horse endowed with force and excellence and swift speed, and beautiful with long tail, short ears curved back and breast and sides. And he, strong breasted, mounting it, and soothing it with his lotus-hand, quieted it with his voice as sweet as honey, as though he were getting ready to enter the midst of the army:

"Many are the foes that are turned back in the battle, by the king mounted on thee, and, as I am to seek supreme immortality, so acquit thyself, my steed most excellent! For very easy to find, in truth, are companions, when happiness is sought in things of sense, and when wealth is abundant. But hard to find are companions, for a man who has fallen into misfortune, or who has taken his refuge in the higher law. And they who were my companions in the darkness, in the law, when I take refuge in the law, the truth comes to my heart within me, that they also certainly have their part therein. So understanding this, my search after the law, and knowing that my purpose is set for the weal of the world, do thou, my excellent steed, strive well with thy speed and valor, for thine own welfare, and the world's welfare too."

Thus addressing that best of steeds, as though he were instructing a well-loved companion, he, best of men, longing to go forth to the forest, mounted his white horse, as the sun mounts an autumn cloud lighting up the darkness of the way, and full of beauty.

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Then the excellent steed neighed not lest the rest might hear him. And the sound of his neighing restrained and all in silence he set forth, with hurrying and uncertain footsteps. And as he went the gnomes, that are the courtiers of the treasure-god, bending their bodies before him, strewed lotuses in the way, their arms decked with golden bracelets, lotus-like ; and with their hands held up the hoofs of him, going timidly. And as the king's son went, the gateways of the city, whose doors were held by heavy bars, such as could not be lightly lifted away, even by elephants, opened before him, noiselessly, of their own accord. So the prince left behind him his father, well-disposed towards him, his child, his beloved people, and his unequalled fortune, firm in mind, and looking not behind him ; thus he departed from his father's city. Then viewing the city, with eyes like full-blown lotus-flowers, he sounded the lion note :

"Until I shall have beheld the further shore of birth and death, I shall return no more to Kapilavastu."

Hearing this word of his, the gnomes that wait on the wealth-god rejoiced, and the hosts of the gods, glad at heart, wished him well, in the task he had undertaken. And in their bodies of flame others of the dwellers of the celestials, seeing that what he had undertaken was very hard to accomplish, made a brightness on the midnight path, as when the footsteps of the moon break through the openings of the clouds. And the good steed, swift as the swift steeds of the gods, went forward, as though moved of an inward power, covering many a long league, until the red dawn barred the sky with gold.

IMPERSONALITY.

There was, before me,
Mile upon mile
Of snow, ice, burning sand.
And yet I could look beyond all this,
To a place of infinite beauty;
And I could see the loveliness of her
Who walked in the shade of the trees.
When I gazed,
All was lost
But this place of beauty and her.
When I gazed,
And in my gazing, desired,
Then came again
Mile upon mile,
Of snow, ice, burning sand.

—STEPHEN CRANE, *The Black Riders.*

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MUSIC.

AN INTERVIEW WITH E. A. NERESHEIMER.

WITHIN the past twelve months, thanks to Mrs. Tingley's influence, music has become an important factor in theosophical propaganda and at assemblies of members of the Theosophical Societies. In addition to the admirable work done by Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump with their Wagner lectures, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, the Vice-President of the Theosophical Societies in America, Europe and Australasia, has practically demonstrated the moral power of music by his rare gifts as a singer of songs. At the last two annual Conventions he has been called upon to sing, and yet again to sing, and has given delight to hundreds who have in this way obtained a deeper insight into theosophical principles and ideals. Though an amateur, Mr. Neresheimer had at one time a wide reputation as a singer. For several years his business has been too engrossing to allow continuous attention to music, though his love for his art has never diminished.

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

In a casual conversation the other day he was asked what light his study of Theosophy had thrown upon his earlier investigation of music. He replied that Theosophy had above all things helped him to understand that music is the expression of the soul-life and of psychic experiences in the broadest sense of the word. "But that," he continued, "I had in part already appreciated. Theo-

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sophy helped me to a solution of certain fundamental problems connected with the nature of sound which had previously been almost incomprehensible. It showed me that as all sound is the result of vibration and as all vibration produces sound; and further that as all matter is in motion or vibration, it must follow that wherever there is matter or substance there must also be sound—even though inaudible. Hence this table"—touching one near him—"must be continually producing a certain definite note, though our ears are not sufficiently sensitive to hear it."

"That reminds me," a friend interjected, "of Professor Huxley's oft-quoted statement in his essay 'On the Physical Basis of Life,' that 'the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest, is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.' So it would seem that modern scientists entertain the same ideas in regard to sound as Theosophists. Is that so?"

"Not quite. For the majority of scientists do not carry their theories to proper and logical conclusions. They are too apt to begin and to end with gross matter, with tangible phenomena. Actually, if not theoretically, they are inclined to limit the universe to states of *their own* consciousness and to conditions of matter perceptible to *their own* senses. In regard to sound, for example; if Huxley's statement be true, it must follow that not only the physical body of man, but the ether interpenetrating it and even the substance or inner vehicle of man's mind, must each have a sound of its own. If this were not so, and if sound did not exist within man in some form or another, there would be no connection between himself and the sounds reaching him from without. 'Man is the mirror of the Universe.'"

"Do you believe, Mr. Neresheimer, in the power of *mantrams?*"

"If by *mantrams* you mean the chanting of certain words in order to produce a given effect upon both the performer and those in his immediate neighborhood, I unhesitatingly answer yes. For sound undoubtedly induces varying states of consciousness. It has frequently come to my notice that certain persons experience certain *sensations* by the repetition of melodies, and this is but an unconscious exercise of *mantramic* power on the part of composers and musicians."

"Would you call music a spiritual power?"

"I have never considered music a manifestation of spirit, as do some people. Nevertheless it ranks high among the fine arts and

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may perhaps be compared to a bridge by means of which a close approach to the invisible and unknown can be obtained. I have found that its effectiveness consists more in what it awakens or liberates in people's own minds when listening to it, than in what it purports to be in its composition. That does not alter the fact that it has a power *per se*."

"What, in your opinion, Mr. Neresheimer, should be the aim of a composer?"

"I think it should be to give expression to his own states of consciousness as they occur in moods."

"Do you mean that this should be his aim irrespective of the music's effect upon other people?"

"As soon as a composer takes into consideration the effect of his work upon others, he ceases to be inspired. This must inevitably follow. The majority of musical concoctions and combinations of melodies are valueless, being devoid of that synthetic inspiration which is founded on nature and soul-life. These compositions are only the results of intellectual musical gymnastics, and are destined to live only for the day on which they are created.

"Accepting my definition of what a composer's aim should be, it will be seen that the expression of his moods is the rendering of the repeated experiences which have become settled characteristics of the individual man, and consequently they represent certain stages of his soul-life."

"What, in your opinion, should be a composer's test of success?"

"In composition every one has a standard of truth of his own which arises from his observations of nature. By this standard he tests his musical creations.

"A composer must have an extraordinary ability to observe nature, noticing countless distinctions and occurrences which escape the ordinary man. He must be able to properly appreciate these fine experiences. Secondly he must have the power to synthesize these innumerable observations into a single conclusion or result; and thirdly he must be able to translate into terms of the prevailing musical language these separate observations, or this essential result. But the greatest composer must at all times fall far short of a complete expresssion of his sentiments and ideal.

"A composer like Wagner describes a series of impressions in regard to the time of day, conditions of the atmosphere and so forth. As for instance in *Tristan and Isolde*, in the early part of the second act, where he succeeds in conveying the perfect impression of life in all its exuberance, veiled by the shadows of dusk and by the peace of a summer evening. In it we hear the gurgling of the brook, the

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singing of birds, the myriad hum of insect-life; we sense the rustling of leaves, the majesty of huge, silent trees—time-worn—and above all the brooding atmosphere, charged with an inexpressible fulness, sultry, yet palpitating with vibrant life.

"Now neither of these specialized effects is actually imitated in his music. Yet the impression of it all is unmistakably produced on one's consciousness. Added to this is the effect of the sounding of horns in the distance, to which attention is called in the dramatic situation."

"Do you consider Wagner to have been unique in the possession of this power?"

"By no means. And in this connection it will be well to remember the older school of composers, such as Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert. Nowadays people are inclined to run after all things Wagnerian, but this older school produced marvellous psychological studies. Wagner found a more ornate and, as it were, a more voluminous means of producing heretofore unknown effects orchestrally, and by the application of combinations of instruments. He worked out this system of orchestration on a magnificent scale. This is the real departure in the new orchestral music, which is followed by Brahms, Rubinstein and all the modern composers. So I would say that comparing Wagner with Schumann, for instance, they do not differ so much in conception as in execution.

"My own experience with Robert Schumann may be cited. He has produced very many compositions which are entirely unknown in the realm of song literature, even in his own country. No artist ever takes the trouble to look into them from the right point of view, the composer himself being generally considered insane. He is supposed to have died a lunatic, and a great many of his songs are condemned as mere productions of insanity.

"I once took particular pains to obtain all his vocal compositions, numbering some six hundred. These were collected with infinite trouble from all parts of Germany, out of dusty archives and unexpected corners. Influenced by the general impression about them, I at first failed to see their merit. But with close application and persistence I found the deepest depths of insight and the finest shades of human feeling concealed within them.

"It is evident that Schumann composed these songs from an innate and over-mastering desire to express his aspirations and ideals, irrespective of any appreciation whatever. In his own time his works were not appreciated, nor are they to-day, except by isolated individuals. Yet a study of his compositions affords an unexpected vision of this man's soul and strange psychological states.

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"All of which leads back to my first conclusion, that the highest aim of the composer should be to give expression to his own states of consciousness as they occur in moods."

"What do you think of the present condition of musical composition in America?"

"Well, a vast number of compositions are turned out every year in America, mostly of a sentimental nature, following the German schools in their construction. But among them are found priceless pearls of virgin genius which promise to be individualized in the course of time as American music."

"What, in your opinion, is the chief characteristic of this 'virgin genius'?"

"A deviation in rhythm, founded upon the sentiment which the negro has introduced into America. It is no doubt also true that just as most of the races of the world meet in this country and to a certain extent tend to merge their peculiarities, the result being an original production; so with music, the tendency is to assimilate the qualities of the music of the western world, with possibly something of the oriental—from which is gradually evolving a new style or school.

"The present tendency in this country to favor opera-bouffe, is, in my opinion, only a temporary aberration, because people invariably run after noise and glitter first, before passing on to what is more sincere and real. In proof of this, I would remind you that no American composer has produced an opera-bouffe. They are all of foreign origin. I think that the deep interest taken in this country in the highly complicated music of Wagner is an evidence of progress on the part of the American people."

"What do you conceive to be the ultimate province of music, Mr. Neresheimer?"

"The æsthetic influence which it has at all times exercised on all peoples. By this word æsthetic I mean much; I mean all that tends to elevate the morality, purity and ideality of the race. Good music will always bring us into closer touch with the ideal world. Let me add that the populace may be trusted not to preserve anything which is not based on truth; that is to say, which is not truly inspired. This is particularly true of music, more so, perhaps, than of any other of the fine arts."

"Which form of musical expression do you regard as the most powerful in its effect upon man?"

"The human voice, undoubtedly."

"And your reasons?"

"Because of its infinite possibilities of expression. There is no music which conveys in itself a fixed impression to all hearers. The

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human voice does, however, express at all times the interior state of the speaker or singer, and discloses more accurately than any other method of musical interpretation the extent to which he has entered into the ideal of the composer."

"Do you mean that between music produced on such an instrument as the violin and that produced by the voice, there is an actual difference in quality—that they have a different *sort* of power?"

"I do; because the voice carries with it the synthetic expression of the performer's entire being as the result of his past. Consequently, the more one has suffered or enjoyed, the better will one be able to give rise to similar impressions in others. You remember Shelley's words, 'They learn in suffering what they teach in song': a one-sided expression of a great truth. If a man has had a wide experience of suffering, it is stored up within him, and unconsciously to himself, in both speaking and singing, he expresses his unwritten past, and so evokes a corresponding sentiment in those present who have also suffered. This is done by means of the vibrations of his voice upon the psychic nature of his hearers. A superficial or unformed character will unmistakably reveal itself in this way."

"And now, Mr. Neresheimer, will you sing us the 'Song to the Evening Star,' from *Tannhauser?*"—but unfortunately Mr. Neresheimer's rendering cannot be recorded.

WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION.

BY E. AUG. NERESHEIMER.

LIFE'S problems: "Why, How, Whence?" easily arise in one's mind when it but slightly deviates from the dreamy groove in which most of us pass our days.

Nature sometimes gently nudges us at the point of waking from this slumber, and invitingly coaxes, "Come, look at me, lay me bare"; but no, the dreamer goes on dreaming till he finds himself rudely shocked by pain.

Exoteric creeds with the crude promise of Heaven and the dread of Hell give no help in the solution of these problems to the aspiring soul; nor are the philosophical systems of this cold age calculated to aid much in the construction of a satisfactory doctrine of life and death. No light anywhere, in spite of all the pretence to show us the way out of the darkness. After vain search in the field of other

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men's thoughts, one hesitatingly turns to his own, almost despairing that there too he shall meet with no better success. But once he is forced by vexatious experiences to take a deep plunge into the inner sanctuary of his own nature, he at last finds there a chord that vibrates in unison with all else; and here must be the clue to the mystery.

Then wells up a deep sympathy for our suffering fellow-man, and there arises a burning desire to know why is all this misery, why and where am I, and what is my connection with the world around me? In a Universe so well regulated, so orderly, so beautiful and just, can it be that man alone is singled out to shift for himself, that he is separate from the rest, and does not share in the harmonious procession of things and events? *Never!*

What a relief then in this dreary desolation to hear for the first time in so many words of the ancient doctrine of "Rebirth, Continuity of Existence."

Every person is a born metaphysician, no matter how lowly his station. Each one constructs his own philosophy, in spite of religious views, preconceived notions, heredity or education; each one for himself records and assimilates his experience and out of it hews a system peculiar to himself, a thread on which he spins and builds all through his life. He may be soaked with belief in some particular system, and march through one life after another perfectly content to depend on the thoughts of others, till at last experience comes which drives him inward, and then he shall hear of the truth, and hearing it, shall understand.

I had marched through life for many weary years looking at the sights and panorama of the world, casting enquiring glances at Religion, Philosophy, Materialism, Spiritualism, in the hope of finding my own experiences interpreted; but without success.

In early youth, before receiving my education, I dreamt continuous dreams of standing before audiences of the highest culture, addressing them on subjects of deep significance, founded on the spiritual unity of the Universe, with a clearness of perception that baffled reflection in the waking state.

Several years later, when engaging in philosophical discussion, I advanced these ideas with positiveness and conviction, though they were foreign to my general trend of thought and education. All through life I have been conscious that what knowledge I possess has only in part been acquired during the present life, and my reflections on these subjects were not connected in the least with the experiences of my youth: they were distinct and bore the aspect of continuity with the past.

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The temptation to assert these convictions became a source of embarrassment, because they were not the result of education consciously checked at every step and detail, as I had been brought up to believe was necessary.

The various aspects of human life presented themselves to my view, but with no concurrent explanation: belief in immortality and universal justice were innate and supreme.

Queries presented themselves: "Can the apparent injustice of the suffering of deserving individuals, or the ease and affluence of the undeserving be explained? What of the method of Evolution? How is it applied to human nature?"

The Esoteric Philosophy alone is consistent in its answer; it alone gives a true philosophy of life.

Underlying its various doctrines is one fundamental proposition, namely the existence of one eternal immutable principle: hence the essential Unity of all life and being. This eternal principle is in everything, and everything is of it. Manifestation of Life takes place as a result of differentiation in this Unity; the purpose of differentiation is evolution, and the end of evolution is the return or involution of all manifestation to its source and original unity.

Differentiation and return to Unity take place in accordance with the law of periodicity, the law of Evolution and Involution, representing a great Cycle. This is repeated by and is analogous to all other minor cycles observable everywhere in nature; ebb and flow, life and death, waking and sleeping, outbreathing and inbreathing, summer and winter, day and night, etc., following one another in unerring succession. All are manifestations of the same principle and the same law governs them also. If this be applied to ourselves, it gives a meaning and an aim to human life and a logical basis for a belief in Evolution.

What evolves is the Soul, the Thinker, not only the body: the latter is merely the vehicle or temporary garment which belongs to a kingdom of its own. Reincarnation makes the evolution of the soul possible. At death, a cycle closes for the purpose of allowing the soul to assimilate the experiences of the life just past, and when the term of rest is ended, the soul will come out of that state and clothe itself with a new body. In the same way the Thinker lives through minor cycles of days and years in each life, being perfectly conscious of the continuity of consciousness, in spite of the change, waste and decay of the body.

Life corresponds to Day and to the waking state, and Death to Night and Sleep: they alternate and each follows the other.

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

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A MODERN MYSTIC.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

BY E. T. HARGROVE, F.T.S.

WHENEVER a mystic is born into the world there must of necessity be joy among all other mystics, and Theosophists will be the first to greet with unqualified gladness the appearance of yet another defender of their ideals—for such Maurice Maeterlinck undoubtedly is. In the great Belgian dramatist's latest work * he shows himself to be one of those rare interpreters of the soul-life of whom many will feel: Here is at last a man who understands me, who knows my most secret sorrow, my heart's desire. His power of introspection is extraordinary, his analysis superb, and, in addition to these uncommon gifts, he has the ability to express in words the most delicate shades of thought and sentiment.

To compare him to a philosopher such as Emerson would not be fair. He lacks Emerson's certainty of touch, and seeks where Emerson had found. But his search is so well directed that he cannot fail to assist all other seekers, and he makes such good use of the light he has already found that its radiance is illuminating to a degree not often equalled in this century. As this is Maeterlinck's first contribution to mystical literature, and he is still young, we may expect a masterpiece from his pen within the next few years. Meanwhile we can afford to be thankful for what he has actually accomplished.

The titles of his essays will give a good clue to his treatment of the subjects he deals with. They are: "Silence," "The Awakening of the Soul," "The Predestined," "Mystic Morality," "On Women," "The Tragical in Daily Life," "The Star," "The Invisible Goodness," "The Deeper Life," "The Inner Beauty." If his meaning occasionally eludes us it may be accounted for by his own frank admission that "the time has not yet come when we can speak lucidly of these things." But his hints are more luminous than most writers' explicit statements.

Now let him speak for himself. His essay on "The Deeper Life" perhaps shows him at his best, and from that we will select a few extracts. "In everything that happens is there light; and

* *The Treasure of the Humble*. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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the greatness of the greatest of men has but consisted in that they had trained their eyes to be open to every ray of this light" (p. 174). "Ah! truly too much of our life is spent in waiting, like the blind men in the legend who had travelled far so that they might hear their God. They were seated on the steps, and when asked what they were doing in the courtyard of the sanctuary, 'We are waiting,' they replied, shaking their heads, 'and God has not yet said a single word.' But they had not seen that the brass doors of the temple were closed, and they knew not that the edifice was resounding with the voice of their God. Never for an instant does God cease to speak; but no one thinks of opening the doors. And yet, with a little watchfulness, it were not difficult to hear the word that God must speak concerning our every act" (p. 178).

"It is not enough to possess a truth; it is essential that the truth should possess us," is the refrain of all his teaching. In the same essay he emphasizes this necessity at length. "To every man there come noble thoughts, that pass across his heart like great white birds. Alas! they do not count; they are strangers whom we are surprised to see, whom we dismiss with impatient gesture. Their time is too short to touch our life. Our soul will not become earnest and deep-searching, as is the soul of the angels, for that we have, for one fleeting instant, beheld the universe in the shadow of death or eternity, in the radiance of joy or the flames of beauty and love. We have all known moments such as these, moments that have but left worthless ashes behind. These things must be habitual with us; it is of no avail that they should come by chance. We must learn to live in a beauty, an earnestness, that shall have become part of ourselves" (p. 183).

And this, on the soul, from "Mystic Morality": "What would happen, let us say, if our soul were suddenly to take visible shape, and were compelled to advance into the midst of her assembled sisters, stripped of all her veils, but laden with her most secret thoughts, and dragging behind her the most mysterious, inexplicable acts of her life? Of what would she be ashamed? Which are the things she fain would hide? Would she, like a bashful maiden, cloak beneath her long hair the numberless sins of the flesh? She knows not of them, and those sins have never come near her. They were committed a thousand miles from her throne; and the soul even of the prostitute would pass unsuspectingly through the crowd, with the transparent smile of the child in her eyes . . . Are there any sins or crimes of which she [the soul] could be guilty? Has she betrayed, deceived, hid? Has she inflicted suffering or been the cause of tears? Where was she while this man de-

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livered over his brother to the enemy? Perhaps, far away from him, she was sobbing; and from that moment she will have become more beautiful and more profound. She will feel no shame for that which she has not done; she can remain pure in the midst of terrible murder. Often, she will transform into inner radiance all the evil wrought before her. These things are governed by an invisible principle; and hence, doubtless, has arisen the inexplicable indulgence of the gods. And our indulgence, too. Strive as we may, we are bound to pardon . . . " (p. 64).

His essay "On Women" is open to criticism; but I dare not criticise. That task must be left to some woman, who would perchance deal with it more mercilessly than any man. I need only say that in our author's opinion women are "indeed nearest of kin to the infinite that is about us." Much that he says, however, even on this subject, it strikingly and beautifully true.

A prominent feature of his teaching is universal brotherhood, though not referred to directly. Frequent statements, such as "a superior atmosphere exists, in which we all know each other"—show his profound appreciation of the unity of soul. This unity, and the power of thought, are constantly dwelt upon, as in this passage from "The Awakening of the Soul": "Is it fully borne home to you that if you have perchance this morning done anything that shall have brought sadness to a single human being, the peasant, with whom you are about to talk of the rain or the storm, will know of it—his soul will have been warned even before his hand has thrown open the door? Though you assume the face of a saint, a hero or a martyr, the eye of the passing child will not greet you with the same unapproachable smile if there lurk within you an evil thought, an injustice, or a brother's tears" (p. 39).

In "Silence" he finds the best and truest speech. "From the moment that we have *something to say to each other*, we are *compelled* to hold our peace: and if at such times we do not listen to the urgent commands of silence, invisible though they be, we shall have suffered an eternal loss that all the treasures of human wisdom cannot make good; for we shall have let slip the opportunity of listening to another soul, and of giving existence, be it only for an instant, to our own; and many lives there are in which such opportunities do not present themselves twice" (p. 5).

But extracts can at best suggest the general tenor of a book. That it is worth reading, from cover to cover, has, I think, been shown above.

E. T. HARGROVE.

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AMBITION.

AMBITION is the first curse, as I have said before ; the subtlest, the most dangerous of temptations. For, let the disciple bear this well in mind : on each plane or condition that he enters, the same vices, the same defects must be faced and overcome, in the form belonging to that plane or condition. Here is a pitfall into which many have fallen, and which I would have all avoid, were it only possible. Some failing is met and conquered on a lower plane, ambition for instance, or else fails of effect there. The man thinks himself done with it, and rightly perhaps, for in his present condition he is. But another day, another moment, and he enters another condition, unconsciously to himself maybe—for so all the earlier initiations are passed—and then the defeated monster returns in a new form, unrecognizable because of its strangeness. And the disciple is overcome ere he is aware, usually not knowing until afterwards of his defeat. Therefore is it written on the walls of the Hall of Learning :

"This is a battle seeming without end, in which the disciple sees himself alone with enemies on every hand."

But take heart of grace, oh ! trembling one, there is an end, whose glory passes knowledge. The true battle ground is the heart : there the disciple has fought and won at last, before it appears outwardly. In confusion lies the great danger, the confusion which warps and blinds the mind, and weakens the faith. Swift, clear, intuitive knowledge must cut the cord of difficulty, and with true faith for shield and honesty of purpose for an armor, well armed thou art, and standest ready for the direst foe. The thoughts of quiet hours, of calm days and serene nights are upon you in the conflict and their influence never lost. One hour of holy meditation has won many a fight of later years. All past aspirations keep guard around you, mingled with the prayers of those whose love acts as a shield about your life. I bid you then press on and on to victory. Fear not, have faith serene and courage dauntless.

CAVÉ.

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THE ALKAHEST.

The Alkahest is defined as "an element which dissolves all metals, and by which all terrestrial bodies may be reduced into their *Ens Primum*, or the original matter (*Akasha*) of which they are formed. It is a power which acts upon the Astral forms (or souls) of all things, capable of changing the polarity of their molecules and thereby dissolve them. The magic power of the free Will is the highest aspect of the true Alkahest. In its lowest aspect it is a visible fluid, able to dissolve all things, not yet known to modern chemistry."

In the book *Paracelsus*, by Franz Hartmann, is given a formula for producing the Alkahest. The writer tried it with the following results. The ingredients used are caustic lime, absolute alcohol, and carbonate of potash. The alcohol is poured on the lime in a retort and distilled until the lime is perfectly dry. The distilled alcohol is then poured on the lime and again distilled, and this process repeated ten times. After the second distillation a peculiar garlicky odor is perceptible. Why this is so is something of a mystery, for chemistry teaches that alcohol undergoes no changes when in contact with lime. A sample of the distillate was sent to a renowned firm of chemists in Brooklyn—authorities in alcohol—who wrote regarding it: "There is no interaction between pure lime and alcohol, no decomposition of either one or the other when brought in contact in such a process as distillation; but you will doubtless remember that almost all limestone has more or less fossil remains in it, and when this limestone is burnt into lime, these fossil remains are simply calcined with it, but the remains are there as impurities in the lime. These impurities do re-act with almost everything like alcohol and water, and it is likely that it is these impurities which give the odor and taste to your distillate."

The peculiar odor is first perceptible at the end of the third distillation. At the end of the sixth it is very strong, and from that time lessens and is replaced by a more pungent odor which is strongest at the end of the ninth, but greatly diminished the last time. In one particular operation the distilled alcohol was very clear all through with the exception of the seventh time, when it became turbid, but before the end of the distillation it cleared.

The next step in the process is to mix the lime with a fifth part by weight of carbonate of potash. This mixture is then placed in

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a retort and heated gradually, after putting about two ounces of absolute alcohol into the recipient. White vapors arise from the powder, and are attracted by the alcohol. The heating is to be continued as long as this takes place. Then "pour the alcohol from the recipient into a dish, and set it on fire. The alcohol burns away and the Alkahest remains in the dish."

Many diverse and contradictory phenomena were observed during a series of observations in following out the quoted directions. Sometimes the alcohol would boil and distill over at a certain temperature, and again it would require nearly twice as high a temperature to effect the same end. This would, of course, indicate an absorption or exchange of atoms, but such exchange seemed opposed to all known laws of chemical action.

The Alkahest is what remains in the dish after the alcohol is burned away. What remains in the dish is a very slight residue, usually of a reddish-brown color, sometimes a cream color or white, especially when heated. Once a peculiar residue remained that seemed to reflect the prismatic colors. The residue has an odd characteristic of reacting differently at different times with various re-agents. Thus the residue obtained from one operation would dissolve in water. The next residue (Alkahest) would not. One would dissolve in hydrochloric acid. Another gave a precipitate with that substance. In fact, the results obtained at different times were very contradictory and puzzling. It is evident, however, that the potency of the Alkahest is obtained from the limestone, for Paracelsus says: "that many a man kicks away with his foot a stone that would be more valuable to him than his best cow, if he only knew what great mysteries were put into it by God by means of the Spirit of Nature."

In *Isis Unveiled*, by H. P. Blavatsky, regarding the Alkahest, we glean that "alchemists claim that primordial or pre-Adamic earth when reduced to its first substance, is, in its *second* stage of transformation, like clear water, the first being the Alkahest proper. This primordial substance is said to contain within itself the essence of all that goes to make up man; it has not only all the elements of his physical being, but even the 'breath of life' itself in a latent state, ready to be awakened." The great characteristic of the Alkahest, "to dissolve and change all sublunary bodies—*water alone* excepted, is explicitly stated."

According to Van Helmont and Paracelsus, the Alkahest does not destroy the seminal virtues of the bodies dissolved. Gold, by its action, is reduced to a salt of gold. Antimony, to a salt of antimony. The subject, exposed to its operation, is converted into the

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three principles, salt, sulphur and mercury, and afterwards into salt alone.

The fabrication of malleable glass is a lost art. It is stated as an historic fact that in the reign of Tiberius an exile brought to Rome a cup of glass "which he dashed upon the marble pavement, and it was not crushed or broken by the fall," and which, as it got "dented somewhat," was easily brought into shape again with a hammer. Such cups and glass-ware, it is claimed, may be found to this day in the monasteries of Thibet. The property of malleability is given to common glass by immersing it for several hours in the Universal Solvent—the Alkahest.

The residue (Alkahest?) obtained from the alchemical operations referred to was submitted to a prominent and high occultist, who wrote regarding it: "I have looked into that matter of the Alkahest. What you gave me *is* strong, but there is a defect, and that defect I saw when I was with you. I have since confirmed it. It is this—you made it in the *wrong place*, *under the wrong influences*, which are prejudicial. These it has *absorbed* and thus spoiled it. It is sensitive or it would be of no value whatever. Being so, it must be protected. You exposed it continually to the noxious effects of . . . Hence, if you want even a measure of success, you must do it where it is free, where nothing bad is, where food and drink are absent. It absorbs. That absorption does two things: (a) reduces its value; (b) adds a deleterious element. For the latter reason, then, it is bad to use what you made. . . . Never forget that in alchemical operations the subtlety of it requires care, or not only prejudice may result, but sometimes danger. Furthermore, do not get too absorbed in it, for in alchemy there is much *Kama*."

Others in the Theosophical Society, the writer understands, have "tried" the Alkahest. A comparison of results might be advantageous.

MEDICUS.

BENEVOLENCE.

From the want of benevolence and the want of wisdom will ensue the entire absence of propriety and righteousness;—he who is in such a case must be the servant of other men. To be the servant of men and yet ashamed of such servitude, is like a bow-maker's being ashamed to make bows, or an arrow-maker's being ashamed to make arrows. If he be ashamed of his case, his best course is to practice benevolence.

The man who would be benevolent is like the archer. The archer adjusts himself and then shoots. If he misses, he does not murmur against those who surpass himself. He simply turns round and seeks *the cause of his failure* in himself.—MENCIUS.

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THE most important feature of the month's record has been the active manifestation of the International Brotherhood League, founded by Mrs. K. A. Tingley, leader of the world-wide theosophical movement. It began its work with the opening of the Lotus Home, of which a report will be found in "The Mirror of the Movement." This is more particularly part of the work for children, but the League itself has a much wider aim, being intended not only "to educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity"; but also "to ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and assist them to a higher life; to assist those who are or have been in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life; to help workingmen to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life; to bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them; to relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and generally, to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world." A particular effort is also to be made to obtain the abolition of capital punishment.

It is a magnificent enterprise and will doubtless be made as great a success by Mrs. Tingley as she made of the Crusade around the globe not long ago. The League will not be finally organized until toward the end of the year, as the Lotus Home for children is a special undertaking; but whenever its other activities commence it will undoubtedly find glad coöperators in the Theosophists of Europe, India and Australasia, as well as of America. Mrs. Tingley speaks of organizing before long, some practical means of raising funds for the Theosophical Society in America and for the International Brotherhood League, jointly.

In addition to these far-reaching undertakings, much quiet work is being done by Mrs. Tingley in connection with the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, Calif. The school has some near surprises in store for us, by which the in-

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terest of the general public should be aroused to a degree exceeding the expectations of the most sanguine. Point Loma is a strange place, with a wonderful future ; perhaps with a wonderful past.

So this great movement continues to cover the world with its wings, at once overshadowing it and leading it in many of its noblest purposes. No class as a rule appreciates the importance and influence of Theosophy better then the newspaper editor and representative. He looks back to the small but pregnant beginning of things made by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in New York City ; he probably had some personal experience of William Q. Judge's heroic and highly successful efforts to consolidate and perfect Madame Blavatsky's achievements ; he now witnesses Mrs. Tingley's brilliant successes, and not only in America, for the cable brought him news of similar successes on three other continents. And as the newspaper man has learned to respect success, wherever he may meet with it, he now treats the subject of Theosophy with seriousness and dignity, honoring its good deeds without prejudice. Theosophy triumphs and Theosophists rejoice.

* * * * * * *

Outside the ranks of any theosophical organization an immense amount of purely theosophical work is being done, as "The Literary World" and "The World of Science" constantly testify. Students of what is sometimes called the "hidden side of nature" cannot fail to find an endless record of facts and theories in current literature, the careful perusal of which would occupy their entire time. One of the latest investigators in this realm has unbosomed himself to a representative of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, summarizing his researches by saying that "the science of creation is simply the science of vibration." Claiming to base his philosophy upon the physical sciences, he has nevertheless arrived at some exceedingly metaphysical conclusions. He admits that his is "the old philosophy of the Buddhists" and that it was the "theory of Pythagoras." According to his view of things "all material manifestations are embodied sounds." "He shows the intimate relationship which exists between sound, heat, color and light. He traces the origin of life and matter from the atom of revolving ether in its primal state to cosmos, then to nebula, to the sun, to the world, to man and to his very immortality"—though in this last respect he is evidently misinterpreted, for he is careful to explain further on that in his opinion "there is no death, but only a transition into higher states and conditions"; and that "the spiritual force or energy is preëxistent ; that it was an entity before it was environed by the body, and hence will exist as such, with the added impress

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of experience, after the spirit is excarnate." He deals largely with the question of the human aura and with the earth's auric sphere—at least more intelligently than some exponents of the subject. Speaking of sex he stated his conviction that the "feminine principle is a centripetal condition, while that of the masculine is centrifugal"—a deeply significant conclusion and one that should be applied to the psycho-physiological processes generally. The existence of "seven spheres" of man and of the earth is also taught. There is a suspicion of *The Secret Doctrine* pervading the statement of his theories, but even if indebted to that book, it may be said on his behalf that he makes better use of it than most of those who borrow but do not acknowledge their indebtedness.

* * * * * * *

This is a season of many changes. In international affairs we all know of the great unrest which prevails. In the politics of this and, in fact, of most countries, men are aban doning their old platforms—considered "sound" till now—and are groping for some new scheme of national life which at least promises improvement. Dissatisfied with the past, uncertain as to the future, they are still in the transition stage, afraid to advance, unable to retreat, finding it difficult to stand still. It is at such times as these that the oratorical reformer, promising much and performing not at all, except in words, finds his great opportunity to gather around himself a multitude of people who find rest and satisfaction in his certainty, so utterly foreign to themselves. They reflect convictions as muddy water may reflect a rush-light, and being very shallow, evaporate about as quickly as the rush-light burns away. Even those whose thought is clear and deep on matters of importance to themselves are sometimes the quickest to succumb before the speciousness of men who are bubbling with one-sided arguments, unauthenticated "facts" and attractive illustrations; for few have time to devote to profound consideration of political and social questions, and, simply aware that the prevailing order of things does not please them, jump at any proffered solution of problems which in no case have they clearly stated to themselves. Once a problem is clearly and correctly stated, it is practically solved. And in this case the statement of the problem will involve consideration of the causes of human misery, which undeniably arise and reside in the minds of rich and poor alike—selfishness, and its cause, which is ignorance. Remove the ignorance and you remove the selfishness; remove that, and you remove the sorrow.

At no other time is it so necessary to move slowly as during a period of transition. Hasty conclusions are fatal. That is why

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the wise man waits till he is certain and when in doubt, stands still. Even though standing still, he can and should still cling to eternal principles, and hence the doubting politician can profitably pass his months or years of uncertainty in proclaiming universal brotherhood to be a law of nature, and in demonstrating that without a recognition of that law as its basis, legislation must prove abortive.

E. T. H.

THE ILLUMINED.

When this path is beheld, then thirst and hunger are forgotten: night and day are undistinguished in this road.

* * * * * * *

Whether one would set out to the bloom of the East or come to the chambers of the West, *without moving*, oh! holder of the bow! *is the travelling in this road!*

In this path, to whatever place one would go, *that town* (or locality) *one's own self becomes!* how shall I easily describe this? Thou thyself shalt experience it.

* * * * * * *

As from the heated crucible all the wax flows out, and then it remains thoroughly filled with the molten metal poured in;

Even so, that lustre (of the immortal moon fluid) has become actually moulded into the shape of the body: on the outside it is wrapped up in the folds of the skin.

As, wrapping himself up in a mantle of clouds, the sun for a while remains; and afterwards, casting it off, comes forth arrayed in light;

* * * * * * *

* * * To me beholding, it appears QUIETISM itself, personified with limbs:

As a painting of divine bliss; a sculptured form of the sovereign happiness; a grove of trees of joy, erectly standing:

A band of golden champa; or a statue of ambrosia; or a many-sprinkled herbary of fresh and tender green.

Or is it the disk of the moon, that, fed by the damps of autumn, has put forth luminous beams? or is it the embodied presence of Light, that is sitting on yonder seat?

Such becomes the body, what time the serpentine [or annular] POWER drinks the moon [fluid of immortality descending from the brain], then, oh! friend, Death dreads the shape of the body.

Then disappears old age, the knots of youth are cut to pieces, and THE LOST STATE OF CHILDHOOD REAPPEARS!

* * * * * * *

Then *he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant.*

He taketh a turn with the wind; if he walk his footsteps touch not the water; for such and such like conjunctures he attains many supernatural faculties.—From *The Dream of Ravan.*

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

THE subject of Thought Transference as considered from the point of view of Professor Crookes, was set forth in the last number of THEOSOPHY; whose readers are likely to concur in the belief that the development of latent mental and psychic forces in the higher realms of nature, will ultimately and perhaps with the rapid progress being made in these directions, at no excessively distant date, result in the practical exercise by those whose faculties and training qualify them for the task, of the more occult powers involved. Already has it by mechanical means been made possible to communicate freely and inaudibly through space,—in other words, to telegraph to isolated points, for example, an island or light house, without the aid of wire connections, and even to swiftly moving points, such as a railway train under way; furthermore, photographs, impressed upon the sensitive plate by the power of thought alone, with recognizable images of the thought objects, have been produced and their authenticity verified.

These marvels may be referred to more fully later, but before leaving the specific subject of Thought-Transference, that is, the transmission of mental concepts, directly from mind to mind, by the aid of will power, our readers will be interested in the following extract from that weird narrative, "Etidorhpa,"—a recent product of mystic science, purporting to be a recital of actual experiences. A highly developed and peculiarly constructed inhabitant of the inner world is instructing a mortal of the ordinary type whose mind and passing phases of thought, his guide and counselor has no difficulty in reading as from an open book.

"Have you not sometimes felt that in yourself there may exist undeveloped senses that await an awakening touch to open to you a new world? This unconscious perception of other planes, a beyond or betwixt that is neither mental nor material, belongs to humanity in general, and is made evident from the insatiable desire of men to pry into phenomena, latent or recondite, that offer no apparent return to humanity. This desire has given men the knowledge they now possess of the sciences:—sciences yet in their infancy. Study in this direction is at present altogether of the material plane; but in time to come men will gain control of outlying senses which

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will enable them to step from the seen into the consideration of matter or force that is now subtle and evasive, and this must be accomplished by means of the latent faculties that I have indicated. There will be an unconscious development of new mind-forces in the student of nature as the rudiments of these so-called sciences are elaborated.

Step by step, as the ages pass, the faculties of men under progressive series of evolutions will imperceptibly pass into higher phases, until that which is even now possible with some individuals of the purified esoteric school, but which would seem miraculous if practised openly at this day, will prove feasible to humanity generally and be found in exact accord with natural laws. The conversational method of men whereby communion between human beings is carried on by disturbing the air by means of vocal organs so as to produce mechanical pulsations of that medium, is crude in the extreme. Mind craves to meet mind, but cannot yet thrust matter aside, and in order to communicate one with another, the impression one mind wishes to convey must be first made on the brain matter that accompanies it, which in turn influences the organs of speech, inducing a disturbance of the air by the motions of the vocal organs, which by undulations that reach to another being, act on his ear, and secondarily on the earthly matter of his brain ; and, finally, by this roundabout course, impress the second being's mind. In this transmission of motions there is great waste of energy and loss of time, but such methods are a necessity of the present slow, much obstructed method of communication. There is in cultivated man an innate craving for something more facile, and often a partly-developed conception, spectral and vague, appears, and the being feels that there may be for mortals a richer, brighter life, a higher earthly existence that science does not now indicate. Such intimation of a deeper play of faculties is now most vivid with men during the loss of conscious mental self as experienced in dreams, which as yet man cannot grasp, and which fade as he awakens. As mental sciences are developed, investigators will find that the medium known as air is unnecessary as a means of conveying mind concepts from one person to another ; that material sounds and word pulsations are cumbersome ; that thought force may be used to accomplish more than speech can do, and that physical exertions, as exemplified in motion of matter such as I have described, will be unnecessary for mental communication. As door after door in these directions shall open before men, mystery after mystery will be disclosed, and vanish as mysteries to stand forth as simple facts. Phenomena that are impossible and unre-

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vealed to the scientist of to-day will be familiar to the coming multitude, and at last, as by degrees clearer knowledge is evolved, the vocal language of men will disappear, and humanity, regardless of nationality, will in silence converse eloquently in mind language. That which is now esoteric will become exoteric.

"Then mind will meet mind, as my mind now impinges on your own, and in reply to your unuttered question regarding my apparently unaccountable powers of perception, I say they are perfectly natural; but while I can read your thoughts I must use my voice to impress your mind, because you cannot reciprocate. You will know more of this, however, at a future day. At present you are interested mainly in the affairs of life as you know them, and cannot enter into these higher spheres."

This semi-mystical communication presents a remarkable concurrence with the purely scientific speculations by Professor Crookes, who must have credit, as having indicated with comparative distinctness those regions of the higher natural for us—and the ratio of vibrations peculiar thereto,—within which the phenomena of thought-transference may be investigated, where their practical development may in time be effected.

It is to be noted, however, that we are already making use, unconsciously in general, of occult forces of this degree; and that the use of mechanical means is in no wise necessarily incident thereto.

MENTAL OR PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

The so-called "Spirit" photographs, which showed in the background of the sitter other faces more or less distinct, some of them apparently recognizable, were long a puzzle and a derision; the former to those who had satisfied themselves that the pictures were genuine and not artificially produced, but who could make no guess as to the cause of their appearance—the latter to those who, unable to explain them, refused credence and asserted their fraudulent origin, this view being seemingly the more plausible, as it was possible to produce somewhat similar effects by the aid of mechanical artifice. So long as the view was advanced that the strange faces were those of "Spirits" enabled to appear through the intervention of a "medium" present at the sitting—the photographs would naturally be classed with other "spiritualistic" phenomena, and be likewise subject to acceptance or incredulity—according to the mental attitude of the individual whose judgment was appealed to.

It is at once the strength and weakness of science—that it re-

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fuses credence or even investigation—otherwise than through instrumentalities of its own devising and subject to tests and conditions which it arbitrarily and often ignorantly imposes. And thereby in fact sometimes defeats its own purpose—since the more obscure causes of phenomena are destroyed or impaired by the very method employed to investigate them. But occasionally a devotee of science, bolder than others, or perhaps impatient of his self-imposed limitations, branches out into wider fields and has the courage to announce his results.

This has recently been done by Dr. Baraduc, resident in Paris, who has found means to produce visible results on sensitive plates by the use of mental forces, and has submitted the photographs to the Paris Société de Médécine. In his own case he fixed his mind intently upon a child in whom he was interested, endeavoring to visualize the face with the utmost possible distinctness. The result was the vague but unmistakable picture of an infant's face. He also took a photograph of the mind of a "medium," and the plate showed the portrait of a dark faced man with heavy black beard and sombre eyes, and the head shrouded with a turban. The medium declared the picture that of his "guide," and it was evident that a vivid personation was present in the aura of the medium.

In a still more remarkable experiment, two friends who had likewise been investigating the fascinating subject, went to bed a hundred miles apart, one having a fresh sensitive plate under his pillow, while the other lay awake and willed as persistently and strenuously as possible, that his photograph should appear on the plate over which his friend was sleeping. The statement is made that the experiment was quite successful. Still more obscure results were sought, viz., the photographing of an abstract thought or concept unaided by the visualization of a face. The difficulty in such a case is manifestly that of concentrating and focussing the thought, since time is needed to effect the chemical changes involved, and any wandering or loss of distinctness in the mental operation confuses the record. Nevertheless the experiments were multiplied until it became evident that the mental force was capable of affecting the plate sensibly and with a measure of characterization that it was believed in the end would render the images susceptible of recognition and interpretation.

L. G.

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THE LITERARY WORLD

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

TO beget a new designation for Deity is an urgent ambition of the modish philosopher. Those who have read *Sartor Resartus* will understand this, since a name is but the garment of an idea, and we are thus brought back again to the philosophy of clothes. Dr. John Beattie Crozier frankly admits that he was unable to understand Carlyle or Emerson when, abandoning the orthodox pale, he first sought an explanation of life. This enables one to approach Dr. Crozier's travesty of Theosophy in the first volume, just issued, of his *History of Intellectual Development*, with equanimity. The travesty is not intentional, but simply marks the limitations of the author. It may be regretted that he was not better equipped for the task undertaken, for nothing is more likely to propagate Theosophy than intelligent opposition. Intelligent opposition cannot be really hostile, since it implies sympathy with the truth-seeker, and a temporary misapprehension of the statements of those who may have attained some measure of truth. Dr. Crozier recognizes in Theosophy (pp. 121–122) "a system of Thought before which one must pause, a system which one could not skip, but which would stand confronting one until it had been reckoned with, and in some straightforward and legitimate manner put out of the way. . . . The truth is, it does not lay itself open to refutation either by Physical Science or Religion." Religion, he declares (p. 266), "always requires in the Supreme Being a will and personality like that of a man." Dr. Crozier's Supreme Being accordingly partakes of the nature of Spencer's Unknowable and Arnold's "Power that makes for righteousness" with these human attributes in addition. He terms it the "Unknown Coördinating Power." This Power acts in a Universe in which Matter, Vital Principle or Soul, and Intelligence constitute the elements. Curiously enough, as Matter evidently implies Form and Substance and (p. 82) he admits the duality of the other two, these three terms along with the Coördinating Power resolve themselves into a septenate rivalling the theosophic one. Dr. Crozier's new theory of existence is merely a familiar theosophic postulate in a new guise with an anthropomorphic element added, and if he takes the trouble to read *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, with neither of which he betrays any familiarity, he

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will find his thesis worked out in directions he does not contemplate and with an elaboration he can scarcely hope to equal. "We may say," he explains (p. 250), "that while men and races, considered as *individual units*, are engaged in working out their own private and particular ends, the Presiding Genius of the World has so arranged it that by these selfsame actions they shall, quite unconsciously to themselves, work out its ends also—ends more sublime than those they know. . . . Just as Nature, though steady to her own aim of fertilizing the plants and flowers at any cost, still uses *different* means for that, and according to the requirements of the different species ;—now using the bees, now the wind, now birds, and so on ; —so the Genius of the World moves to its steady end of a perfected civilization, not by *one* stereotyped and invariable method, but by quite different and even antagonistic methods, according to the necessities of the time, the age of the world, and the stage of culture and progress reached" (p. 250).

The sundry religions, philosophies and governments of the world from time to time thus contribute to the "perfected civilization" which is to be the goal of all things, a goal somewhat indefinite even to Dr. Crozier, since he defines civilization (p. 117) as "the record of the achievements of man when pushed on by the desire to satisfy his wants." And we may certainly enquire if this propulsive force is to be associated with the Unknown Coördinating Power? Unfortunately, Dr. Crozier's method of deriving one religion or philosophy from a previous one is somewhat superficial, as though one should seek the origin of the field-flowers of August in those of the preceding May, and irrespective of the Augusts of other years. His examination of the Greek, Brahmin, and Buddhist systems bears obvious marks of preconception. With a predetermination that the course of evolution in thought must in turn have ensured the deification, first of Matter, then of Soul, and finally of Intelligence, he finds that Hindu philosophy and Theosophy are constructed with the principle of Soul as a first cause, while the religious philosophies of Europe, coming later, rest on the principle of Intelligence. Buddhism appears to be somewhat exceptional and is characterized (p. 118) as "the most determined attempt ever made to solve the problem of the world, not only without God or the Soul, but without either Civilization or the influence of environing conditions." We are not then surprised to learn (p. 86) that Reincarnation "would be quite out of keeping with a principle of Self-Conscious Intelligence," although it is admitted (p. 103) that "the prospect of birth and rebirth on earth . . . would give us no great concern," although to the "poor Hindu"

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it is "a real curse and sorrow." The three leading Hindu systems afford some novel points of view, as, for example, in the duality of the Sankhya wherein "nothing was left for the Supreme Soul to do, unless indeed it were to wake all those elements into activity and life" (p. 94). Among the teachings of Jesus, Dr. Crozier tells us that the Kingdom of God (p. 290) "was a Kingdom that was to be established on earth by God Himself in the near future." These instances prepare us to appreciate Dr. Crozier's "straightforward and legitimate manner" of putting Theosophy out of the way. The method of Theosophy, he believes, is a mere resort to vulgar clairvoyance, thought-reading, and self-hypnotism induced by "fixing the attention steadily on some object . . . usually on the tip of the nose!" (p. 125). The philosophy being only a scheme on paper, worked out by generations of entranced fanatics, who mistake the imaginations of their contemporaries and predecessors for realities, their mutual corroborations have no value. There is only a transfer of knowledge from individual to individual, and nothing new is ever added to the real stock of human information by this channel. It "has never thrown any new light on history or on the causes that regulate the rise and fall of Societies or of States" (p. 125). He is as much impressed with the necessity for a sign—the invention of a new explosive, perhaps, or the solution of the mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask, or of the identity of Junius—as were the evil and idolatrous generations of old. For by an "intellectual illusion" the dupes of Theosophy have accorded to the Mahatmas the possession of omniscience, and by a second illusion, omnipotence, so that in all honor they are bound to display their powers! Failing this, the Planetary Chain, which is the only genuine novelty to Dr. Crozier in the whole esoteric outfit, becomes the pivot on which his estimate of Theosophy turns. Having apparently read nothing but Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, and having accepted the most mechanical of that gentleman's illustrations in the most literal sense, he describes the earth as accounted for "much in the same way as in making a pudding you would set around you on the table the butter, and eggs, and milk, etc.," afterwards "bringing all the ingredients into one dish."

"Of the Relations which subsist between these different Planets, Principles, or Forces, and in which alone we have seen true knowledge consists, is precisely the one point on which they are silent, and which is absent from the system of the Planetary Chain" (p. 146). Thus neglecting the three basic postulates of the whole philosophy, postulates of which I charitably believe he never heard;

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oblivious of the One Absolute, unspeakable, unthinkable, beyond the reach and range of thought as That is; ignoring the great law of Karmic unity and periodicity; unaware of the near approach of his conception of a Coördinating Power to that of the Universal Oversoul; regardless of the futility to the races of the past and present of a future triumph of evolution in which they may not participate, and of the moon-like death, or asteroidal destruction liable to succeed even that consummation; entrenched in the tradition of an extra-cosmic man, no less fatal to philosophy than that of an extra-cosmic God; it is not remarkable that Dr. Crozier should have escaped the idea that Man himself is the coördinating and unifying power in nature, that he is the author of his own conditions and environment and that the *individual units* may realize a wholly satisfactory aspiration in the endeavor consciously to work out the sublime ends of "the Presiding Genius of the World."

It might be supposed that the reflection would occur to the critic that the baselessness of such a system as Dr. Crozier represents Theosophy to be, must be as patent to its intelligent and scholarly adherents as to himself, but the obvious answer to this is to be found in the absurdities and self-deceptions to which men have again and again descended. The real issue is indicated in a paragraph which I take from an article by B. F. Underwood in SECULAR THOUGHT on "Evolution Before Darwin and After."

"A thinker who reaches correct conclusions in regard to complex problems, under the disadvantage of having a small amount of data upon which to base his inductions, may thereby show a knowledge of the relations of things, an appreciation of the evidential value of known facts, and a comprehensiveness of view, which denote a high order of intellect. In the higher sense, the man of science is he who has not only powers of observation, but ability to take the facts which are known, and to arrange them so as to explain their meaning, by discovering the principles which underlie them, as Newton explained the phenomenon of the fall of the apple, when he conceived that the same force which brought the apple to the ground also held the planets in their orbits. Mere observation and collection of facts would never lead to a great discovery; there must be reason, imagination and insight, power to understand the significance of groups of phenomena, and to think beyond what is actually known, as well as care and caution in verifying what is conceived and held tentatively until it is fully established by larger knowledge. Imagination is to the scientist what the lamp is on the cap of the miner: it enables him to see a little beyond the position occupied."

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A sinless type of man as a modern possibility begins to creep into the public mind. Rev. John Watson, writing of his friend, Prof. Henry Drummond, in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, says that "of him, more than of any man known to me, it could be affirmed he did not know sin." Robert Hichens' last novel, *Flames* (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago), opens with a portrait of a stainless character, "the saint of Victoria Street." His friend and he dabble in occultism and the saint dies, his body being then ensouled by a human fiend of the most depraved description. An inverted *Faust*-drama follows in which the fair-faced, but evil, Mephisto succeeds in leading his companion to ruin, while the Marguerite, a girl of the streets, endeavors to avert his fate. There are but half a dozen characters in the 500 pages, but they are all remarkable studies, not excepting the wretched old procuress, while Dr. Levillier will remain in mind as one of the most charming of fictitious physicians. The book is very clever, abominably clever, and though vice is not attractive in it, but more hideous than ever, instead of having "gone so far down into the depths that lie beneath the feet of life," more might be gained for humanity and its ideals by working in higher levels. Mr. Hichens is quite capable of investing marble with interest as absorbing and profitable as he elicits for mud.

Owing to the early date of going to press the monthly magazines come too late for notice. THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST has in Mrs. Keightley's article on the *Bhagavad Gita* a suggestive comment on the passage "rain comes from sacrifice." It is as the creative agent that man affects surrounding nature. Grant Allen, who, independently of his materialism, or, as he would probably claim, on account of it, is one of the most careful of observers, in a recent article in LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE illustrates the fact that "an ocean of life surrounds the face of our planet." In this fluctuating garment of life man never ceases to exert an influence.

The Earth's Breath, the new volume of poems by "Æ," George W. Russell, is published by John Lane, London.

A. E. S. SMYTHE.

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

TO the Editor :—Sir ; I was much interested by the Rev. Dr. Rexford's article in June THEOSOPHY on the subject of capital punishment. To my mind it is the most admirable collection of reasons for the abolition of this relic of barbarism that it has ever been my good fortune to see. Very naturally, not being a Theosophist, Dr. Rexford does not include in his paper the more especially theosophical arguments against capital punishment.

Perhaps the most important discovery of the more advanced psychologists of the day has been the practical demonstration of the power of thought, not only in technical experiments showing actual thought transferrence, but in studies of thought-epidemics and more particularly in that branch of criminology which has special reference to the power and influence of the waves of crime that sweep over the country from time to time. A realization of these truths will in time inevitably change the whole science of criminology, the whole method of treating our criminal classes; for once the true epidemic character of crime is determined, the punitive efforts of the state must be made with full cognizance of this result. Instead of doubling the tendency towards killing which is the present result of every punishment for murder, the state will be the first to recognize the necessity of doing the exact opposite.

Mr. Judge summarizes the question in the *Ocean of Theosophy* : " . . . those who are suddenly shot out of life by accident or murder, legal or illegal, pass a term almost equal to the length life would have been but for the sudden termination. These are not really dead. Before that natural end the principles are not able to separate. Obviously the normal destruction of the cohesive force cannot be brought about by mechanical processes except in respect to the physical body. Hence a suicide, or a person killed by accident or murdered by man or by order of human law, has not come to the natural termination of the cohesion among the other constituents, and is hurled into the Kama Loka [or next after-death] state only partly dead. There the remaining principles have to wait until the actual natural life term is reached, whether it be one month or sixty years. Some pass the period in great suffering, others in a dreamy sort of sleep, each according to the moral responsibility. But executed criminals are in general thrown out of life full of hate and revenge, smarting under a penalty they do not admit the justice of. They are ever rehearsing in Kama Loka their crime, their trial, their execution and their revenge. And whenever they can gain touch with a sensitive person, medium or not, they attempt to inject thoughts of murder and other crime into the brain of such unfortunate. And that they succeed in such attempts all the deeper students of Theosophy full well know."

JAMES S. JAMES, F.T.S.

NOTES ON THE CRUSADE.

To the Editor of THEOSOPHY.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Kindly insert the following communication to your readers and oblige Yours very fraternally,

(Signed) KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

Dear Readers :—On account of the urgent duties of my office, I am unable to prepare " Notes on the Crusade " for publication as promised.

The magazine THEOSOPHY was placed by Mr. Judge, and it is our duty to do all that lies in our power to advance its interests. It was the desire of H. P. Blavatsky and of W. Q. Judge, that we should have a weekly paper as well, and it is my hope that the *Theosophical News* will be well supported by all members of the Theosophical Society. Yours cordially,

(Signed) KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

[Ed.—Every earnest Theosophist will undoubtedly join Mrs. Tingley in wishing success and prosperity to the *News*, we hope to THEOSOPHY also.]

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MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

LOTUS HOME, a branch of the work of the International Brotherhood League, was formally opened by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley on July 5th. It was exactly one month before that she organized the plan for a summer home where some of the children of the tenement districts of New York could have fresh air and proper care.

The Home is located just across the Hudson River, opposite 125th Street, New York City. It stands on the beautiful Palisades and commands a fine view of the river. Over twenty-five children are already accommodated, besides the workers and helpers. Mrs. E. C. Mayer, Superintendent of the Children's work, is assisted by Miss Anna M. Stabler, the Superintendent of the Home. Many of the children at the Lotus Home are members of the Do Good Mission, organized by Mrs. Tingley before she was Leader of the Theosophical Movement.

The opening exercises were most interesting. Members from all the New York and neighboring Branches of the Theosophical Society were in attendance; also Robert Crosbie, Mme. Olivia Petersen and Miss M. L. Guild, from Boston, and Clarke Thurston, A. B. Griggs and C. H. Hopkins, from Providence. Several visitors, old friends of Mrs. Tingley, were also present. Dr. Robert A. Gunn, of New York, and Samuel E. Morss, ex-Consul-General to Paris, made eulogistic addresses on behalf of this humanitarian work. The other speakers were E. A. Neresheimer, E. T. Hargrove, Elliott B. Page, James Pryse, Robert Crosbie, Miss M. L. Guild and Rev. Williams. A. H. Spencer occupied the chair.

Mrs. Tingley had not intended to speak, but she responded to calls which were made for her from all the audience.

The meeting was held on the beautiful lawn, which was artistically decorated with bunting and lanterns. The scene was especially pretty in the evening, when there was a display of fireworks for the children. A photographer was in attendance and took views of the house and grounds and of the children in a group, with excellent results.

The proceedings were most harmonious and pervaded by a spirit of hearty sympathy on the part of those present.

JUNE 13TH, the anniversary of the departure of the Crusade was celebrated by nearly all the Branches of the Society throughout the country.

Many of the Branches have discontinued their public meetings during the hot weather but keep up their members' meetings. All Lotus Circle work, at Mrs. Tingley's suggestion, has been closed for the summer.

JAMES M. PRYSE arrived in New York on July 3d, his lecture tour having lasted over nine months. He brought good news of the work and of the steady progress being made in all sections of the country which he had visited. He deserves the most sincere congratulation on the success of his mission.

ROBERT CROSBIE lectured in Chicago, June 27th, before a large audience on "Theosophy the Salvation of Humanity." He afterwards visited Pittsburg' Philadelphia and Syracuse and did good work in each place. During his visit

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to Chicago a Convention was being held by Theosophists—not members of the Society. But there were only small audiences present at the morning and afternoon sessions, Mr. Crosbie was informed. A lady of some prominence is reported to have made some friendly remarks concerning the Society in America —remarks of considerable significance in the light of her previous utterances of an opposite nature. Scepticism as to the cordiality of these overtures may be pardonable under the circumstances.

THE NEW ZEALAND letter this month contains a good account of the work. Another centre has been started with a good membership. It has been named the Katherine A. Tingley Centre. The young people's working class of about twenty girls do sewing for the poor, providing the materials themselves and distributing the garments when made, among the very poor. Thames Centre and Waitemata Centre are doing active work, meetings and classes being well attended.

THE T. S. IN NEW SOUTH WALES is as actively engaged in propaganda work as ever. Victoria, though not quite so active as the older Branch in Sydney, is nevertheless steadily pushing forward, the members in Melbourne working together most harmoniously. There seem to be prospects of forming a Branch in Perth, Western Australia.

IN INDIA the members continue to do their utmost to relieve their famine-stricken countrymen. Activity prevails in all the Branches and the assistance sent them by the Indian Bureau in New York, formed by Mrs. Tingley, is greatly appreciated.

GREAT PREPARATIONS are being made by the members in Sweden for the annual Convention of the T. S. in Europe which is to be held in Stockholm on August 8th and 9th. It is hoped that Mrs. K. A. Tingley will be able to attend, and she will make every effort to do so. The Scandinavians are most anxiously expecting her presence, as only a few of them were able to see her during the Crusade around the world. E. T. Hargrove left for England on July 14th. He will spend several days there before going on to Sweden. Prominent members from England, Ireland, Holland, France and Germany will be present at Stockholm.

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AUM

No longer is there need of death, disaster or tears for that the soul shall appear; a smile suffices. . . We perceive truth in happiness as profoundly as some of the heroes perceived it in the radiance of greatest sorrow.--MAURICE MAETERLINCK, *The Treasure of The Humble.*

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RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VI.—THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

PART IV.—THE DUSK OF THE GODS (*continued*).

Pure, and with the tender yearning of peace, sounds out to us the cry of Nature, fearless, hopeful, and world-redeeming. The soul of mankind, united by this cry, becomes conscious through it of its high office of the redemption of the whole of Nature, that had suffered together with it; it soars from the abyss of appearances, and, freed from the terrible Category of Cause and Effect, the restless Will feels itself bound by itself alone, by itself set free.—WAGNER'S "*Religion and Art.*"

THESE beautiful words give us the keynote to the tragic ending of this drama. The Will which we saw self-bound in Wotan is self-liberated in the death of Siegfried, and the renunciation and self-immolation of the glorious Valkyrie Brynhild.

This third and last act opens on the banks of the Rhine, where the three Rhinemaidens are singing:

Fair Sun-God,
Send to us the hero
Who again our gold will give us!

Presently Siegfried appears on the heights above in full armor, and the maidens ask him to give them the Ring, warning him of the Curse it holds:

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Siegfried! Siegfried! Siegfried!
Sorrow waits thee, we know.
To nought but ill
Thou wardest the Ring.
It was wrought from gold
That in Rhine once glowed:—
He who shaped it with labor
And lost it in shame,
Laid a curse on it,
To cause that to
All time its possessor
Should be slain.
. . . .
Nought but this stream
Breaketh the spell!

But Siegfried, the fearless, is contemptuous of danger to himself. What he would freely relinquish for love he keeps when threatened by fear:

For limbs and life
—Should without love
They be fettered
In fear's strong bonds,—
My limbs and my life
See!——so
Freely I'd fling away!

So saying, he picks up a clod of earth and flings it over his shoulder. Now, the Rhine maidens know that it remains for the "suffering, self-offering," Brynhild to perform this final and alone-redeeming act of renunciation; and so swimming away from the hero, they sing:

Farewell, Siegfried!
A stately woman
To day your hoop will inherit.
Our bidding better she'll do.

Here we may pause again to quote Wagner's comment (from the letter to Roeckel) on this incident. "However, my hero is not to give the impression of an entirely unconscious being. In Siegfried, I have rather sought to portray the completest man I could conceive, whose highest utterance of consciousness always takes the form of most immediate life and action. How immensely high I rate this consciousness, *that wellnigh never may be spoken out*, you will gather from the scene between Siegfried and the Rhine

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SO ART THOU SIEGFRIED AND BRYNHILD.

Prelude.

Designed for THEOSOPHY *by R. W. Machell. The original drawing has been presented by the artist to Mrs. K. A. Tingley.*

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daughters: here we find Siegfried's knowledge infinite, for he knows the highest, that death is better than a life of dread; he, too, knows the power of the ring, but regards it not, as he has something better to do; he keeps it merely as a token—that he has not learnt to fear."

Hunting horns are now heard in the valley, and Siegfried is rejoined by the rest of the hunting party, including Gunther and Hagen. While preparations are being made for a meal Siegfried recounts his meeting with the Rhine maidens; and, as he tells of their warning that he shall die ere wane of day, Gunther starts and looks gloomily at Hagen, for he has no heart for the dark plot that is now to be put into execution. While the drinking-horns are passed around Siegfried begins to tell some of his past deeds: how he forged the sword, "Nothung," slew the Dragon and gained the Hoard, Tarnhelm and Ring: how, tasting the Dragon's blood, his inner hearing was opened and the woodbird told him of Mime's murderous intent:

With death-dealing drink
He drew to my side,
Pale and stamm'ring,
He showed his vile purpose:
"Nothung" settled the scamp.

But at this point his memory failed him until Hagen squeezes the juice of an herb into his horn and the remembrance of the winning of Brynhild comes back to him. As he concludes the narrative Wotan's two ravens rise from a bush, circle over his head and fly away across the Rhine. At Hagen's question, "Canst read the speech of those ravens aright?" Siegfried starts up to look after them, turning his back on his unsuspected enemy, who immediately thrusts the fateful spear-point into the only vulnerable part of the hero's body. With the one word "Retribution," the murderer turns coolly away and disappears over the hills, while Gunther kneels in anguish by the dying hero's side. Now in his last moments the remembrance of his holy love comes back to him and he dies with Brynhild's name upon his lips:

Brynhilde!
Heavenly bride!
Look up! Open thine eyelids!
. . . . . .
Thrice blessed ending—
Thrill that dismays not—!
Brynhild beckons to me!—

Then to the solemn strains of the most beautiful and impressive

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Death March that was ever written, the body is borne away to the Hall of the Gibichungs.

There, while Gutrune weeps over the corpse, Gunther and Hagen fight for the possession of the Ring. Hagen slays Gunther and attempts to seize the Ring; but the dead hand raises itself threateningly, and as all fall back in terror, Brynhild is seen approaching with solemn and stately mien. Turning to Gutrune, who accuses her of bringing about the disaster, she tells her the truth: "The oath of our union was sworn, ere Siegfried thy face had seen!" Then the hapless Gutrune realizes that she has been the unconscious agent of a base plot, and cries out in despair:

Accurséd Hagen!
Woe's me! Woe's me!
Thou gavest the hateful philtre
To make her husband play false!

Brynhild, who has stood alone in silent contemplation of Siegfried's body, first convulsed with horror and then overpowered with grief, now turns with solemn exultation to the attendants and directs the building of a huge funeral pyre on which she also will find her flaming end. Her vision, too, is now clear, for the power of the Curse is at length spent; the dread cycle of evil is at an end, and to her father in Valhalla she announces the approach of the reign of peace:

All things, all things,
All know I now:
All at once is made clear!
Even thy ravens
I hear rustling:
To tell the longed-for tidings,
Let them return to their home.
Rest thee! Rest thee, O God!

Signing to the men to place the body on the pyre she removes the Ring and places it on her own finger while she addresses the expectant Rhinemaidens:

What ye would gain
I give to you;
Out from my ashes
Take it for ever!
The red flame that burneth me
Cleanseth the Ring from its Curse.
Ye in the Rhine
Melt it away

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And merely preserve
The metal bright
Whose theft has thrown you in grief.

Taking a huge firebrand from one of the attendants she continues:

Fly home, ye ravens!
Tell it in Valhalla
What here on the Rhine ye have heard!
To Brynhilde's rock
Go round about.
Yet Loki burns there:
Valhall' bid him revisit!
Draweth near in gloom
The Dusk of the Gods.
Thus, casting my torch,
I kindle Valhalla's tow'rs.

As she thrusts the brand into the pyre the two ravens again fly up from the river bank and disappear. Leaping upon Grane, Brynhild rides at one bound into the midst of the pyre and is instantly enveloped in a sea of flame. Suddenly it falls together, leaving a mass of smoke which forms a cloud bank on the horizon. The Rhine swells up and sweeps over the fire. The Rhine maidens are seen swimming close to the embers, and Hagen, plunging madly forward in a last despairing effort to gain the Ring, is drawn by them beneath its waves, while one of them joyously holds the recovered prize aloft. As the Rhine waters subside, a bright glow breaks through the cloud bank, revealing Valhalla with its gods and heroes enveloped in Loki's fiery embrace.

More than once Wagner wrote and altered Brynhild's parting words, finally leaving the music alone to express that which he felt to be unspeakable. Yet, as the music cannot be given here, it may be well to give these words in the form in which they were finally discarded by him:

Know ye whither I fare?
From home-of-wishes speed I hence;
Home-of-dreams I flee for ever;
The open door of change eternal
I shut behind me:
To wishless, dreamless, holiest country,
To the goal of world-wandering,
Redeemed from re-birth,
The witting one goes.

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Blest end of all that 's endless,
Know ye how it I won?
Deepest woe of sorrowing
Love set open my eyes:
End saw I the world.

On such words as these no possible comment can be made; they indicate a state of consciousness which must be felt rather than understood, and hence the poet-composer knew that music alone could bring it home to the intuition.

The psychological process by which he arrived at the final setting of the end of this great masterpiece is deeply interesting and throws a most important light upon his whole life-work and Schopenhauer's influence thereon. He lays it bare with wonderful selflessness and unerring self-criticism in the letter to Roeckel already quoted from:

"Seldom, perhaps, have a man's ideas and intuitions been at such marvellous variance as mine; for I must confess that only lately have I learnt truly to understand my own artworks, and that by aid of another man, who has supplied with ideas in perfect concord with my intuitions, and thus enabled me to read those Art works with my Reason too. The period since which I have wrought from my inner intuition began with the *Flying Dutchman; Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* followed, and if any poetic principle is expressed in them it is the high tragedy of Renunciation, of well-motived, at last imperative and alone-redeeming Denial of the Will. It is this deep trait that gave my poetry, my music, the consecration without which they could never have possessed any truly stirring power they now may exercise.

"But nothing is more surprising than the fact that all my speculative thoughts, addressed to the mastery of an understanding of Life, were plodding in a diametrically opposite direction to the intuition lying at the bottom of those works. Whilst as artist my intuition was so certain and peremptory that all my fashionings were governed by it, as philosopher I sought to provide myself with an entirely opposite explanation of the world; an explanation held upright by main force, but constantly thrown down again, to my own surprise, by my instinctive, artistic intuition. My most startling experience, in this connection, I made at last with my Nibelungen-poem: I framed it at a time when my conscious ideas had simply built a Hellenistic-optimistic world, whose realization I deemed quite possible if only human beings *would;* as to the problem why they *wouldn't*, I tried to evade it pretty artfully. I remember that in this deliberate sense I carved the individuality of

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my Siegfried, with the intention of creating a sorrowless being; still more plainly did I believe I was expressing myself in my presentation of the whole Nibelungen-myth, with its exposure of the first wrong-doing, from which a whole world of wrong arises and goes to ground for sake of teaching us to recognize the wrong, to root it up, and finally to found a right world in its stead.

"Now I scarcely remarked that, with the carrying out, ay, at bottom with the very drafting of my plan, I was unconsciously following an altogether different, far deeper intuition; that in lieu of painting one phase of the world's evolution I had seen the essence of the world itself, in all conceivable phases, and recognized its nullity: whence of course, as I remained true to my intuition and not to my ideas, something quite other came to light than I had proposed. Yet I remember that I closed my work by forcing my Aim for once—though only once—to direct utterance, in the sententious parting words addressed by Brynhild to those around her; words which brand all ownership as despicable and point to Love as solitary blessing,* without (alas!) their speaker having really plumbed the nature of this "love" herself,—for in course of the myth we have always seen it enter as a devastator. So blind was I made in this one passage by interposition of my deliberate aim. Well, strange to say, that passage kept on torturing me; and indeed it needed a great subversion of my formulas of thought, such as was brought about at last by Schopenhauer, to bare to me the reason of my torment and supply me with the fitting keystone to my poem; which keystone consists in a candid recognition of the true state of things, without the smallest endeavor to preach a moral."

Nothing could reveal more clearly than the above extract how faithful Wagner was to his "inner self," and it further shows how one great mind may help another, thus pointing the way to that *union of arts, sciences, religions, and philosophies* which Wagner's many-sided genius foreshadows, and which it is the aim of the Theosophical Movement to bring about.

In the fiery end of the "Ring" drama we see an old order of things with all its evils and limitations purged away in the fire of the higher nature—the purified Will—and, from the ashes of that funeral pyre, to the vision of the inner eye there rises phœnix-like a glorious new form, bright promise of a grander destiny for the soul of man.

Following our Tone-Poet's own lines we have shown the application of this majestic myth to the consciousness of each one of us;

* These words were; "Blessed in weal or woe, let Love reign alone!" They were changed afterwards to the lines above quoted.

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but as Wagner himself says, it also compasses "the whole relations of a world, and it is in this latter sense that some beautiful remarks by a fellow Theosophist,* working in the same field, will make a fitting conclusion to this interpretation:

"Thus through Siegfried, the offspring of the God-created Volsungs,—through Siegfried, the peerless Hero and Knight whose very name signifies "Peace through Victory," is the cycle of the Curse accomplished and the World delivered and set free. But the price of that Deliverance is death: the price of that sojourn upon earth of Wotan-Erda as Siegfried-Brynhild is disaster and temporary blindness with all the sorrow that that blindness entailed. Let none think, however, that the lot of such an hero was the lot of one who in any wise failed, neither that his effort was tentative or partial; it was not so. The Ring dramas set forth the beginnings of Heroic life on this planet. In those stormy times when the inhabitants of the three worlds (Vallhalla, Riesenheim, Nibelheim) knew each other and warred against each other, the selfless hero Siegfried-Brynhild accomplished a redemption which would illumine the earth for all time; through that Hero spoke the "Great Sacrifice" the Lord Compassion; but ages were required for the work which he did to fully show itself on this earth. And since that first great Hero the pages of history, remembered and unremembered, are filled with the lives of similar but lesser Heroes. The lot of each was death and the reviling of the multitude whom they benefited; and until the cycle of this Dark Age of "Necessity" has run its course it will continue to be so. But though the cycle be heavy and the suffering hours leaden-winged, we are yet assured that for the World there comes Peace through Victory."

BASIL CRUMP.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

Listen to the song of life.
Store in your memory the melody you hear.
Learn from it the lesson of harmony.

. . . . . Only fragments of the great song come to your ears while yet you are but man. . . . . Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you who are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a song. Learn from it that you are part of the harmony; learn from it to obey the laws of the harmony.—*Light on the Path.*

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* Mr. A. Gordon Rowe, of the Bow Branch, T. S. E. (Eng.)

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BUDDHA'S RENUNCIATION.

Being an original translation from the Sanskrit of *Ashvaghosha's Budda-Charita.*

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S., F. T. S.

II.

IN THE FOREST.

THEREUPON, when the sun had risen, the shining eye of the world, that lord of men, came to the place of the hermitage of Bhrigu's son. And he beheld the deer there resting in quiet trust, and the birds of the air, that had come there to dwell.

And seeing it, his heart grew light, as one who had gained what he sought. He descended from his horse's back, to put an end to their wandering, and to show respect for their devotion, and his own kinship of spirit with them. And dismounting, he stroked his steed, as who should say that all is well; then he spoke to Chandaka, his attendant, full of kindness and with gentle tenderness in his eyes:

"Good friend, as thou hast followed this sun-swift steed of mine, thou hast shown thy love toward me, and thine own strength and speed. For though my thoughts are wholly full of other things, yet thou hast held me in thy heart. For thy love for thy master is not less than thy power to serve him. For there are those that love not, though they have the power to serve; and there are those, full of love, who yet avail nothing. But one who is full of love, with power to serve as well—such a one as thee,—is hard to find, through all the world. Therefore my heart is gladdened by this most excellent deed of thine; for thy love for me is manifest, even though thou seest that I have turned my face back from all rewards. For many a man will set his face towards one who may reward him, but even one's own kin will become as strangers to him who has fallen in fortune. A son is held dear, that the family may not fail from the land; a father is served because he is the giver of food; the world is kind to us, through hope of favors; there is no unselfishness without its cause. But why need I speak all this to thee? For a word suffices to say that thou hast done what was dear to my heart. Return, therefore, taking my horse with thee."

Speaking thus, the strong armed hero, wishing to show him gentle courtesy, taking off his princely ornaments, gave them to sorrow-stricken Chandaka. And holding the shining jewel that was set as a lamp in his diadem he stood there speaking words like these, like Mount Mandara, when the sun rests on its peak.

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"Taking this jewel, my Chanda, bear it to the King, saluting him with lowly reverence. Speak to him, that his sorrow may cease, while yet he loses not his trust in me. Say that I have come to this forest of holy hermits, to make an end of old age and death; yet not through any lust of paradise, nor through lack of heart's love, nor through resentment. Let him not, therefore, deign to grieve over me, who have set forth on such a quest as this. For even had I remained beside him, our union could never have lasted throughout all time. For separation is as fixed as fate, therefore I have set my heart wholly. For a man must be divided again and again, even from his own kinsmen and friends. Therefore let him not deign to grieve for me, set forth to make an end of grief. One may rightly grieve for those whose hearts are set on desires that must bring grief; but this determination of mine is fixed and sure, as of those who went before me in the path. Nor let him that shall inherit from me grieve, that I have entered on the path; for there are those that, at a man's surcease, shall inherit his riches, but throughout the whole earth those who shall inherit his part in the law are few, or none. And even should my father say that this going-forth of mine is untimely, let him know that no hour is untimely for the law, since life is unstable as water. Therefore even to-day I must seek the better part, and thus is my firm determination. For who can hold his faith in life, while death stands there, as our enemy. Speak thus, and other words like these, good friend, to my lord the King; and do thy endeavor that even his memory of me may fade. Thou shalt even tell him all of me that is evil, for love ceases from the sense of evil, and when love ceases, there is no more grief."

And hearing him speak thus, good Chanda, altogether broken down with grief, made answer to him with palms humbly joined, and his speech was heavy with tears:

"My heart sinks within me, lord, at this mind of thine, that brings such sorrow to thy friends,—sinks like an elephant in the morass of some great river. And who would not succumb to sorrow, knowing this fixed purpose of thine,—even if his heart were iron; how, then, if it be full of love?

"And how shall it be with my lord's tender body, worthy to rest delicately in a palace,—how shall it be with the hard earth of this penitential forest, and the coarse fibres of kusha grass that cover it? And truly when I first heard of thy resolve, and brought thy horse, I did it through some power above my own, and fate indeed compelled me to it. And how could I, knowing thy resolve, of my own free will bring back thy horse, Kapilavastu's grief?

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"Deign not, mighty armed one, to leave thy lord the King, devoted to his son, well-loved, and old,—as an unbeliever might desert the holy law. Deign not to leave thy second mother,—she who is worn out with caring for thee; my lord, forget her not, as one who, ingrate, forgets a benefit. And thy fair princess with her infant son, with all her virtues, bringing glory to her house, and heartily vowed to her lord, abandon her not, as some craven heart abandons fortune won.

"And even if thy mind is fixed to leave thy kin, to leave thy kingdom, oh, my lord, desert not me, for my goings are before thy feet. I cannot go back again to the city, for my heart is all on fire; I cannot leave thee in the forest, as Sumitra left the son of Raghu's race. For what will the King say, if I return to the city without thee? And what shall I say to the dwellers in thy palace,—I who should be a bringer of good tidings? And again thou sayest I should speak ill of thee, in the presence of my lord the King; but what evil can I speak of one who is a very saint for sinlessness? And even if, with heart full of shame, with tongue cleaving to my mouth's roof, I should bring myself to speak that evil—who would credit it? Only he who would speak of the moon's beams as fierce, and who would believe that, spoken,—only such a one would speak evil of thee; only such would believe it, spoken. And thou who art ever compassionate, whose heart is ever full of gentle pity,—is it well for thee to desert thy friends? Turn back, then, and have pity on me."

And when he heard these words of Chandaka's and saw his utter sorrow, the best of those who speak made answer, self-possessed, and very firm.

"Give up this grieving, Chanda, for thy separation from me; for change is inevitable for those who are possessed of bodies, in their various births. And even if, through natural love, I should not leave my kin to seek for freedom, Death will certainly tear us asunder from each other, helpless to resist. And she who bore me, full of bitter thirst and pain, where am I, in regard to her, my mother, who suffered for me fruitlessly? For as birds come together to a tree to roost, and separate again in the morn, not less certain is it that the coming together of all beings must end in separation. And as clouds, meeting together, drift away again, so I deem the meetings and partings of living men to be also. And as all this world is subject to separation, how then may we say that we possess a union that is but a dream. For as even trees lose the inborn greenness of their leaves, how should there not be separation of those who are already divided from each other. Since this is so,

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give over grieving, my good friend, and go; or if love altogether overcomes thee, then go, and again return. Say to the people of Kapilavastu, who are full of loyalty to me, that they shall cease from their love of me, and that they shall hearken to my firm determination. 'Either he will come again quickly, having made an end of age and death, or, failing of his aim, and all hope, he shall go to his destruction.' "

Hearing him speak thus, the best of steeds, Kanthaka, licked the prince's feet with his tongue, and let hot tears fall. And the prince stroked him with his gentle hand, bearing the swastika mark in the palm, with the circle in its midst; and stroking him, spoke to him as to a friend.

"Shed no more tears, my Kanthaka, for thou art already known for a noble steed; for what thou hast now done will quickly bear its fruit."

Then firmly taking the keen sword, set with gems, from the hand of Chandaka, and drawing from its scabbard the blade decked with inlaid gold, as who should draw a serpent from his lair, raising it, he cut off his diadem and his long hair, dark as the petal of the blue lotus; he cast it, with its muslin folds undone, to the empty air, as a swan going forth on a lake; and, behold, the celestial dwellers plucked it up, longing to pay it reverence, with great honor. And the hosts of heaven-dwellers worshipped it, ascending thus to the sky, with signal worship.

And putting off that robe of his, bright with all adornments, and the kingly splendor from his head, and seeing his muslin head-dress floating away, like a golden swan, that sage desired a forest garment. Thereupon, a hunter of wild beasts in form, one of the heaven-dwellers of perfect purity appeared there, close at hand, wearing a garment of dull red, and the Shakya prince addressed him thus:

"Auspicious is this dull red robe of thine, like the robe of a devotee; but thy injurious bow becomes thee not. Therefore, good friend, if thou settest no special treasure by it, give this garment to me, and take thou mine."

And the hunter spoke:

"O thou fulfiller of desires, this garment has fulfilled my desires, since giving them confidence through it, I have slain the deer; but if it has any worth for thee, who art like a king of the gods, accept it from me, and give me that white robe of thine."

With much delight, then, he took the forest garment, and put off his own white linen robe, and the hunter, taking to him his divine form again, ascended to the celestials, bearing the white robe with him.

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Thereupon the prince, and the groom also, fell into a great wonder, as he departed thus; and they quickly showed reverence to him who had worn the forest garment. Then dismissing the tear-stained Chanda, he of the mighty heart, whose glory was hid in the dull red robe of the hunter, went forth thither, where the hermitage was, like a mighty mountain, wrapped in the red clouds of evening.

And as his master, spurning his splendid kingdom, went forth to the forest of penances, in a faded robe, Chandaka tossed his arms in the air, and, weeping bitterly, threw himself on the ground. And looking after him, he again cried out aloud, wrapping his arms about the good steed Kanthaka. And hopelessly lamenting again and again, his body went to the city, but his heart remained behind.

And awhile he was lost in thought, and awhile he cried aloud; and again he stumbled in the pathway, and again he fell. And so going and tormented by the might of his love, he did many strange things as he went his way.

Thus dismissing wet-eyed, weeping Chanda, and entering the forest according to his desire, with his purpose gained, his splendor set aside, he entered the hermitage like the home of perfection. The prince, walking, like the lion, king over the beasts of the forest, entered the dwelling of the deer, himself gentle as a deer. And though he had cast away his splendor, he yet held the eyes of all by the splendor of his beauty.

And those who had come in chariots, with their wives, stopped their steeds in delight and watched him, in form like the king of the gods, their heads bent lowly towards him in reverence. And the men of priestly birth who had gone forth for fuel, coming with the kindling wood, or flowers, or the sacred kusha grass in their hands, even though they had gone through many disciplines, and had learned to rule their thoughts, were overcome with the desire to look at him, and did not go on to their dwellings.

And the peacocks cried out shrilly in their joy, as if they had seen a dark-blue rain cloud coming. And leaving the luscious grass, the deer stood there large-eyed, their heads turned towards him, and those who kept the deer. And seeing the kingly descendant of the children of the sun, flaming there like the sun uprisen, the cows, though they had been milked already, so great was their delight, gave milk again as a holy oblation.

"This is one of the eight Gods of the breath, or haply of the twin physicians of the celestials"; thus resounded the voices of the saints, full of wonderment. For he shone like the form of the king of the gods, like a second refuge of the moving and unmov-

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ing world, and lit up the whole forest, as though the sun had come there for his good pleasure.

Thereupon saluted and greeted with all courtesy by those dwellers in the hermitage, he saluted them in return, according to the gentle law, his voice like the voice of a water-bearing cloud in the season of the rains. And accompanied by those pious folk who were full of longing for paradise, he, who longed for freedom only, went onward into the hermitage, to behold their various penances. And he, noble-hearted, beheld there the varied forms of penances of those who were fulfilling penances in that forest of penances. And to one of those men of penances, who was walking beside him, desiring to know how the matter stood, he spoke these words:

"This is the first time that I come to this hermitage, and therefore I know not the rule of the law. Therefore let thy worthiness deign to declare to me what your fixed purpose is, and to what end?"

Thereupon the practiser of penances made answer to that bull of the Shakyas, a very bull in valor; telling him the whole matter step by step, and the way of penances, and the fruit of the way. How some lived on wild food, coming from the river, and leaves and water, and fruit and roots; how this was the life of the saints, and how some of them lived apart, and others ceased from penances. How others live like the birds of the air, on the grain they pick up; and others like the deer, on the green herbs of the earth. And how others, as if turned into ant hills, live on air, with the snakes. How others live on what they wring forth effortfully from the rocks, and others on grain that their own teeth have ground. And some, after cooking for others, eat of the remnants themselves, if any be left. Others, with hair knotted and wet with water, twice offer the sacred fire, with chanted hymns. Some dwell plunged in the water, like fish, till the tortoises scratch their bodies.

And, by such penances as these that fill their time, they seek the heavenly world; and by yet others, the world of mortal men. By a painful way they seek happiness; for pain, they say, is the root of the law.

Hearing this story told, and the word of the man of penances, that son of the King of men was not greatly delighted with them, even though he knew not yet the perfect truth; he spoke, therefore, this thought that had come into his heart:

"Many a penance here is hard enough and painful enough, yet heaven is set as the reward of penance. Yet heaven and all the worlds are doomed to change; of little worth, in sooth, is the toil

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of all these hermitages. And they who, abandoning fortune and friends and wealth, perform this penitential law for the sake of heaven, they indeed, after all their sacrifices, desire to go to a second penitential forest, and a greater. And he who, led on by desire, seeks for another existence, through penances and torturing of his body, he, indeed, altogether failing to understand the turning circle of birth, grievously follows after grief. All men fear death for ever, yet they effortfully strive for a new life; when that new life is come, death follows certain with it; and sunk there verily, they are slaves to fear. Some enter upon pains for this world's sake, and some for the sake of heaven undergo much toil. In the search for happiness, this world of men is pitiful, indeed, in its hopes, fails of its end, and falls into helplessness. Not indeed is that effort to be despised, which, giving up the less, follows after the better; wise men should strive strongly for that which, done once, is not to do again.

"But if pain of the body is virtue in the world, then bodily happiness is vice. Yet by virtue they hope to gain this happiness in another world; therefore vice is the fruit of virtue.

"Since the body moves, or ceases to move, through the power of the mind, the right way is to control the mind, for without thought, the body is like a log of wood.

"If holiness is to be gained by purity of food, then the deer also attain to holiness. And the wealthy are therefore wealthy through fortune's fault, since such are the fruits of wealth.

"And if, in sorrow, attachment to it is a cause of holiness, why should there not be the same attachment to joy? If the rule is that there should be no attachment in happiness, should there not also be unattachment in pain?

"And there are those who go to holy shrines to bathe in the waters and wash away their sins; yet their satisfaction of heart is indeed empty, for water cannot wash away sin.

"That water is holy where the righteous dwell; therefore righteousness is the true place of pilgrimage, and water without doubt is only water."

Thus he spoke, with wisdom and eloquence, until the Sun went down; and then he entered the wood, whose trees were stained with the smoke of sacrifices, though the penances were now ceased. And the evening oblation was offered on the kindled fire, by the men of piety, after they had anointed themselves.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

IT is now several years since I met the Professor and I have often thought that the conversations which I had with him might not be unworthy of record. Some of these, and I refer also to conversations and discussions at which I was a listener, as well as those in which I took part, occurred some years ago and others are of more recent date. However, time and place are not of so much importance as the ideas which I gleaned from my association with the Professor. The way I came to meet him was this. On a trip to the west in the year 1890 I ran across a certain man with whom I made a travelling acquaintanceship as so often is the case among fellow-travellers, and being of the same profession, he very kindly gave me letters to a friend of his in a city which I intended to visit. Through this friend I made acquaintance with a member of the Sokratic Club and received a cordial invitation to visit the Club when I should next be in New York or Chicago, at both of which places it had quarters.

I had not previously heard of this club, but on being informed of its character and aims and also of the distinguished scientific and literary men belonging to it, my interest was at once aroused. The club had been founded some few years previously,* the Professor being one of those instrumental in its organization. The name of the club, I learned, had been chosen to express in some measure its character and the purpose for which it was founded. It was chosen for three reasons:—1st, because of the high esteem for the Sokratic philosophy held by the founders of the club; 2d, because the Sokratic method was considered to be the one best calculated to lead to the elucidation, as far as may be, of the problems of life; and 3d, and most important, because it was held that the Sokratic philosophy formed a basis for ethics and true living. The motto of the club: "Plain living and high thinking, unselfishness and toleration towards all," suited my fancy exactly and I applied for membership and was duly admitted. Naturally, however, I found members of very varying character in the club. Not all conformed or even made any serious effort to conform to the club's motto and purpose. Some had sought admission because it pleased them to think they were helping to solve the riddles of the Universe and

* The reader may perhaps be inclined to imagine that the Theosophical Society is here referred to, but the writer wishes to disabuse the reader's mind of any such idea. The club has however an actual existence but whether under this or another name matters not.

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they desired to be considered patrons of the advanced thought of the day. Others had joined because they were fond of argument and some simply out of curiosity and for the novelty of the thing. However, quite a number were really in earnest and of these the club proper consisted, though no one was refused admission who desired it and could fulfill certain simple requirements.

It was one of the Professor's pet schemes to bring together men of different race and belief and he would turn a discussion so as to interest them and draw out their opinions.

During the summer of 1893 several foreigners passed through New York on their way to the World's Fair at Chicago. Two merchants, an Arab and a Japanese, had business with Mr. August Berger, a member of the club, and an Indian Prince, travelling incognito, was an old friend of the Professor's whom he had met in India. The Prince was a Kshattriya, *i. e.*, of the Warrior caste, and I shall call him by his first name simply, Mr. Rama.*

Mr. Berger invited these foreigners and three or four members of the club to spend a few days at his country place, a few miles from New York, on the Hudson River.

On the evening of our arrival, when it was getting pretty late, the conversation turned on the test of reality. Mr. Berger had been singing and Dr. Roberts, whom I would describe as an optimistic materialist, spoke of the tendency which some natures had to drift away from the reality and to live in mere fancy and dream-land. "There are so many," he said, "who, when listening to music, for instance, just let themselves go and forget all about present surroundings. This tendency is sometimes the expression of some constitutional weakness, but more often the result of faulty systems of education and training."

The Professor.—It is not at all such a simple question as you may suppose, Doctor, as to what is real and what is not. The only thing which any one can be certain about is his own existence, his own being. Even in the last analysis no one can imagine himself as ceasing to be. My body, for example, is changing all the time, it will die, but the Ego, the I, will still live on. Then again nothing is real to me of which I can form no conception and which cannot be related to my consciousness, but when it is so related, then in that proportion it assumes reality for me.

Dr. Roberts.—Do you mean, Professor, to deny the existence of this table, for instance? To me it is real enough, (and he rapped it sharply with his knuckles), and as to myself, I mean my

* He did not appear publicly in connection with the World's Fair or at any time during his stay in America.

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body, you know ;—I never could follow that whimsical and ultra-metaphysical statement that I am different from my body—I am sure I am real enough ; I can feel pain and pleasure, I enjoy my food and my work and my sleep. Of course I'm sure of my existence. I never doubted it. But anything to be real must be material.

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—I think the Doctor goes a little too far in so completely identifying himself with his body, but I do not agree with the Professor that the external world does not exist except in my mind or consciousness. Suppose I were wiped out of existence, annihilated, that would not wipe out the universe, it would still exist for you and for all others still living. The universe depends upon the absolute God, who made it, and not upon you or me.

Mr. Berger.—Ha ! Ha ! that's an objection and a half ; but neither of you has given the Professor a chance to complete his statement, which he only began. Now Professor, let's hear some more.

Dr. Roberts.—Pardon my interruption, but before you go on, Professor, I wish to remind the reverend gentleman that his statement that God made the universe is one of those unscientific and illogical statements, not susceptible of proof, which I, for one, would like an explanation of, before I can ever accept it. However, that is slightly off the subject.

The Professor.—Not all together off the subject, Doctor, as you seem to suppose, though we might have to construe the Dominie's words a little differently. I did not expect, however, to run counter to both of you and, pardon me, I think neither of you followed my statement accurately. In the first place I was speaking of the reality of things with reference to one's self and not in a universal sense ; though perhaps we may discuss that later. Suppose, now, Doctor, I ask you to describe to me a ——— What shall I say? Well, a *mahbub* ; I venture to say, you have never seen or heard of a *mahbub.* ——— No, I thought not. You don't know what the word means. To you it is nothing more than a mere word, it awakens no conception or idea in your mind, and for aught you know, it may be a word coined by myself, altogether fanciful and meaningless. You don't know whether it is something to eat or whether it is an animal or an abstract quality. On the other hand, if you understand to what I refer, it does not matter what term I use to describe it or in what language I speak, but the mere mention of it immediately brings it more or less vividly to your consciousness.

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—I suppose you mean to infer that "a rose—

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or, I should say, a *mahbub*—by any other name would ——— what? What is a *mahbub*, Professor?

The Professor.—I'll tell you in a moment, but first I wish to make it quite clear to you that an idea, or a rose, or a mahbub, or anything whatsoever, becomes real to you only in the measure in which it is related to your consciousness and experience. Let us now take another case: you are familiar with the phenomena of hypnotism, but none of your scientific men has yet given any satisfactory explanation of them. Let us take an example: I hypnotize a man and place a piece of ordinary plain paper on his arm, telling him it is a plaster. What happens? His arm becomes blistered. But if I put on a plaster, telling him it is only a bit of paper, it has no effect. Or suppose I were to tell you of people—and I know of such, especially in Ireland among my countrymen—who, at certain times of the year and moon and in certain parts of the country, see little elves and fairies and lights inside the mountains. How would you explain this? . . . . . No, you need not answer, I know what you will say:—"Hallucination, disordered fancy, a diseased brain"—mere words, however, to label what you cannot explain.

Dr. Roberts.—Oh, come now, Professor, that's hardly a fair statement of the case. It has been proved beyond a doubt that such hallucinations are due to the abnormal excitation of the optic nerve and of certain of the brain centres and may be caused by disease or by drugs or the excessive use of alcoholic liquors. But what has all this to do with the subject in hand?

The Professor.—The connection is simple enough. The word *mahbub* does not bring you into conscious relation with that of which it is the name. I referred to a *mahbub* because I happen to have one with me. Here it is, it is a coin from Tripoli. If I had shown it to you, you would have known it for a coin, but the mere name gave you no clue, so a *mahbub*, as such, had no existence for you. As for the bit of paper, it certainly was not a belladonna plaster yet it produced the effects of one and *vice versa* because of the suggestion to the consciousness of the patient. Will the Doctor tell me what is the test of reality, or how we are to judge of things except in so far as they are related to ourselves, *i. e.*, to our consciousness? The fairies are certainly real to those who see them, and I venture to say that if you, Doctor, were to see them, your opinion would undergo a change.

Dr. Roberts.—Never, Professor, never! In fact, I know I could never see them, at least so long as I am in my right mind, as I hope I am this moment.

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Mr. Berger. (Laughing)—Granting your last statement as correct, I quite agree with you, Doctor. There's many a true word spoken in jest, and I'll wager you will never see fairies in your present state of mind. But we haven't yet heard from our Indian friend. What view do you hold, Mr. Rama?

Mr. Rama.—I entirely agree with my friend the Professor, and if the Doctor will pardon my frankness, I think that his materialistic view of things arises mainly, if not solely, from his accepting only those things as real which he can weigh or analyze chemically. Whereas, if he would but trust himself to accept the higher and more subjective experiences of consciousness he would begin to live in a new world, far wider and more wonderful than this.

Dr. Roberts.—No, sir; I do not trust myself to go where I cannot see and feel and smell and taste, and above all things, use my reason. I do not believe in any visionary existence, but in a practical material life.

Mr. Rama.—But pause a moment, my dear sir; do not speak hastily. How comes it that you trust yourself to go to sleep? Can you see and feel and smell and taste and use your reasoning powers when you are asleep?

The Professor.—Yes! Sleep is another of the riddles of life; riddles, that is, to the modern scientific men, but not to those who have studied the ancient and ever-living Science of Life and Nature. But it is getting late and we will have to leave the matter for to-night.

Dr. Roberts.—Well, Professor, the ideas you advance seem very beautiful, but I still hold to my position; to me they are visionary and will not stand the test of practical life.

The Professor.—Don't be so anxious, Doctor, to make everything fit in and square with your reason. There may be some ideas too big for any of us, and our reason may have to be widened considerably to take them in. Don't trouble so much about knowing and reasoning, but strive to become and to be. That alone will bring you to the heart of things. Good night.

SOLON.

(*To be continued.*)

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R. W. MACHELL—ARTIST.

R. W. MACHELL.

THE illustration on the opposite page is a special design representing "The power of Light and the Image of Darkness," by the well-known artist, Reginald Willoughby Machell. Mr. Machell is the second surviving son of the Rev. Canon Machell and the Hon. Mrs. Machell (sister of the late Lord Middleton). The Machells are an old Westmoreland family, whose name is recorded in Doomsday Book. Educated at Uppingham and Owen's College, he took many prizes for drawing and in the classics. In 1875 he went to London to study art, and the year following to Paris, where he made steady progress at the celebrated Académie Julian in the Passage des Panoramas, winning several medals in the school. In 1880 he returned to London, devoting himself to portrait painting, and exhibiting a full length portrait of a lady in the Royal Academy of that year. In 1885 he painted a big "Temptation of St. Anthony." In 1887 his "Bacchante" was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Then through a curious combination of circumstances, in which the late Lady Malcolm took part, Mr. Machell met Madame H. P. Blavatsky and joined the Theosophical Society. The character of his pictures quickly changed. The famous "Dweller on the Threshold" was quickly followed by "The birth of a Planet" (owned by the Pioneer Club of London), "Lead Kindly Light" (magnificently reproduced by Mr. J. Thomson), "The Mystic Troth," "The Bard," "The Exiles," and others. In 1893 Mr. Machell was elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists and since that time has exhibited most of his pictures in the galleries of the Society.

As an illustrator Mr. Machell's principal works are two most original and sumptuous books written by the gifted American, Irene Osgood, a natural mystic. The first was "An Idol's Passion," the second "The Chaunt of a Lonely Soul." On each page is a large photogravure with the text worked in by the artist.

Our sincere thanks are due Mr. Machell for the remarkable drawing now presented to our readers.

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WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION.

BY J. A. ANDERSON, M. D., F. T. S.

THE need of the world to-day is for higher ideals. Wealth, and the power which wealth brings; fame, and the adulation which fawns upon it; ease, and the sensuous delights which accompany it—these are the things upon which the heart of humanity is set. They are its ideals; that for which it longs, fights, murders, and despoils its slain.

These ideals are the legitimate offspring of the one-life theory which prevails throughout christendom to-day. If man lives upon earth but once; if his eternal destiny after this fleeting experience depends wholly upon his acceptance or non-acceptance of certain dogmas concerning a personal God, and a personal Savior who suffers vicariously beforehand for all the sins which he chooses to commit; if the acceptance or non-acceptance of these dogmas is in no way affected by the pursuit or attainment of wealth, fame, or ease; if the millionaire usurer and profit-monger can rely upon the vicarious atonement of Christ with quite as much or more assurance than the hod-carrier (can he not be princely in his gifts to the church, especially when he dies and has no further use for his wealth?), then the concerns of this life, its strivings and warrings, are wholly removed from all connection with or influence upon a future life. Spiritual becomes entirely divorced from temporal success, and the one may be pursued quite independently of the other.

The chief dogma of modern christendom is that of the Vicarious Atonement of Christ, and the effect of this teaching has molded and directed Western civilization to a degree but seldom realized. It is this dogma which has brought about that paralyzing separation of the ideals of this life from those of that which is to come. Nowhere is its benumbing influence more apparent than in the attitude of churchianity itself towards religion. A small portion of one day in each week is set apart as sufficient for religious purposes. Certain formulas are repeated, creeds recited (especially, *credo quia impossibile est!*), spiritual heretics (those whose "doxy" is not our "doxy") denounced, and the remaining six days devoted to the acquisition of the desirable things of material life with all the greater zest because of the pleasing consciousness of having disposed of spiritual matters, for a week at least, very effectively. And, if this dogma be true, one day in the week is certainly ample

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time in which to "repent" of one's sins, and take all the advantage of the vicarious atonement necessary to insure one's soul against the dangers of retributive punishment.

More than this: it is quite philosophical not to divert present energies from the attainment of success in this life, but to put off the acceptance of vicarious atonement until approaching death makes it timely, and immediately profitable. In other words, good "business" judgment is brought to bear here as elsewhere, and from the business standpoint most men look upon the dogma—practically, if not theoretically—while the church can offer no better logical reason for doing otherwise than the mere uncertainty of physical existence.

Having, then, been taught this view (ignorantly or intentionally matters little), it would have been strange if mankind had not sought after material success. Under it the present mad race for wealth or glory is perfectly legitimate. Greed for material prosperity has caused the legalizing of our present social and economic system, in which, of necessity, each man's hand is an Ishmael's, and raised against every other man. Legalized wrongs are the cause of much of human suffering. A large portion of the remainder is due to vicious habits (drunkenness, for example), which the churches—while they condemn—do not control for the reason that they neither have nor teach any conception of the effects of such habits upon continuous, progressive existence. Dealing with them from their one-life standpoint, they assure (for example) the drunkard that if he does not reform he will go to hell for all eternity, and that if he does reform—*and accepts their dogmas*—he will go to an equally eternal heaven. But both heaven and hell are very vague to him who, under the influence of his intellectual and religious environment, has divorced spiritual from material things. The one is unrelated to the other by any demonstration of the relation of cause and effect, and so he quite logically seeks to enjoy this life and takes his chances for any other. And, according to the teaching of the Churches, his chances are about as good as those of any one; he can repent quite as sincerely, and be forgiven just as effectually.

This is not to assert that the churches do not teach high ideals ethically. But their ethics and their dogmas are mismated, for the latter rest neither upon ethics nor philosophy. Even the memory of that time has been lost, when the Gentile Adept declared: "For if in this life only we have hope in Christ, *we are of all men most miserable.*" Both the ancient and modern church have removed the occasion for this plaint most completely. Papal palaces, princely

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hierophants, pious millionaires—all proclaim to the common mob: "Go thou, and do likewise!"

Reincarnation and vicarious atonement are deadly foes; one of the twain must disappear; there is no room for both. If the dogmas of the church be true, if man, encompassed as he is by doubts and ignorance, and assigned an appallingly short time in which to study either himself or nature, is to be "saved," then vicarious atonement is an absolute necessity. But to be logical or just (to say nothing of mercy), *all* must be saved; there must be no picking or choosing among souls existing under such dreadful conditions. The fatal objection apparent in the want of opportunity which but one brief life offers, especially in the case of children, has been partially recognized by the church, and it teaches (with the exception of those branches who believe in foreordination) that children who die young go to heaven whether they have accepted the vicarious atonement or not. No logical reason can be shown for this, however, except the whim of the Almighty. Such children *might* have sinned if they had had the opportunity, and surely all excepting those of Christian parentage would have indignantly rejected vicarious atonement had they reached maturer years. Yet this dogma supposes all children to be alike saved who die before forming an opinion as to its merits, while their Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahmanical, Confucian, or other "heathen," parents go to eternal torment for not accepting it, although of necessity many of them never heard of it—unless by chance, and then as something absurd or abominable. To save the child under these conditions, while condemning the parent, is a "grace" of God which is strained to the point of puerile absurdity.

But reincarnation removes all necessity for this most unphilosophical perversion of a divine truth. (For the vicarious atonement of the man Jesus is but a distorted image of that divine compassion which causes entities high in the scale of evolution to descend among those lower, in order to assist such to take a step onward in the weary cycle of necessity. It is reducing to a single man, and to one brief instant of time, that which takes place eternally; that "crucifixion" which is daily and hourly being enacted wherever a human soul is incarnated in an animal body. And although compassion be the motive, and unmerited suffering the result, vicarious atonement is now a misnomer, whatever the term may once have connoted, for the soul thus voluntarily crucified upon the "tree" of material existence, is rewarded and its suffering compensated by the resulting wisdom which follows upon the new experiences.) Reincarnation enlarges the horizon of life infinitely.

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It completely reverses our ideals of the things which seem most desirable; it restores the lost harmony between material and spiritual existence.

To one who would find an ethical solution for the puzzling problems of existence, reincarnation is an absolute necessity. When one looks around, and sees the chaos of injustice which this world apparently is, its unanswerable logic comes like a healing balm to the troubled soul. One sees two children, born of the same parentage, the one dies in an hour; the other lives three-score and ten. The one, because of the vicarious atonement, goes direct to a heaven, which it has not by act or thought deserved; the other struggles along some three-score years and ten, amid an environment which makes the acceptance of this dogma impossible, and goes to undeserved eternal torment. "Can the God who permits this, be just?" he asks the church. "God's ways are not our ways," is the only reply vouchsafed. One sees two souls born of different parents; this the heir to untold wealth which under the one-life theory it could not have deserved; that born of diseased, vicious parentage, in the slums of our great cities, and foredoomed to a life of shame and torture, which it also could not have deserved, and with the certainty of eternal punishment at the end, because Christian dogmas to such an one seem a repulsive mockery. "Why did God *send* an innocent soul to such awful parentage—one, oftentimes, where no form or even thought of marriage had occurred?" again queries the compassionate doubter. "Neither soul had done anything to deserve its fate; both are newly created by God; is God, then, just?" "God's ways are not our ways," is the shibboleth of the church. One sees souls plunging into hell every moment of time for failure to accept it who have *never heard of the vicarious atonement.* "How can this be just?" he asks. "In ages past their forefathers *probably* had it preached to them, and refused to accept it," replies the Apologist for God. One sees a soul who refused, or, perhaps, only neglected to embrace the vicarious atonement, suddenly die with some trifling sin unforgiven. "Gone to his eternal punishment," comments the Church. "But how can a just God punish one *eternally* for such a trivial offence?" demands the Doubter. "Every sin, however trivial, against an *infinite* God is an infinite offence, deserving of infinite punishment," replies the Church, feeling within its heart that the answer is highly philosophical, and that God ought really to be proud of such able defenders.

But the Doubter turns away—sick at heart until he reflects that re-incarnation, under the law of cause and effect, resolves all his

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doubts, and removes all stain of cruelty or injustice from the entire universe. The child who dies at birth is paying a debt due to some violation of law in a past life, and goes not to an eternal heaven, but returns almost at once to earth to take up that work in another body which the death of this prevented. Chaotic, indeed, would be an universe where a life of one minute's duration would satisfy all material requirements necessary as a prelude to an eternal spiritual life. If children really went to heaven merely because of the accident of a premature death, the tenderest mercy a parent could show a child would be to slay it before it had ever sinned, and so ensure its everlasting happiness.

And the soul who struggled wearily through a long life, but who was overborne, perhaps by early education or environment, and whom therefore the church sends to an everlasting torment, reincarnation restores to earth; affords another and still other lives in which to struggle upward—in fact, infinite opportunity is given so long as even the faintest onward effort is maintained.

The child born heir to untold wealth comes to that which it has itself earned. Wealth and therefore ease it has, but the struggle with its lower sensuous desires is increased a thousand-fold because of unlimited opportunity for their gratification. It is almost certain to form habits, and to give its character a trend, which will cause it bitter suffering either in this or its next life. The transient enjoyment of wealth is no compensation for that hardening and strengthening of the animal nature which will cost so stern and painful an effort to overcome.

The child born of the slums comes also to *its* own. Perhaps being born heir to wealth in its last life may have laid the train which has exploded in such a mine of woe in this. Who can tell? Who is strong enough to *use* large wealth in this selfish civilization, and not abuse it? Few, few indeed. At any rate, reincarnation shows the method by means of which evil births may be deserved, and, indeed, the only ones possible for these sin-stained egos. For in such a birth there is no revenge—no cruelty, no injustice. The law says to the soul, "You have transgressed; this is your punishment; it is not eternal; it is in exact accord with your deserts. Live it out; live it down; it is not the will of your Father in heaven that any should perish!"

But why multiply examples? *No* birth can meet a returning soul which it has not earned; there is no life, however overborne by horrible suffering or hideous crime, which is not the exact and just recompense for deeds done in this or some other body; there is no death, however peaceful or appalling, which has not been justly de-

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served by the soul itself, or comes to it because of family, racial, or national deeds, in which it took an active part, and for which it therefore justly suffers. There is no medley or succession of acts so complex, nor no sins so dire, that the infinitely wise law of cause and effect cannot adjust their exact recompense. For this law is but the eternally present expression of the divine Will. It affords also a basis for a just and compassionate philosophy of life without going to the length of supposing an infinite, eternal effect to follow an insignificant, finite cause—which is the absurd position into which their dogmas have forced christian theologists. The soul is the arbiter of its own destiny; it is a portion of deity itself. Under the impersonal action of the divine Will, as expressed in the law of cause and effect, it is forever fashioning its own fate, whether for weal or for woe.

It must not be understood, however, from the foregoing, that everything which happens to the soul during life, or even the inevitable time and manner of its death, are the results of causes set up in former lives alone. This would be to bind man in the straight-jacket of predestination, which is just the error into which the fore-ordinationists have fallen. There are *new* causes set up at every step of the soul's pathway, to be adjusted by the divine law in this or some future life. The soul is eternally free to choose, and must therefore be eternally able to set up new causes, whether for good or ill.

Reincarnation and vicarious atonement are also irreconcilable foes, because the latter supposes man to be by nature vile, the former, godlike. The one views him as an humble, cringing sycophant upon divine favor, the other makes him himself divine. And herein is the true root of the evil which the dogma of vicarious atonement has brought upon the race. If man is by nature vile, if he has no inherent right to eternal life and eternal progress, if he is lost—a child of Satan and of evil—except he is forgiven by a God whom he must thereafter spend eternity in praising for this act, then is there no incentive for brotherhood upon earth at all. "Make *your* peace with God; see that *your* calling and election are sure," says the church, "and all will be well with you." They do not perceive that by teaching that man is vile, and by nature evil, they are offering a logical precedent for man to treat his fellow men with that harshness and contumely which his base, evil nature warrants. God looks upon him as evil, and punishes him cruelly; that which God does man may surely do—is not this logical?

But reincarnation, carrying as a corollary the fact that man is himself divine, is a most cogent reason for the practice of brother-

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hood. For when men shall have recognized this divinity within themselves, they can no longer be cruel or indifferent to each other. They will then no more blaspheme the divine in their fellow men than they now will their highest conceptions of deity. "God dwells in my brother, how dare I wrong him?" "The flame of divinity burns low in my fallen sister; I must help her to fan it into a brighter glow—" these will be the thoughts of those who are now, it may be, so cold-hearted. No longer will man look upon humanity as so many men, but as so many manifestations of the divine; no longer as so many enemies to be slain, but as so many brothers to be beloved and assisted.

So, with ideals worthy of his godlike destiny, man may face that destiny fearlessly. Reincarnation widens his horizon infinitely; removes the arena of life far above this passionate warring and striving of material existence. Recognizing its holy truths, wealth becomes a thing to be despised; fame, a child's plaything; earthly honor, an empty bubble. To live to benefit mankind will become his highest ideal; to sink self in that great SELF which thrills throughout the entire universe, his one aspiration. So, working on with and helping nature, passing cheerfully and contentedly through the portals of life and death, embracing the infinite opportunities afforded him by means of reincarnation, man will at length evolve the potential divinity within himself into an active potency. And by the purification born of his struggles against his lower nature, he will one day realize the meaning of the saying of the Nazarene, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." For he himself will have rebecome God.

JEROME A. ANDERSON.

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THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, M. D. (*Cantab.*)

IN the study of psychology the function and power of the "imagination" at once form an important and fascinating study. But when the power and function are examined in the cold light of "physiological psychology" and a critical analysis is made of the facts which bear on these powers and functions, the mind is apt to become dismayed. Furthermore, one emerges from such studies with a strong impression that any credence in the said powers and functions would constitute an "illusion," if not a "hallucination"; and further it would be inferred that the study would lead to a "delusion" and that the unpsychological and unscientific exercise of the imagination would render a man so "discordant with his environment," whether he be regarded as "external" or "internal actor," that a residence in an insane asylum would become the best means of protection to himself—and his next heirs.

Briefly, for the time, let us ask ourselves whether the common ideas concerning the imagination have any foundation in fact. Imagination here would mean not merely a picturing to the mind of unreal things, but the actual creation by the formative power of the mind of a form in the world of ideas. It matters not whether the form be a subtle resemblance of a "concrete" existence in the world of forms or whether it be a "form of thought," what may be called a "counter" in the world of ideas.

On the other hand, we are confronted with the presentation of physiological psychology. The subject of the "imagination" is approached entirely from the side of sensation—and naturally so. Professor Ladd has, however, gone so far as to draw the induction that the mind is an entity which is obedient to laws of its own, the said laws being akin but superior to the laws of the physiological world.

It would seem natural, then, with this presentment of the subject, to inquire whether, in accord with the older philosophies of the world, there is not a dual aspect of this mind entity as regards imagination. Whether beyond what physiological psychology shows from the point of view of sensation there is an actual formative element in the imagination which operates as one of the less understood laws of this "mind entity." To do this it will be necessary to as briefly as possible state the point of view of sensation.

Taking the physiological evidence we are shown the action of

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the senses and the function of nervous structures as a whole. The senses and nervous organs present to consciousness the various objects which make an impression upon them. By what process they are so presented is not clearly stated. Save by some few it is not seriously argued that the consciousness is identical with the organic nervous structures. Roughly it is acknowledged that brain is the *organ* of mind; and the study of automatic as well as reflex actions leads to the conclusion that consciousness must not be confined to the brain alone, but must be extended to the minor nervous ganglia as well.

By the various senses and nerve organs the external world of objects is presented to consciousness. Such a presentation properly effected will constitute a percept. Therefore it becomes easy to see that it will depend on the intensity of sensation, on the repetition of the said sensation and on the attention paid to such sensations, whether the consciousness is clear. On this clearness depends the power of *re*-presentation or of reproducing to consciousness the sense-effects of the past. These sense-effects of the past, when *re*-presented, are the images which the function of the nerve organs called memory places before consciousness. On this view it would appear that imagination (or at least one phase of it) and memory are identical. Memory would then be equivalent to a faculty of storing up images. The senses present to consciousness certain effects; these effects produce to the mind an image. Such images can be recalled and reproduced with more or less distinctness, consciously and subconsciously, and this process is, to physiological psychology, the function and power of imagination.

The phase of imagination which has hitherto been considered is that of *re*-productive imagination. This phase naturally raises the question as to whether there is productive imagination. This question is answered in the negative. It is asserted that all cases in which this appears to be the case come under the head of subconscious *re*-production and that such apparent production is but the modification, transformation and combination of previously existing memory-images derived from conscious and subconscious sense presentations. Imagination is thus strictly limited to sense-experience. It produces new combinations but no new elements, and so-called "creative imagination" is but the production of "exceptionally new and original *re*-combinations of existing material." Unconscious and conscious inspiration are replaced by "passive automatic reproduction" and the scientific genius appears but as "an exceptional power of recombining facts so as to get new ideas."

Normal mental activity must then start only from sense-present-

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ations and it follows that even this limited power of the imagination can be beneficial only when a balance between it and sense or "real" experience is maintained. Even a perfectly accurate coalescence of image and percept would, if the tendency to reproduce images were in excess, argue a tendency to illusion; for the images would not be "real." Even the mind with its stored up images is not real in comparison with the senses and their activity, for mind on this argument is the product of sense-experience. Is this so? As said before, Professor Ladd says "no,"! and gives to mind a life and laws of its own, arguing from the law of the conservation of energy.

Let us turn to Professor Ladd and the thought presented to us in his *Psychology*. For the purpose of the subject in hand it is necessary to quote his thought very largely and further to consider the subject of imagination not merely in an isolated position but in relation to cognate mental or psychic processes such as memory and thought in relation to primary intellection. Now in all these processes one factor is requisite—attention. It stands to reason that without attention there can be no intellection at all. This understood, the first and most constant form of intellection is the instantaneous awareness of resemblance. Such a process is necessary for all elaboration of experience and the most primary organization of mental life. This consciousness of resemblance necessitates the consciousness of difference and these two are primary component factors of mental life. Upon them depends the entire series of mental complexes which constitute the development of perception. With this development "the relative amount of sensation complexes that have a peripheral origin, becomes smaller: that due to manifold revived ideas and to subtle and rapid judgments habitually performed, becomes greater." Thus we see that *perception* becomes more and more a mattter of *ideation* with the development of the mental life. And the converse is also true—viz.: that such ideation adds to the value of sense-perception and the possibilities of development of sense-perception involve an increase in the wealth of sensuous details and of the higher ideal and intellectual qualities. It becomes plain that from the side of Physiological Psychology "our power to constitute the different mental factors into the unity of one state (*the "Mind" or "Soul"*) is dependent upon the influence of ideas."

Now both sense-perception and self-consciousness (from this point of view) are "presentation psychoses." Memory, imagination and thought are, on the other hand, *re*-presentative. Plainly all these three alike depend on the fundamental faculty of ideation and "in this sense are developments of one and the same form of mental life." To briefly distinguish them:

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MEMORY differs in the characteristic of *re*-cognition. It develops *pari passu* with the consciousness of time and self.

IMAGINATION differs in that *re*-cognition is suppressed and the process is freed from the past.

THOUGHT differs in this that when we are distinctly thinking and not merely imagining, the ideas which succeed each other are more abstract, less linked to their concrete complexity, and possess more of a scheme. Furthermore in trains of thought the contiguous factors are seen to have a different origin. In other words thinking is a development of the *relating* consciousness of primary intellection and is a process of relating *together with* an immediate awareness of the relation.

As Professor Ladd says, "*Re*cognition is the essential psychological peculiarity of memory as a developed and conscious mental activity. We do not have memory till the reproduced image is recognized."

For the purposes of *recollection*, voluntary attention is necessary. This attention is "a selective and distributive energy working toward an end consciously conceived of," and controls all the "completeness of the reproductive processes in the interest of that end."

The present psychosis in a complete act of developed memory, including both recollection and reproduction, is consciously related to the past of *my* experience as a representative of that past. The reproductive image is not merely of the past but it is of and in *my* past. *Memory* as distinct from the *laws of reproduction*, becomes clear. Reproduction is, then, a *pre*condition of recognitive memory. This is a step beyond the physiological theory of "the recurrence of similar forms of associated cerebration" or *habits* of cerebral reaction. For although what is called "retentive memory" implies the hygiene of brain, nerve and bodily tissues with the complete circulation of the blood, there have yet to be included the psychical conditions of retentive memory. These are mainly covered by the relation which attention bears in the production of percepts. In this connection the observation of Kursmaul is worth recording: viz.; "The more concrete the idea the more readily the word to designate it is forgotten when the memory fails."

On analysis it will be found that the attempts to explain *recognitive* activity by physiological activity are vain. It is not to be explained "as though it were a mere succession of consciousnesses of any kind" or of impressions familiar and resembling previously existing impressions *plus* a general consciousness. Recognitive activity is *sui generis* and as a development of memory belongs to the mind

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as an integral self and is one of the functions governed by the laws of that self which are akin to, somewhat dependent on *but superior* to the laws of the physiological organism. For although in many cases memory seems to be a sort of special and isolated piece of psycho-physical mechanism, that essence of it by which we *transcend the past* and connect by a true spiritual synthesis into a known reality with the past, has to be related with the whole man, body *and mind*—as the *subject* who remembers.

The almost inextricable interlinking of thought, memory and imagination has rendered necessary the extensive dealing with memory at this length in order to clear the ground for the expansion of the view of the power and function of the imagination. The physiological view is too small to account for the facts and dwarfs the scope of the subject-mind or soul, of which it will be seen that memory and imagination are, when guided by will, correlated forces.

Let us turn then to the imagination. We find that it is partly lower and partly higher than memory. In the first place the psycho-physical mechanism tends to produce pictures, but, unless there is recognition such process must be classed below memory. In contrast to this we see that by virtue of imagination the inventor, the artist, the poet, the philosopher and the man of pure science are able to transcend all the memories of their own past and even of their race.

Again if imagination be merely image-reproducing it is as a faculty distinctly below that of "thinking." It is clear, however, that "thinking" in all its higher functions depends on the developed and trained power of the imagination. Imagination and intellect coöperate and interpenetrate; but analysis shows that while the merely reproductive form of imagination closely resembles the lower memory so long as there is a low degree or no recognitive energy, the apparently creative forms rather resemble that lofty and almost abstract thinking which leaps to conclusions with an immediacy and a certainty comparable in its own sphere of action only to the intuitive processes of perception.

Physiological psychology proceeds to argue that, since no object can be constituted by activity of *re*-presentation which may not be analyzed into factors of presentation experience, "in so-called *creative* imagination the factors themselves are voluntary recombinations existing only while the mind creates them"; and that it is in connection with the correlated development of intellect and will that the faculty of imagination develops: or, in other words, that the primary processes of ideation develop into the faculty of imag-

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ination. This, of course, is the more modern rendering of Locke's famous dictum "Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu," and, so far as creative imagination is concerned, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

Before going further it would be well to make clear the distinctions between "Fancy" and "Imagination." Professor Ladd says that Fancy is so distinguished:

(1) By having less regard for the probable as determined by known facts and laws; (2) by being less likely to be connected with practical interests other than mere amusement; (3) by being less bound by considerations of method in the attainment of its lower and more immediate end; (4) by consequently being narrower in the range of subjects to which it can be applied; (5) by serving more temporary uses; (6) by ministering to a lower form of æsthetical feeling.

The way is thus cleared for the classification of imagination. First there is "Reproductive" which is closely allied to memory; then there is the "Creative" concerning which, as we have seen, it is asserted that it is only re-creative or at most that it only combines anew previously existing memories and images. These two divisions cover the various kinds of imagination which may briefly be divided into (1) Practical, (2) Scientific, (3) Artistic and æsthetical, (4) Ethical and religious.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

In Heaven,
Some little blades of grass
  Stood before God.
  "What did you do?"
Then all save one of the little blades
  Began eagerly to relate
The merits of their lives.
This one stayed a small way behind,
  Ashamed.
Presently, God said,
"And what did you do?"
The little blade answered, "Oh, my lord,
"Memory is bitter to me,
"For if I did good deeds,
"I know not of them."
Then God, in all His splendor,
Arose from his throne.
"Oh, best little blade of grass!" he said.

—STEPHEN CRANE in *The Black Riders.*

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THE TEACHINGS OF PLOTINOS.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

AUGUSTIN, the celebrated bishop of Hippo in Northern Africa, described Plotinos as "Plato risen from the dead." The singular probity of his character, his profound knowledge, his intuitive perception which often seemed like omniscience, his ecstatic vision of Divinity, joined with extraordinary sagacity in worldly matters, seemed to warrant such a declaration. The little that is known of his personal history has been given by his more distinguished disciple, Porphyry, who considered him divinely inspired.

The Platonic philosophy had been preserved by the Older Akadémé approximating somewhat toward the Pythagorean principles and then returning to the doctrines of the great philosopher. There were also other schools, more or less amplifying his teachings all the way down to the close of the Macedonian period. The establishment of the famous Museum and Library at Alexandreia was the occasion for a new departure. The representatives of every school of thought were invited thither, Wise Men of the Far East, together with the Sages of the regions then known as the West. There had occurred a great upheaval in philosophic and religious thought, which added importance to the undertaking. Asoka, a Piyadarsi of India, having abandoned Jainism for Buddhism, had engaged in the most extensive work of propaganda ever known, and sent eighty thousand missionaries, Southward, Eastward, Northward, and even to the Greek-speaking countries. The Jews had their Temple in Egypt, erected by their legitimate High Priest, and not inferior to the sanctuary at Jerusalem, or its rival on Mount Gerizim. There were also Therapeutæ, and sects of philosophy not necessary to enumerate. All were welcomed by the Ptolemies to the Lecture-Rooms at their capital, and their books were eagerly procured for the Great Library. There was also a purpose to surpass the similar enterprise then in active operation at Pergamos.

Under these auspices there was developed a disposition to reconcile the conflicting sentiments, and harmonize as far as might be, the several schools of belief. As the Platonic philosophy was most complete of all and included the higher speculation, metaphysical and ethical idealism, it was best suited for the foundation of an eclectic effort. Contiguity with the East and the general adoption of the occult Mithraic Rites over the Roman world operated

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powerfully to mitigate the hostilities incident to the various national and tribal religions. There arose at one time and another men of ability to prepare the way for a harmony of philosophic systems. Phila, Appolonios of Tyana, Alexander the Aphrodisian and others may be named in the number.

Ammonios Sakkas of Alexandreia, however is generally accredited as the first teacher of what is distinctly recognized as Neo-Platonism. Like other great leaders, little is recorded of him personally. An Indian orator once addressed a missionary: "The Great Spirit speaks: we hear his voice in the winds, in the rustling of the trees, and the purling of the streams of water; but he does not write!" The great teachers seem to have been equally silent with pen and stylus. Konfusi, Gautama, Zoroaster, Sokrates, Jesus are known only through their professed disciples. It was more common to publish recondite doctrines under another name as Hermes Trismegistos, to which we may add the Sokrates of Plato's Dialogues, Zarathustra of the Vendidad, Dionysios the Areopagite, Christian Rosenkreutz, and others with which we are more familiar. The entire dogmas of Pythagoras were inculcated with the prefix of "Ipse dixit"; and Plato it was affirmed, taught a doctrine orally which his disciples promulgated in like manner, but which was not preserved in writing.

Ammonios Sakkas taught at Alexandreia in the earlier years of the Third Century of the present era. It was his belief that true doctrines were contained in every faith and philosophic system, and he proposed to winnow them out for an Eclectic Scheme. The name selected for himself and followers was that of *Philaletheans*, or lovers of the truth. A Zoroastrian tendency may be perceived; the Eranian doctrines were designated as truth; all divergent systems, as "the Lie." He had a select body of disciples whom he obligated to secrecy, considering that the "Wisdom of the Ancients" was too holy to be confided to profane persons. This obligation, however, was set aside by Hercunius after his death.

Plotinos, however, became the representative and chief apostle of the new Eclectic Philosophy. He was a native of Lykopolis or Siut in Upper Egypt, and was born in the year 205. He became a student at Alexandreia in 233, but was about to leave in disappointment when he was introduced by a friend to Ammonios Sakkas. He at once in a transport devoted himself to the new philosophy, remaining with the school eleven years. At this time the amiable youth Gordian (Marcus Antoninus Pius Gordianus) had become Emperor, and now set out on an expedition into the Parthian dominions. Plotinos accompanied the army with the purpose "to

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study the philosophy of the Parthians and the Wisdom particularly cultivated by the Indian Sages." His expectation, however, was not realized, the Emperor being assassinated by a rival.

He now came to Rome, where he engaged zealously in his esoteric studies. It was his aim to restore the philosophy of Plato in its essential character, and in short to live the life of the disembodied while yet in the body, as is set forth in the *Phædo*. He had many disciples, many of them senators, physicians, and others of philosophic tastes. Among them was Porphyrios, a native of Tyre, who at his request afterward edited and revised his work. Though he lived a celibate and carefully abstained from public affairs, he was often made a trustee and guardian of orphan children, particularly fatherless girls, and their estates, and also an arbiter of disputes, and he always discharged these trusts with absolute fidelity. The Roman Emperor Gallienus, who greatly admired him, bestowed upon him a deserted city in Campania, to which was given the name of Platonopolis, and he made an endeavor to establish there a Platonic Politeia, but without success. The courtiers hindered his efforts.

In many respects he resembled the Yogis of India. He was ascetic in his habits, abstaining from animal food, and he is described as "ashamed that his soul was in a body." He would not let his picture be painted, or tell the name of his parents or the race to which he belonged, or even discourse about his native country. Though often dyspeptic and subject to colic, he refused medical treatment, as unfit for a man of adult years. He never bathed, but made daily use of massage. A pestilence raged at Rome with such violence that five thousand persons are said to have perished in a single day. Plotinos was one of the victims. His servants had died from the epidemic, leaving none to care for him, and he suffered terribly. His voice was lost, his eyes blinded, and offensive ulcers covered him to his hands and even his feet. He lingered in this condition till the year 270. In this condition he was carried to Campania, where friends ministered to him. Here he was visited by Eustochius from Putechi. "I have expected you," said the dying man. "I am now endeavoring that my divine part may return to that divine essence that pervades the universe." He was sixty-four years old at the time of his death.

The veneration which the disciples of Plotinos entertained for him was almost a worship. He was reputed to possess superhuman powers. Those who became familiar with him, like those associating with Sokrates, passed thenceforward a better life. A lady named Khion with her daughters living in his house, lost a valua-

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ble necklace, and Plotinos, looking among the servants, picked out the thief. Polemo, a young man of his acquaintance, was told that he would have a loose life, and die early. Porphyry himself construed too literally the notion of hating the body, and was contemplating suicide. Plotinos perceived this, and pronouncing it the effect of disease, sent him to Sicily, where he recovered, but never saw his preceptor again.

An Egyptian priest at Rome employed a theurgic test in order to discover the guardian demon of Plotinos. It was done in the temple of Isis, but one of the higher order appeared. "Thou hast a God for a guardian," he declared. On another occasion, one Olympius attempted to bring upon him by magic art the baneful influence of the stars, but the malignant defluxion was reflected upon himself. This endeavor was several times repeated, but always with a similar result. The soul of Plotinos repelled every evil assault. It was "always tending to Divinity" says Porphyry.

The oracle was consulted, and described him as blessed of the Muses and possessing endless bliss. "By the assistance of this Divine Light," says Porphyry, "he had frequently raised himself by his conceptions to the First God who is beyond, and by employing for this purpose the Paths narrated by Plato in *The Banquet*, there appeared to him the Supreme Divinity who has neither any form nor ideal, but is established above mind and everything spiritual—to whom also, I, Porphyry, say that I was approached and was united when I was sixty-eight years of age. . . . The gods frequently directed him into the right path by benignantly extending to him abundant rays of divine light; so that he may be said to have composed his works from the contemplation and intuition of Divinity."

Plotinos did not readily compose books. Not till Porphyry became his disciple did he begin, and he gave his compositions to Porphyry to revise. He prepared some fifty-four treatises which were comprehended in the six *Enneads* of nine parts each. We may surmise his estimate of his redactor by his praise of a poem, *The Sacred Marriage*,, composed by the latter. "You have thus yourself at the same time a poet, a philosopher, and an hierophant."

It was the purpose of Plotinos to combine and systematize the various religious and philosophic theories, by exalting them to the higher concept. He taught the fact of three hypastases or foundation principles—the Absolute Good, Mind and Soul. "For," says Taylor, "according to Plato, the Good is superessential; Intellect is an impartible, immovable essence, and Soul is a self-motive es-

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sence, and subsists as a medium between Intellect and the nature which is distributed about bodies."

The Divine Being is accordingly designated by Plotinos, "The Good," "The One," "The First," "The First Cause." In essence he is absolutely one and unchangeable; but plurality and changeableness pertain to his workings. He is the Light shining into the darkness or chaos. The first sphere of his activity is Mind or Intellect, in which he differentiates himself into consciousness and its objects. In this Mind are the Ideas or idealities, which are at once the archetypes and moving forces of the universe. From it all things proceed.

Thus, the Divine Spirit is the self-active, creating principle, and from spirit all matter is derived. The world and the universe are the product of spirit: as also Paul declared: "All things are out from God."

The most immediate product of Spirit, as Plotinos taught, is Soul, which in its turn shapes matter into corporeal conditions. Receiving from the Spirit the world of Ideas and the image or archetype, it forms and fashions the world of Sense.

All existence, therefore, is an emanation and projection from the Divine One—not in time, however, but in Eternity. There is also, he inculcated, a returning impulse, attracting all again to the centre and source. Hence he made less account of external knowledges, but regarded the real truth as to be apprehended by an immediate divine illumination. He held revelation to be a perception which the individual attains, by coming in touch with the Deity. This is Ecstasy—an absence and separation of the spirit or superior intellect from the sensation and consciousness of the body and from the external memory, being rapt in contemplation of the Absolute Good.

Sokrates himself was frequently in this enthusiastic condition. Alkibiades describes him in the *Banquet* as one day during the Athenian expedition to Potidæs, standing by himself in contemplation, from early dawn till mid-day and on through the night till next morning, when he performed an invocation to the Sun and went away. Xenokrates was also thus absent from the body. Paul describes a similar rapture when he was himself in the third heaven or paradise hearing things unspeakable. In the initiations at the ancient mysteries, particularly at Eleusinia, it was attempted to produce or develop an analogous condition.

Sokrates in the *Phædo* describes the philosophic soul as retiring within itself, pushing aside the body as far as possible, having no communication with it, and so aiming at the discovery of that which is. Plotinos also teaches that the wise one cognizes the ideal of the

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Divine Good within him by withdrawing into the Sanctuary of his own soul. Others seek to realize it, as in the Theurgic Rites, by laborious effort of an external character. The true aim is to concentrate and simplify. Instead of going out into the manifold, the true way is to forsake it for the One, and so to float upward toward the Divine fountain of being which flows in each of us.

He declares we cannot attain to this knowing of the Infinite by the exercising of the reasoning faculty. It is the province of that faculty to distinguish and define; and the Infinite may not be thus brought within limitations. Only by a faculty superior to the understanding can we apprehend the Infinite; and this may be done by entering into a state in which the individual is no longer his finite self, and in which the Divine Essence is communicated to him. This is Ecstasy—the liberating of the mind from the finite consciousness. Like can only apprehend like; thus ceasing to be finite we become one with the Infinite. In the reducing of the Soul to this simple condition, its divine essence, this union or identity is realized.

The mind is thus illumined with divine light. The person cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes.* It is he, rather, who approaches to it or withdraws. One must not pursue it, but abide waiting for it patiently, as if looking for the sun to rise above the ocean. The soul, blind to all beside, gazes intently on the ideal vision of the Beautiful, and is glorified as it contemplates it.

This condition, Plotinos says, is not one that endures permanently. Our common human nature is not sufficient for it. It may be enjoyed now and then. All that tends to purify the mind will assist in the attainment, and facilitate the approach and recurring of these felicitous experiences.

There are different paths to the Sublime Height. Every one may take the one that is best suited to him. There is the love of beauty and excellence which inspires the poet; the devotion to the Supreme One and the pursuit of the Superior Knowledge which impel the philosopher; the piety and love which characterize the ardent soul. These are so many paths conducting to the heights above the actual and the particular; and then we stand in the immediate presence of the Infinite, who shines out as from the deeps of the soul.

It will be perceived that Plotinos extends human consciousness from the physical and psychic, of which we all know, to a supra-consciousness or apperception in which the higher intellect or spirit is brought into communion with its like, and to the realization of

* Jesus says to Nicodemus: "The pneuma or spirit moves whither it will, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

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being one with Divinity itself. This is the acme of Neo-Platonism. The Mysticism of later centuries which Dionysius, Eckart, Boehmen and Molinos inculcated, and which Sa'adi and others diffused in the Moslem body, took from this an inspiration. The Apostle Paul himself recognized the doctrine. He describes the entirety of man as "spirit and soul and body," and "delights in the law of God after the inner man." He also treats of the "psychic man" that does not receive the things of the spirit, and "one that is spirited, who knoweth the All, but is not himself known by any."

Iamblichos of Cœlosyria mingled with these doctrines a Theurgic Initiation after the manner of the Egyptian priests and Theosophers and was followed by Proklos and others. But in its simplicity as taught by Plotinos and Porphyry, there were no such secret observances, but only a general conforming to the customs instituted for the general public. It was enough for the philosopher to contemplate excellence and by a pure and true life realize it in himself. Such are they of whom the world is not worthy.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

"Have you ever thought how much of life can be expressed in terms of music? To me every civilization has given out its distinct musical quality; the ages have their peculiar tones; each century its key, its scale. For generations in Greece you can hear nothing but the pipes; during other generations nothing but the lyre. Think of the long, long time among the Romans when your ear is reached by the trumpet alone. Then again whole events in history come down to me with the effect of an orchestra, playing in the distance; single lives sometimes like a great solo. As for the people I know or have known, some have to me the sound of brass, some the sound of wood, some the sound of strings. Only—so few, so very, very few, yield the perfect music of their kind. The brass is a little too loud; the wood a little too muffled; the strings—some of the strings are invariably broken.

. . . . . .

Martin Luther—he was a cathedral organ, and so it goes. And so the whole past sounds to me: it is the music of the world: it is the vast choir of the ever-living dead. Plato! he is the music of the stars. The most we can do is to begin a strain that will swell the general volume and last on after we have perished."—JAMES LANE ALLEN, *The Choir Invisible.*

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AS seen from the deck of an ocean steamship, the view presented differs but little from that to be seen from any other point of vantage. Life is eternally the same. Incidents and persons vary somewhat in appearance, but behind all persons is the same great Soul and behind all incidents lies concealed the same great lesson. Yet life on board-ship is a curious epitome of the life of the world as a whole: there are the workers and the drones, and the drones are not the happier as a rule, particularly if the weather chances to be rough! People generally relax at sea, and to some extent throw aside their business and social cares; but they remain the same men and women. They play cards, and you can almost tell a man's normal occupation by the way in which he holds the playthings in his hands, furtively hiding them from the possible observation of his neighbors, with many a defensive side-glance, not to mention an occasional attempt to take advantage of the carelessness of others. He is a business man, a financier, but not an habitual card-player, for the latter, though far more careful in fact, preserves an appearance of large indifference which shows the expert as it deceives the unwary. The game consists in trying to get the better of all the other players: not unlike the ordinary game of life! Then they resort to music, and this gives free scope for extravagant little jealousies, criticisms, heart-burnings, just as in the big world around us whenever people meet together for either work or pleasure. It has been said that a funeral gives wider opportunity for displaying these peculiarities than any other form of human entertainment, but a concert at sea easily comes second.

One hardly expects to find evidence of spirituality in any but one in ten thousand faces. To expect more would involve grievous disappointment. Not that all faces are not now and again illumined with some rare flash of the inner light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," but this transient awakening leaves no permanent impress on the features. Without expecting, however, to meet with any outer and visible sign of spiritual aspiration and endeavor, one might imagine that traces of decision and certainty of aim would be frequent. This is not so. Indecision

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is clearly shown in nearly every face, and, paradoxical as it may seem, in this fact lies the hope of the future. Once in a long while one meets a man whose every feature and movement proves that he knows exactly what he wants, is determined to get it and that he has concentrated the whole force of his nature on its attainment. He is absolutely one-pointed in his aspiration, and therefore he must triumph in the end. As in the vast majority of cases such a man's aim is low and "of the world, worldly," he throws love, affection, conscience, duty to the winds and makes straight for his point. He is a strong man, and no ordinary man, who wavers between conscience and desire, can compete with him. If the whole race were resolute in its striving after material things, its damnation would be assured; it is because men doubt the solidity of the ground on which they now stand that they sometimes turn their eyes heavenward and long for a security and a peace which this world does not afford. In the course of ages, as they learn to look with more persistence, they will find their peace. Even those who keep their eyes turned earthwards, look in a dozen different directions instead of one—with the exception of the man with one desire. They strive for wealth, and what they call "love" intervenes to divert their aim; they strive for what they believe to be love's realization, and expediency divides their interest; they strive for place and power, and the fear of public opinion stays them at the crucial moment. They are the world's weaklings. Saddest of all is the plight of the strong man who with one-pointed endeavor at last attains the object of his heart's desire. As it is a material thing it cannot be permanent, and furthermore he must tire of it in time, for, as Emerson said, the soul was born to embrace the whole and not a part. This thing for which he has so wonderfully striven will become more bitter than death to him, and he will suffer as few can suffer, because few are strong. If, with the same power and simplicity of purpose, he had aspired towards the permanent and the eternal, how great would have been his reward! But doubtless he had first to learn his lesson.

The multitude of man's desires! And all of them efforts to attain the unrecognized ideal—the true Self and the hidden Deity. Man seeks it in woman and woman in man (not that they may not often help each other to find the unknown God within themselves); both seek it in Power and in the praise of their fellow men, in music, in painting, in the mere unintelligent "doing of good," in the favoritism of some man-like God, in forgetfulness. For aeons they have been paying homage to these and many other idols, all-unconsciously worshipping the one ideal, the Soul of things, the

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WORLD'S DESIRE, as they bowed before them. They have tried to find the ideal in the material, and they have failed and always will fail to do so. Sooner or later they will feel some dim appealing consciousness stirring within their hearts, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and they will wake to lend ear to it and to find their ideal as it really is, instead of as they imagine it to be.

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It has been reported that, in one of the States of the Union, the Police Department have set women prisoners to breaking stones, the Police Commissioners arguing that "women prisoners kept in idleness were not sufficiently punished." We live in a refined and gentle age, forsooth; we look back with horror and contempt upon the barbarities of ancient Rome; we wax tumultuously indignant over the Sultan's alleged cruelties—and we set our unfortunate women-folk to breaking stones as a punishment for their sins! The men who have done it are doubtless God-fearing citizens, full of virtuous condemnation for such offences as these poor women have committed; they possibly have not committed the same offences themselves, at least they have never been found out, and so from their narrow point of view they are perfectly justified in "punishing" these women as severely as possible. In doing so they simply reflect the hopeless ignorance of the people who elected them to office, who would thoroughly endorse the Mosaic principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," regardless of Christ's teaching of compassion and forgiveness. But even in reflecting the stupidity of the majority of their fellow citizens, they might have used discrimination, one would suppose. They need not have chosen the most degrading occupation it would be possible to inflict on a woman. They might have taken into some account the effect of stone-breaking upon the minds and moral natures of their prisoners. By a supreme effort they might possibly have discovered some form of "punishment" which would have kept the women employed and which would have taught them at the same time how to gain an honest living after their discharge. There are surely many feminine occupations which are by no means light work, but which are useful and productive and honorable in the eyes of the world. But these Police Commissioners are mere instruments, and it is their employers—the people—who are the most to blame. We may at least hope that before too long the great mass of people will appreciate the importance of using their prisons as centres of education—the hospitals of the morally diseased.

E. T. H.

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All through the world to-day is sounding with a persistency that is alarming, a dull heavy note of unrest, unrest. With scarcely an exception, the scenes that flit across the *Screen of Time* portray the same unrest, the same anxious looking for some change. In one place —Famine, in another revolution and a fight for freedom, here strikes, there disputes, a rush for the new gold fields at Klondyke, speculations in stocks, luxury and sensuous enjoyments for the few, a life-long struggle for a bare subsistence for the many. But back of all these outer and visible signs there is an universal unrest of the souls of men—the spirit of Humanity travailing, with the pangs of child-birth already begun. What will be this child, the Future, so soon to become the present? Is its fate already written in the stars, the irrevocable outcome of the deeds of the past, or is there still time to awaken a new influence which shall run like a golden thread throughout the new era? We do still have this opportunity, a few short months still remain ere the cycle closes in February, 1898. It was recently said by Mrs. Tingley that if we would send forth a note of radiant hope into the next cycle we must concentrate all our efforts upon the work now. We cannot too fully realize how much needs to be done, and the importance of our efforts during the next six months. Let us make every effort to instil into our work the spirit of unity and harmony; let us look to principles and not to personalities; let us put aside personal ambitions and work for humanity; let us seek ever to get into closer touch with the spirit of the Movement; for the more the spirit of harmony prevails, the more the Movement advances and grows and the more humanity is helped.

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Yesterday, August 8th, another awful picture was flashed across the *Screen of Time*—"The Assassination of Antonio Canovas del Castillo, Premier of Spain." What does this mean for Spain, and for Cuba? But there is a more important question and one which touches not Spaniards and Cubans only but every human being, for those conditions which resulted in this awful tragedy are to be found in other countries besides Spain—this question:—how can we bring about such a state of things that such an act will be no longer possible, not from forcible restraint but because men's hearts shall be changed, for as says an ancient scripture:—"All creatures act according to their own natures." But let us look at another picture that shone and gleamed on the Screen on that same yesterday. It is a picture that has been growing and gleaming for some time past. It began just as a mighty forest tree begins—as a small seed—but when it is grown the birds of the air lodge in its branches

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and it becomes a place of shelter where all may seek and find refuge.

It is to this picture that we can turn with hope, a hope that will not fail us, and here we can find that which shall still the unrest of humanity's heart, once more bringing peace and harmony to tired earth. The International Brotherhood League began as a tiny seed, as a single thought, born of the love which Katherine A. Tingley bears for the whole human race. Already the seed has grown and become a strong and vigorous plant as was so clearly shown at the meeting of the League at Lotus Home, August 8th. It is impossible to give detailed accounts of this work in this magazine but we would refer our readers to the *Theosophical News*. Among those present at the Home yesterday were Mrs. Tingley, E. A. Neresheimer, Mrs. Neresheimer, F. M. Pierce, A. H. Spencer, H. T. Patterson, H. Harney. Mr. Neresheimer, in particular, spoke of splendid work that had already been done.

He said that it was impossible to fully realize the magnitude of the work and that he was only beginning to dimly understand the possibilities that lay before the League but which he was absolutely confident would be carried out. The work of the League was but a continuation of work of the Crusade and under the same guiding hand cannot fail of its accomplishment. The International Brotherhood League is for the binding together of all the nations upon earth and, through it, help will come both to the East and the West, for the East and particularly India, needs our help. India, the seat of so much of the spiritual wisdom of the past but now wasted by famine and plague, despairing, almost hopeless, still has vast stores of knowledge hidden away which can only be brought to light when the misery which now weighs so heavily upon that ancient land, shall be lightened,

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One of the saddest pictures upon the *Screen* is India. What a contrast we have had presented to us this year. The Queen's Jubilee with its gorgeous pageantry and India where—for how long? —a fire has been smouldering, and now here and there breaks out and we hear rumors of rebellion and uprisings. And the people all the while growing weaker and weaker, fighting that awful foe—Famine. There is suffering in America, thousands out of work, not knowing where to look for the next meal but all the suffering in this land of ours, if multiplied a thousand-fold would not compare with the awful, indescribable suffering and misery of that ancient land, once beloved, yea still beloved, by the gods, and still in the years to

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come to lift her head once more and bring back the cycle of her former greatness and wisdom.

One department of the International Brotherhood League is the Bureau of India Relief and Famine Fund and we are glad to be able to print in this issue a letter showing what work has been done by the members of the Indo-American Theosophical Society at Benares, as a result of the Crusade work in India. Twenty-four hundred and fifty-five persons have been relieved by a small band of workers in this city alone and similar work has been done by the members of the League at other of the large cities of India. A little money in India goes a long way, and shall we not, will not *you*, readers of THEOSOPHY, give some help to relieve this awful suffering.

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Other work of the League being done in New York and soon to be inaugurated in all the large cities of America, is among the unfortunate classes, men and women. Dr. Robt. A. Gunn, a prominent New York physician, is giving his services free to this work. A centre has been opened in East 14th Street, the centre of one of the most thickly populated tenement house districts in this city, and here treatment is given to those enslaved by the alcohol habit. Dr. Gunn treats this as a disease and has effected some remarkable and complete cures. There has also been organized a band of ladies to work among the unfortunate women of the city. Is not the true way to help these our unfortunate sisters, to first recognize the indissoluble link that binds all, rich and poor, strong and weak, pure and impure, into one Universal Brotherhood? To do this, to help as far as in each one lies, to practice Brotherhood, is the work of the International Brotherhood League. Every one can help in this work and there is work for every one to do. Mrs. Tingley informs me that not later than September 15th, full particulars in regard to the work of the International Brotherhood League will be sent to all members and that possibly a lecturer will be sent to visit all Branches.

J. H. F.

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SCIENCE NOTES.

TIME. LIFE. ENERGY.

FAMILIARLY and frequently as these terms are used, few of us could explain their meaning or state the basic concepts for which they stand. The following philosophical definitions will be found useful as well as novel, to those who habitually subordinate their thought to the common phraseology and make no effort to penetrate the real nature of the cosmic forces underlying the conditions in which we live.

"The common conception of the word 'time'—as an indescribable something flowing at a constant rate is erroneous. Time is humanity's best friend, and should be pictured as a ministering angel, instead of a skeleton with hourglass and scythe. Time does not fly, but is permanent and quiescent, while restless, force-impelled matter, rushes onward. Force and matter fly; time reposes. At our birth we are wound up like a machine, to move for a certain number of years, grating against time. We grind against that complacent spirit, and wear, not time, but ourselves away. We hold within ourselves a certain amount of energy, which, an evanescent form of matter, is the opponent of time. Time has no existence with inanimate objects. It is the concept of the human intellect. Time is rest, perfect rest, tranquility such as man never realizes unless he becomes a part of the sweet silences toward which human life and human mind are drifting.

"Disturbed energy in one of its forms, we call life; and this life is the great enemy of peace, the opponent of perfection. Pure energy is the soul of the Universe and permeates all things with which man is now acquainted. When at rest it is imperceptible to man; while disturbed energy, according to its condition, is apparent either as matter or as force. A substance or material body is a manifestation resulting from a disturbance of energy. The agitating cause removed, the manifestations disappear, and thus a Universe may be extinguished without unbalancing the cosmos that remains.

"The worlds known to man are conditions of dynamic energy moving in separate orbits through what men call space. They attract bodies of similar description, and thus are swayed to and fro under the influence of the various disturbances in energy common to their rank and order, which we call forms of forces.

"Unbalanced energy also assumes numerous other expressions that are unknown to man, but which in all perceptible forms is characterized by motion. Pure energy cannot be appreciated by the minds of mortals.

"There are invisible worlds besides those perceived by us in our planetary system, unreachable centres of ethereal structure about us that stand in a higher plane of development than earthly matter which is a gross form of disturbed energy. There are also lower planes.

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"Man's acquaintance with the forms of energy is the result of his power of perceiving the forms of matter of which he is a part. Heat, light, gravitation, electricity and magnetism, are ever present in all perceivable substances, and although of purer material than earth, they are still only manifestations of absolute energy, and for this reason are sensible to men.

"It can be conceived that if these disturbances could be removed, matter or force would be resolved back into pure energy and would vanish. Such a dissociation is an ethereal existence, and is pure energy. The life spirit of all material things is neither cold nor hot, heavy nor light, solid, liquid nor gaseous—men cannot, as mortals now exist, see, feel, smell, taste or even conceive of it. It occupies space, a world of itself as transparent to matter, as matter is to it, insensible but ever present, a reality to higher existences in other planes, but not to us an essence subject to scientific test, nor an entity." (*Etidorhpa.*)

PHOTOGRAPHING THOUGHT AND AURA.

Reference was recently made to the endeavor of Dr. Baraduc, of Paris, to secure by means of photography graphic representations of thought forms, and to impress the images of mental concepts on sensitized plates. His successes in this direction have encouraged him to even more ambitious efforts. He now seeks to photograph the human aura, which, as he believes, envelopes every man—as the photosphere envelops the sun—and is alike subject to storms and disturbances. The Doctor's theory, which Theosophists will have no difficulty in conceiving as entirely practical, is that the enveloping atmosphere, be it of what nature it may, is intensely alive and active, and affected by the magnetism and changes of condition of the individual to whom it pertains. It is the vibrations and modifications of this aura or photosphere that the Doctor sought to capture and record, and while we are not as yet informed as to the practical details of manipulation by which the results were reached, it appears that the pictorial images exhibited clearly the diverse effects produced under variations of physical conditions, and present a remarkable similarity with those obtained from the sun during periods of calm, or solar disturbance. "As above, so below," and the multiplied means by which theosophic teachings are being brought to the attention of the world, and in such wise as to command its consideration and assent, are as wonderful as they are effective in operation and mysterious in their origin.

In New York independent attempts have been made by two specialists, Drs. Miller and Simon, one a hypnotist and the other a physiologist, to photograph mental images. The result was curious. The doctors were unable by concentration of their individual thought to create a picture; but by using an intermediary, viz.: a thoroughly hypnotized patient, a mental photograph of entirely satisfactory

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distinctness was obtained. In the particular experiment, the subject was required to think of nothing but his hand, and a picture of a hand was made to appear. It is obvious that with an attention, however acute, that is not trained or constrained to immobility—the time needed to produce mechanical results is lacking. In hypnosis the mind is narrowly held in the single dominating direction, as the tube of a telescope may be kept upon an individual star.

SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

The discovery of the "sayings of Christ" is, an event of extraordinary interest to the world of Europe and America, from a scientific as well as from a religious standpoint.

The site of the discovery was an ancient city lying on the border of the Libyan Desert, in the Nile Valley, one hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo. It is known to have been one of the centres of early Christianity, but had never been explored.

Papyri were found in abundance, all credited to the three earliest centuries of the Christian era. The extraordinary thing about these leaves is their survival of burial in the soil for eighteen centuries. They are described as "Strange looking refuse." Being made from a common water reed, by pasting strips of the inner skin together, it would seem as perishable a commodity as could well be devised; but they are apparently as durable as metal, supposing they have actually lain in the earth for the period indicated. Some of them are in rolls, perhaps 14 inches in length and a couple of inches broad, looking something like a huge cigar, dry, dusty and weevil eaten, and crushed flat by a heavy weight. But those that have been dampened and opened assume at once a most interesting appearance.

Brushed, cleaned and pressed, they look like pieces of fine yellow matting—not a bright yellow, but a dark, brownish hue. But what strikes one most strangely is the ink. There are these leaves, dug out of the soil, where they have been lying utterly unprotected for eighteen hundred years, and yet, where the surface of the papyrus is uninjured, the ink shows up as black as though it had flowed from the pen only a week ago. The writing, too, is beautifully clear, especially in the ecclesiastical manuscripts, which are the work of educated men.

L. G.

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THE LITERARY WORLD

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

"NO priesthood was ever more arrogant than this priesthood of the press." Sir Wemyss Reid makes this comment in his article in the NINETEENTH CENTURY, "Reminiscences of English Journalism." In the current QUARTERLY REVIEW in a discussion of "The Author," the remark occurs, "The initial business of a public writer is the business of a public teacher. . . . Only those who have something to teach are seriously to be welcomed as writers." One remembers with amusement the fine scorn with which a prominent newspaper received these ideas when advanced in a public address some eight years ago. To tell the truth, they were arrived at from a direction quite other than that occupied by the eminent authorities quoted. In view of the comparative permanence of classes and conditions, and the coincident fluctuation and promotion of individuals in accordance with the laws of evolution and reëmbodiment, the question arose: Who in these generations represented the great teaching classes of past ages, the priests of the ancient temples, the monkish artsmen and craftsmen, the Levitical tribesmen who held the people's knowledge in trust and disseminated or suppressed it at their discretion? Who, to-day, originates, develops, moulds, and propagates opinion? Who conserves tradition, or explodes it when occasion warrants—or tempts? Who holds in relation to the people at large—and quite irrespective of the uses of magical arts, and the actual effectiveness of religious ritual and ceremonial which belong to another order of priesthood entirely,—who, over and above the illusion of titles and names, wields the greatest educational authority and the widest intellectual and political influence? The clergymen of to-day have their place and function, but few among them can claim, in a community, power equal to that of the editor and journalist. With the bible that lies on every breakfast-table and the sermon men read on their way to work, with these scriptures of the unchurched masses, vital with the inspiration of the moment, ecclesiasticism begins to understand it no longer competes. It seems sufficiently clear that the Priesthood is reincarnate as the Press, and the tribe of Levi sustains itself still at the public charge. It may well be questioned if this priesthood of to-day be less venial than of old, or shows a better sense of its responsibility.

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The discovery among the ruins of Oxyrhynchus, a city 120 miles south of Cairo, and hitherto unknown to modern research, of a papyrus containing eight sayings of Jesus, in handwriting and along with other remains fixing 300 A. D. as the lowest limit for the date at which they were written, have attracted more attention than we might anticipate for a new play by Shakspere or a new epic by Homer. Only one of the logia, or verses, contains anything novel, but it has roused such a commotion in certain quarters that we need no longer wonder at the modifications of New Testament teaching which pass current in "orthodox" circles. Many learned articles have already been written to discount the force of the statement: "Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there I am." This is pantheism, we are told, and betrays the influence of the mystic and occult views of the early gnostic thinkers. Therefore, although the papyrus is at least a century older than any known version of the New Testament writings, it should not be accepted. Incidentally this little Greek memorandum is forcing upon the attention of many who have not yet faced it, the fact that the authenticity of the scriptures and their claim to inspiration has rested entirely upon human scholarship and opinion in one direction, and upon the authority of the Church in another. When men understand that the inspiration of a book depends upon its power to reflect or to elicit the divine in themselves, less value will be placed on the very precarious evidences commonly regarded as conclusive. One reviewer has particularly emphasized the danger of countenancing such discoveries as that at Oxyrhynchus. If it should happen that manuscripts be found containing socialistic or communistic sentiments professing to emanate from Christ, we are asked to contemplate the danger of powerful sects being raised upon such a foundation to the risk and jeopardy of vested interests. We might ask why a communistic utterance should be particularly counted upon, but clearly it is for the vested interests of the Church to beware of all papyri, however inoffensive, since thereby prestige may accrue for vast heaps of pantheistic and otherwise heresy-tainted documents yet to be uncovered. At the same time nothing could be more unfair or unwise than to fail to recognize the stand taken in such matters by those who represent what we have no hesitation in considering the best element in the churches. In the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the Rev. Dr. Walton Battershall writes of "The Warfare of Science with Theology" in terms which show an appreciation of the distinction between the Church as it might be and the members of the Church who are and have been. Undoubtedly, also, the almost un-

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bridgeable chasm of the so-called pantheistic problem is revealed. Speaking of theology and science he says: "One is simply a group of facts, the other a group of beliefs. . . . The only science whose credentials are accepted is the science that brings returns from the physical universe. . . . The legitimate sphere of theology is God in His moral and spiritual relationship to man, and the circle of truths and duties which are involved in that relationship. . . . If theology is simply the science of God, it has no concern with, and is beyond the reach of, the science which has taken for its province the physical universe. Between the two there is no warfare, or possibility of warfare, because they lie in two diverse planes of thought and fact. . . . The theological oppositions to science proceed invariably from current interpretations of what are supposed to be scientific references in the Holy Scriptures. . . . It can fairly be said that in no century has the church been responsible for the interpretations." This is tantamount to the claim that the church is really independent of the Bible and its interpreters. And it also displays the device by which it is possible to keep our science or knowledge, and our religion, whatever that may be, in separate compartments. It likewise represents the struggle to impound the Absolute within theological limits, and the confusion consequent upon a determination to identify IT with the World-Soul or Logos. Dr. Battershall quotes the Archbishop of Canterbury: "God did not make things; no, he made them make themselves." As things continue to make themselves, we cannot decide whether theology recognizes the original impulse as eternally abiding, or as being continually imparted. In the one case we have a Logos; in the other we certainly have not the Absolute. In the latest church writers there appears a tendency to adopt what may be termed a Pan-Logistic or Pan-Christic conception which avoids many obvious difficulties, and permits the Personal God of the devout to continue in peace. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) in the INDEPENDENT of 22 July, gives some curious instances of telepathy in his own experience, and offers a theory which lies along these lines. He thinks "(1) that people may live in an atmosphere of sympathy which will be a communicating medium. . . . The medium through which the message passes is love. (2) That this love is but another name for Christ, who is the Head of the body. . . . It is Christ who unites the whole race, and especially all Christian folk, by his incarnation. (3) That in proportion as one abides in Christ he will be in touch with his brethren." Mr. A. P. Peabody might discover here as he does in Wordsworth in the July FORUM, some "germs

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of pantheism." Dr. Watson probably never heard of a Root or Seed Manu but his second proposition is none the less significant.

The antiquities and traditions of America are prominent in the most recent literature of both fact and fiction. The territories of Colorado and Utah, New Mexico and Arizona have been contributing a mass of legend and folk-lore to our still scanty knowledge of the great races that once dwelt in these regions. Major Washington Matthews has gathered much in his *Navaho Legends* bearing on the primitive religion, and the occultism of these descendants of a mighty mother stock.. The Athapascan, or Tinneh people of which the Navahoes are considered to be a branch, rival the Aryans of the East in the extent of their distribution, which ranges from Alaska to Northern Mexico. While the Navahoes have no personal God in the modern sense, and are apparently unable to conceive of such a being, they have very definite ideas of the relation of cosmic powers, personified, of course, to humanity. Their Woman Who Changes, or rejuvenates herself, is so called because she is subject to perpetual change, growing to be an old woman, and becoming a young girl again in an endless series. They believe in a *kama rupa*, or devil belonging to every corpse, while the spirit of the dead returns to the former home of the people. The Woman Who Changes is made of the blue turquoise, and has a sister, the White Shell Woman, while their two children are the war-gods. Their cosmogony is full of the sacred numbers, 3, 4, 7, 9 and 12. White Body, Blue Body, Yellow Body and Black Body presided at the creation of the first man and woman, and raised the seven sacred Navaho Mountains. E. P. Vining writes in THE NINETEENTH CENTURY of "An Inglorious Columbus," as he styles an early Chinese navigator who is thought to have reached the Pacific Coast. He accounts in this way for a supposed influence of China on early Mexican civilization, and for the civilization of Peru's being an exact reproduction of the theory of the Chinese organization of a State. But he acknowledges that the early peopling of the Americas is not explained, while the identity of six of the names of the signs of the zodiac in the two countries he regards as "a coincidence which approaches the miraculous." Mr. Verner Z. Reed has selected the Colorado region as the scene of a number of tales of the Navaho, Ute, and kindred tribes. There is a good deal of quiet intensity about them, but they somehow lack in conviction. *Lo-To-Kah* consists of six narratives covering the career of a great chief of the Utes, whose last previous incarnation we are led to infer was in the character of the first Napoleon. "The Story of the Golden Woman," is one of the best, and the picturesque yet barbaric chief, whose savage chivalry is of the old Celtic order,

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may survive as a type. In *Tales of the Sunland*, Mr. Reed's disposition to emulate Rider Haggard is more pronounced and *She*, *The People of the Mist*, and *The Heart of the World* are frequently suggested. The books are beautifully produced by the Continental Publishing Company. [$1.00 and $1.25, respectively.] The typography of the *Sunland* volume is especially excellent, and is notable for a most attractive font of italics. The illustrations by L. Maynard Dixon are studies in themselves, and greatly enhance the interest of the text.

The death of Mrs. Oliphant, and of Jean Ingelow reminds one of the great power wielded by women writers in the propagation of mystic thought. This appears as an undertone in much of Jean Ingelow's poetry, but Mrs. Oliphant often gave it full expression. There is much insight in such books as *The Beleaguered City*, and the ever-charming *Little Pilgrim*. Those who have read it elsewhere will be delighted to have in book form William Canton's *The Invisible Playmate*, issued as it is in the daintiest fashion of book-making art. This pathetic little fragment of child life reads more like a chapter from Mrs. Oliphant than a page of the pitiful reality it claims to be. [J. Selwyn Tait & Sons, N. Y.] *Life's Gateway, or, How to Win Real Success*, by Emily S. Bouton [Boston: Arena Publishing Company], is a collection of essays forming as a whole a very practical and comprehensive little everyday system of applied occultism. Many are constantly enquiring what is the good of Theosophy, and where does it come in on weekdays, and there is much in Miss Bouton's book for those who wish to understand how at once to kill out ambition and work as they work who are ambitious. The value of persistence, of the power of quick decision; the knowledge that one can do nothing until he can believe in himself; that he must be sure he can carry out his undertaking if he would succeed; that if difficulties arise they will vanish if faced boldly, and the laws that govern these matters, and the wise aims they contemplate, are treated in simple, pleasant and encouraging language. The distinction between the success-at-any-price philosophy of Samuel Smiles as enunciated in *Self-Help*, and the more humane ideals of this volume should be considered.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST maintains its lead among the Society publications. The July issue contains the conclusion of Mr. Judge's letter to the London household, a weighty utterance in which many important statements are embodied. "Concretely there is a certain object for our general work. It is to start up a new force, a new current in the world, whereby great and long-gone Gnânis or wise ones will be attracted back to incarnate among men here and there, and thus bring back the true life and the true practices." "The Founding of Emain Macha" is drawn from ancient Irish sources, and Charles Johns-

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ton writes of "The Three Gods of Man," the power of the world, the power of man, and the power of the Eternal.

OURSELVES (May–June) has two excellent little narrative sketches and several plainly written papers on such topics as Osiris, Islam, the Higher Patriotism, etc. THE GRAIL appeals to a higher stratum of society perhaps, but has an equally attractive and lucidly prepared programme. "A Daniel Come to Judgment" is an examination of the Duke of Argyll's criticisms of the Darwinian hypothesis and claims the noble Scot as a wanderer on the brink of the ocean of theosophy. "The Seven Principles," conveys a presentation of the familiar classification from a new point of view.

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST (June) is chiefly occupied with Col. Blackmer's *résumé* of a paper by Dr. Stockwell, "The Prophecy of Science at the Close of the Century." Its purport is to support the view that consciousness precedes organization on the physical plane. THE AUSTRALIAN THEOSOPHIST for June, besides local news and reports, has an interesting account of Maui, the Maori Prometheus. An extended review of *Mystic Masonry* is commenced.

INTELLIGENCE (July) is, as usual, an important contribution to literature. Dr. Dawson supplies one of the most sprightly essays, "Ourselves, Critically Considered," pointing out "the danger of thinking that a description is the same thing as an explanation."

We have also to acknowledge receipt of Lotusbluthen; The New Time, The Hypnotic Magazine; Notes and Queries, in which a new translation of the Koran by Charles H. S. Davis is announced; Twentieth Century; The Anglo-Russian, a new venture by Jacob Prelooker, seeking to effect the union of these great races; The Dominion Review; Secular Thought; Islamic World; The Thinker (Madras); The New Age (London); Herald of the Golden Age; Record and Critic (Cleveland); The Theosophical News, which improves with every issue and has recently had contributions on The Kabbalah, by Rev. W. Williams, Open Air Theosophy by James Pryse, and others, equal to any of the monthlies; Child Life, with a modern nursery version of Thor's adventure with Skyrmer, the continuation of "Margery's Dream"' and some other papers and children's verse, etc.; The Theosophical Forum; Prasnottara; Theosophical Gleaner (Bombay); Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society; The Coming Nation (Ruskin, Tenn.); The Editor, etc.

A. E. S. SMYTHE.

"On the Watch-tower" in LUCIFER is frequently lightened by delicious touches of unconscious humor, but all previous achievements in that line have been easily surpassed by Mr. Mead in the July number, in his apology for Vol. III. of *The Secret Doctrine*. The latter has at last made its appearance, horribly printed and worse edited. With admirable adroitness Mr. Mead shifts all responsibility for it, and especially for the impossible Greek and doubtful Hebrew and Sanskrit, upon the shoulders of Mrs. Besant. The only marvel is that two such prodigious pandits should have wasted their valuable time correcting the works of so "ignorant" a writer as H. P. B. Says Mrs. Besant concerning the Sections on "The Mystery of Buddha": "Together with some most suggestive thought, they contain very numerous errors of fact, and many statements based on exoteric writings, not on esoteric knowledge . . . I do not feel justified in coming between the author and the public, either by altering the statements to make them consistent with fact, or by suppressing the Sections." What a wealth of estoric lore we have missed through Mrs. Besant's literary delicacy! She has published these erroneous

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statements of H. P. B. when she might with her own pen have given us the inside facts about the mystery of Buddha. According to Mr. Mead, Vol. III. is composed mainly of fragments "excluded from Volumes I. and II., because of their inferiority to the rest of the work," but he takes comfort in the small price of the book, which is but 15*s*. net. It is perfectly true that the book is the least valuable of H. P. B.'s works. If it had been printed as H. P. B. wrote it, then Theosophists generally would have prized it; but Mrs. Besant and others having edited it, they will regard it with a just suspicion. Those who have compared the first edition of Vols. I. and II. with the "third and revised edition" know the deadly results of Mr. Mead's and Mrs. Besant's "editing." It is deeply to be regretted that H. P. B. left no directions concerning her posthumous works, and that, dying intestate, her heirs should have permitted valuable MSS. to fall into the hands of individuals who have not scrupled to mutilate her literary work under the bald pretense of correcting "errors of form," and have sought to decry her in insulting prefaces and notes. Errors she undoubtedly committed, but for every needed correction her editors have made a score of unwarrantable changes, often perverting the sense and obscuring the text, while many of the "improvements" they have made in her English are more than questionable. Fortunately, Vols. I. and II. may hereafter be reprinted from the first and unrevised edition; but it is to be feared that Vol. III. is practically lost to the world, hopelessly mutilated as it now is.

About a third of the work forms no real part of the third volume, being merely a reprint of certain private instructions, partly written by H. P. B. and partly pieced out from notes of her oral teachings. These have been included simply to pad out the work. They are of no interest to the general public, and are perfectly useless even to students who are not working under a practical teacher; for they are only preliminary instructions given to those who are preparing for practical Occultism, and the latter is possible only for students personally trained by a living teacher. No one need delude himself with the hope that Mrs. Besant has betrayed any occult secrets by publishing these private instructions. True, they were given her under a solemn pledge of secrecy, which she has violated; but the foresight of H. P. B. enabled her to guard against such a contingency, and without certain verbal clues it is impossible for anyone to make practical use of these instructions. In fact, esoteric secrets are never entrusted to paper even in the occult schools save when written in a cypher that would baffle the cleverest cryptographer.

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How little Mr. Mead understood H. P. B. and her work is shown by the concluding passage of his apology for Vol. III. He says: "No doubt she was thoroughly in earnest, but in that she acted as the karmic builder of the embryonic body of the Theosophical Society, into which she had to collect as many elements as that karma demanded, Kabalists, Rosicrucians, Alchemists, Astrologers, Vedantins, Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Hellenists, Stoics, Gnostics, Ceremonialists, Devotees, Sceptics, Hermetists, Phenomenalists, Charlatans, Tricksters, Adventurers, all and divers. Such being the elements, the 'tanhic elements,' of the Society, how will the Ego of our movement purify them? The future alone will show; meanwhile it is open for each one of us to work consciously with that Ego or to be absorbed in the unconscious host of 'tanhic elements.' . . . It is now for two years that the Theosophical Society has felt the benefit of its recent purification, and every student in it knows that it is healthier and stronger and more conscious than it has ever been before."

Setting aside this foolish braggadocio about Mrs. Besant and her feeble followers being the "Theosophical Society," which was "purified" by violating the cardinal principle of brotherhood and so severing itself from the real Theosophical movement, and ignoring the insult to the great body of workers throughout the world, whom Mr. Mead stigmatizes as "tanhic elements," notice how H. P. B.'s work is described. She was, in Mr. Mead's opinion, simply the "karmic builder of the embryonic body of the Theosophical Society," while the people she tried to help, regardless of their beliefs, pitiful for their sins and failings, were only "tanhic elements" for the building of that Society.

She, great loving soul, worked for the good of all humanity, and not simply to build a Society; accepting all men, rejecting none, she could say, as the "good, grey poet" said to the tramp, "Not till the sun excludes you will I exclude you." H. P. B., who can blame your enemies for traducing you when those professing to be your friends and pupils can thus decry your writings and belittle your works! Truly have you said in your third volume: "From Prometheus to Jesus, and from Him to the highest Adept as to the lowest disciple, every revealer of mysteries has had to become a Chrestos, a 'man of sorrows' and a martyr."

JAMES M. PRYSE.

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July 30th, 1897.

To the Editor of THEOSOPHY:

DEAR SIR:—If every Branch throughout the world would take action through a series of resolutions setting forth the intent and accomplishments of the Crusade in the spirit of the following action by an American Branch at one of its stated meetings, it would enormously centralize and unify all our forces to the one purpose of International Universal Brotherhood.

Whereas: The recent Crusade around the world has opened a new vista in the affairs of humanity, disclosing newer and greater possibilities of moulding the thought of the world now, right at hand, and not in a far distant future to be won in other lives.

Therefore: We resolve and hopefully call upon our Brothers everywhere to arise to this opportunity of binding in mutual helpfulness a nucleus in every nation throughout the earth, diverting every possible resource at our command to strengthen the bonds of this International Brotherhood and hasten the time when our Crusade may go forth again to widen the area of this new order of ages of which the Heavens again approve.

CLARK THURSTON.

NOTE BY EDITOR.

WE much regret to have to inform our readers that the continuation of "Visions of a Life," by P., has not arrived in time for publication in this month's issue of THEOSOPHY. The reason for this, we regret to learn, has been the serious illness of the author, who, however, by latest account is now much better and hopes to write for the October number of the magazine.

We are very pleased to have received, just before going to press, a most interesting letter addressed to Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley from the Indo-American Theosophical Society in Benares, and by her permission we are able to present it to our readers.—EDITOR.

THE INDO-AMERICAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
BENARES, N. W. P. INDIA, June 29, 1897.

To Mrs. K. A. Tingley:

OUR DEAR, DEAR LEADER:—Six months have passed over our heads, and we have to tell you the history of the small span of time, which has been productive of an immense amount of good, real, material, physical good to no less than 2455 persons.

We have been thinking of you and of your trusted and sincere fellow-workers ever since you parted from us, just as one thinks of a dear and near relative gone out to a distant land and expected to return.

Your cheerful words at parting were ringing audibly in our ears when we received the first letter present—very, very dear and comforting at a time when the pain of separation was fresh and unallayed—in the shape of a letter dated from S. S. Golconda, off Calcutta. This charming present was followed by others in considerable numbers from Sydney and elsewhere. You have created a deep, constant, and everlasting attachment between us and our

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worthy brothers in New South Wales, Australia, England and elsewhere. How wide the family circle has now grown for us—The Theosophic Family Circle. We feel and realize that we are no longer solitary units, having an oyster-like limited and circumscribed existence, but belong to the vast ocean of Universal Brotherhood, and recognize and are recognized by those who live in the same home and have similar aims and objects. How strong and powerful do we feel now. We derive much encouragement from the fact that although deep waters stand as an impenetrable physical screen between us, still the mental eye, the theosophic glance, the ever-vigilant care of our leader is always being directed towards us, and is ever watching with a parental anxiety over our weak, slippery, and infantile efforts to stand upon our legs and embrace and walk hand in hand with our dear brothers and comrades playing in the common sporting ground—the Universe.

The help, encouragement and support we are constantly receiving from our elder and sympathetic and affectionate brothers in Australia, England and America are incalculable, and we take this opportunity of expressing our feelings of love and gratitude before our Common Guide and Leader. No foreigner stopping in India awaits with more impatience, longs for with greater eagerness, and receives more fervently the foreign mail than we do. Does it not bring for us many a happy tidings? Does it not supply us the long-wished for and highly-welcome news of the home and the family—the one single home and family of Theosophists in the world—the affectionate circle of Universal Brotherhood. The only practical work that we have been able to initiate and carry on (and all this is primarily and chiefly due to your ceaseless exertions and impersonal labors in the cause of humanity) has been the relief of some of the famine stricken of our countrymen. Having received a remittance from our respected brother, E. B. Rambo, we at once started the Famine Relief work on the 28th of April 1897. The centrically-situated house of our worthy treasurer, Chhunnoo Lall L. M. S., was made the relief centre, and all the members were given the privilege of sending over persons deserving of relief with letters of recommendation to the relief centre. The relief, in every case, is afforded under the immediate superintendence of at least one member of the Famine Relief sub-committee consisting of Bros. Chhunnoo Lall, Debi Parshad and Shanker Nath.

We received a further remittance for Famine Relief purposes from Bro. E. Aug. Neresheimer, and thereupon we extended our operations further. In addition to the F. R. Sub Committee we created a corps of Famine Relief Volunteers to investigate Famine cases amongst the respectable people of the city and its neighborhood—people who would rather suffer all the pangs of hunger and death than go out abegging.

Besides many pitiable instances of suffering wretches, three specially hard cases of women of respectable families in distress were found and relieved by our volunteers. . . .

. . . Up to this day we have relieved 2445 persons of both sexes—mostly widowed females, often with children, or small boys.

Detailed and accurate accounts are of course kept.

Last month we received some very affectionate letters from our brothers in Sydney, and on reading some of those letters the idea of obtaining a small share —though a very small one indeed—in the building up of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, by sending a stone from Benares, struck to our Vice-President Babu Baboo Debi Parshad, and by a unanimous vote for subscription we have raised a small fund to carry out this idea. The stone that we intend sending will be a white marble, one foot square, with the name of the society inscribed on it in some artistic design.

We hope and trust that this humble token of our love and gratitude, and a trifling earnest of the sincerity of our hearts, will be accepted by the builders of the great school of Humanity and placed in some corner of the sacred temple. How will we then rejoice at the little quota of good Karma that we will procure for ourselves by joining our hearts in this good sacred work. . . .

. . . We received two copies of the "Theosophical Forum," a programme of the Third Annual Convention, containing excellent pictures of ten of those whom we most love, and an affectionate encouraging letter from our worthy and respected brother, E. T. Hargrove. The letter has proved quite a cordial to raise up our spirits.

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We have had a good downpour of rain for the last week, and entertain better hopes for the next harvest.

We are on the steep road to the highest heaven of Universal Brotherhood, and our steps in the beginning must be slow and faltering.

In conclusion we beg to assure you that we have every hope for the success of our society. Some of our new members are capital acquisitions to the Society, we believe—young, honest, earnest hearts.

Liberation for discouraged humanity, in India, is not very far off now.

With the strongest hopes in the future, I, on behalf of the society, subscribe myself, Dear Leader,

Yours devotedly,

AJIT PRASADA,
Secretary.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

DURING the summer months the routine work at HEADQUARTERS usually slackens somewhat and many of the Branches throughout the country close their meetings for two or three months. But the work by no means lags and during the past month two new Branches, the WACO T. S. at Waco, Texas, and the KATHERINE A. TINGLEY T. S., at Placerville, Cal., have been formed, and a steady stream of applications for membership is kept up from all parts of the country. During the last two years the work has increased so rapidly and has assumed such large proportions that it has become necessary to adopt new plans in order to carry it on efficiently. Mrs. Tingley has written the following letter:

To All Members of the Theosophical Society in America.

The rapid growth of the Movement and the new lines of activity opening out make it necessary that a better system should be adopted in several departments of work, more especially in the methods of Theosophic propaganda and in visiting the Branches by public lecturers; this work having been done formerly almost entirely by workers who have had to act on their own responsibility and without adequate directions from Headquarters, considerable confusion has resulted. The lecturers, acting independently and following different methods, have given conflicting directions to Branches in the matter of study-classes, propaganda, etc., causing much perplexity to local workers and often retarding the growth and progress of new and inexperienced centres.

It is most important that lecturers should act in concert under experienced directions, so that all may be kept in touch with Headquarters, share the general spirit of the movement, and work on a systematic basis. Great results would follow. Branches can be started in districts where Theosophy is not yet known, and newly-formed Branches can be given support and encouragement. I have therefore suggested Mr. James M. Pryse as the Superintendent of the Propaganda Bureau which I recommend to be established not later than the 27th of July. No one is better fitted to perform the work than Mr. Pryse, who is one of the oldest members of the Society and has worked directly under H. P. Blavatsky

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and William Q. Judge. Mr. Pryse is acquainted with the methods of work and familiar with all sections of the U. S. A. This makes him peculiarly qualified to fill the position. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

In accordance with the above suggestion of Mrs. Tingley, the Executive Committee of the T. S. A. have established a "Bureau for Branch Extension," and have appointed Mr. James M. Pryse Superintendent.

The happy faces of the children at the LOTUS HOME, across the 125th Street Ferry, New York, are the best evidence of the splendid work being done there. Full accounts of this work are given weekly in the *Theosophical News*, published at 24 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., and we feel, as Mrs. Tingley does, that the *News* should be in the hands of every member.

The annual Convention of the T. S. IN E. (HOLLAND) was held on July 20th at Bloemendual, near Haarlem, in the midst of a wood. All the officers were reëlected and Mr. A. Goud was chosen delegate to the European Convention at Stockholm. A new centre has been established at Rotterdam through the efforts of Mr. Meng. Mme. de Neufville has awakened a great deal of interest by her lectures on Wagner's Parsifal at Amsterdam, Arnheim and Haarlem.

Good reports of work done come from GERMANY. In LEIPZIG the members are engaged in active propaganda work. Steady work is being done in BRESLAU though the obstacles to be overcome are many. A new lodge has been formed at HAMBURG and it is expected that one will soon be established at NURNBERG. The "GOLDREIF" Lodge of BERLIN has had a large increase in attendance at its public meetings.

The report of the annual Convention of the T. S. IN E. (SWEDEN) held May 27th and 28th has just reached us. Delegates were present from all the Branches in Sweden and Norway and the proceedings throughout were characterized by harmony and solidarity.

Active propaganda is being carried on by the Lodges in SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, and special meetings are held in the different quarters and suburbs of the city. On May 12th at the Newtown Town Hall, a large meeting was held by HARMONY LODGE. The Mayor and his family and several Aldermen were present. One of the National Representatives of the T. S. in Aus. has offered to send a copy of the *Key to Theosophy* to the School of Arts Library in every country town in N. S. W. All have expressed their willingness to receive it. He has also sent copies of Dr. Buck's *Mystic Masonry* to the Masonic Libraries.

The "CENTRO TEOSOFICO DE VENEZUELA" at Caracas is doing excellent work. All the meetings are well attended and a project is on foot to start a Spanish magazine for propaganda.

No man can find the divine within himself until he has learned to recognize the divine in others.—*Farewell Book.*

ÔM.

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A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY,

THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY
WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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But education, in the true sense, is not mere instruction in Latin, English, French, or history It is the unfolding of the whole human nature. It is growing up in all things to our highest possibility.—J. F. CLARKE, *Self Culture.*

THEOSOPHY.

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The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an Official Document.

Where any article or statement has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible and for those which are unsigned the Editor will be accountable.

RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

VII. TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

For *this* is the essence of true Religion: that, away from the cheating show of the daytide world, it shines in the night of man's inmost heart, with a light quite other than the world-sun's light, and visible nowhence save from out that depth.—WAGNER'S "*State and Religion.*"

Under the leaf of many a Fable lies
The Truth for those who look for it; of this
If thou wouldst look behind and find the Fruit,
(To which the Wiser hand hath found his way)
Have thy desire—No Tale of ME and THEE,
Though I and THOU be its Interpreters.

—*Salâmán and Absâl* of Jámí.

THE real meaning of this noble and deeply touching drama has been so misunderstood by those who have not had the opportunity or inclination to study the poem and its author's prose works that it will be necessary at the outset to show how mystical that meaning is. The long quotation in our last article on the *Ring* revealed Wagner's intuitive perception, from the first, of the great principle of Renunciation—the Stilling of Desire, and his realization of its logical necessity by the aid of Schopenhauer's clear-cut thought.

Towards the close of 1854, when that great philosopher first began to claim his attention, Wagner writes to Liszt:

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His chief idea, the final negation of the desire of life, is terribly serious but it shows the only salvation possible. To me of course that thought was not new, and, indeed, it can be conceived by no one for whom it did not pre-exist; but this philosopher was the first to place it clearly before me.

Two years later the subject is mentioned again and a quotation from a letter will serve to show how all these works grew out of one another and were intimately connected in their inner meaning in Wagner's mind. We have shown in the previous article how he connected Siegfried and Tristan, in their "bondage to an illusion." Now he refers to an idea for a Buddhist drama, which later developed into *Parsifal:*

I have again two splendid subjects which I must execute. *Tristan and Isolde* you know, and after that *Der Sieg* (Victory), the most sacred, the most perfect salvation. . . To me it is most clear and definite, but not as yet fit for communication to others. Moreover you must first have digested my *Tristan*, especially its third act, with the black flag and the white. Then first will my *Sieger* become a little more intelligible to you.

It may be mentioned here that Tristan is one of the Knights connected with the Celtic versions of the Parsifal and Holy Grail legends.

Of *Die Sieger* (The Victors) the sketch alone remains and I shall refer to it more fully when I deal with *Parsifal.* For the present I shall have enough to do to clearly indicate the "inner soul-motives" which connect *Tristan* with the earlier dramas and to clear this singularly pure love-allegory from the vulgar charges of immorality and sensuality which have been brought against it. In his fine essay *Zukunfts musik* (Music of the Future) which belongs to his later and more deeply mystical period, Wagner traces the Thread-Soul which governed the development of his dramas from the *Flying Dutchman* up to *Tristan and Isolde.* Pointing to the lesson of the terrible power of Doubt embodied in *Lohengrin* he goes on to say:

I, too, felt driven to this "Whence and Wherefore?" and for long it banned me from the magic of my art. But my time of penance taught me to overcome the question. All doubt at last was taken from me when I gave myself up to the *Tristan.* Here, in perfect trustfulness, I plunged into the inner depths of soul-events, and from the inmost centre of the world I fearlessly built up its outer form. . . . Life and death, the whole import and existence of the outer world, here hang on nothing but the inner movements of the soul. The whole affecting Action comes about for reason only that the inmost soul demands it, and steps to light with the very shape foretokened in the inner shrine.

In the face of such words as these there is only one possible light in which to regard this drama; and yet there is some excuse for those who cannot see its inner meaning, since the writings of Tennyson, Malory and others on this same subject all lean more or

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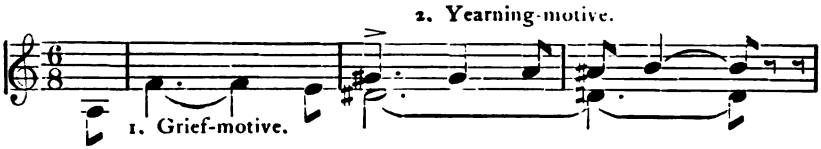
less to the gross and sensual. It has remained for Wagner's deeper insight to grasp the true meaning of the myth and mould it in a drama of unique beauty.

The fundamental motive of the drama is the struggle with the desire of life, alluded to above by Wagner, which finds a wonderful expression in the opening phrase of the Prelude. This deeply pathetic theme permeates in many forms the whole of the marvellous musical creation, to be merged at last into the final tender strains of Isolde's Death Song. It is composed of two parts: the first, grief-laden and resigned, being associated with Tristan, and the second, representing the upward tending nature of Isolde and her deep yearning to draw Tristan after her:



The first act opens at a point in the story where Tristan "in bondage to an illusion which makes this deed of his unfree, woos for another (King Marke) his own eternally predestined bride" and is bringing her by ship from Ireland to Cornwall. Isolde is seen in a curtained-off space with her handmaid Braugaene. From above comes the voice of a young sailor, reminding one of the Steersman in the *Flying Dutchman*:

Westward
Sweeps the eye;
Eastward
Glides the ship.
Homeward blows the fresh wind now;
My Irish maid, where tarriest thou?
Is it the wind that moans and wails,
Or thy sigh's breath that fills my sails?
Sighs the wind so wild!
Sigh, ah sigh, my child!
Erin's maid,
Thou wild winsome maid!

Isolde starts up out of her deep dejection asking who mocks her; and then learning that they near the land she bursts out in a wild aside:

Degenerate race,
Unworthy your fathers!
Oh, mother, to whom
Hast thou given the power
To rule the sea and the storm?

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Famed is now
Thy sorcery's art,
That yield's but balsam draughts !
Awake once more, brave power, for me !
Arise from my bosom, where thou hast hidden !
Hear now my *will*, ye craven winds.

For Isolde, as may have been guessed by now, represents the "Mysteries," or the inner concealed powers of the soul. She is Princess of Ireland, the land of the mysteries, even at the present day, and we see that her mother is skilled in magic arts. Even the scene on the ship is symbolical: Isolde in her pavilion shut off from the glare of Day and from its champion Tristan, who is revealed when the curtains are thrown aside by Braugaene, gazing thoughtfully out to sea with his faithful henchman Kurvenal at his feet. Mark Isolde's words as her eyes find him:

Destined for me !—lost to me !—
Fair and strong, brave and base !—
Death-devoted *head !*
Death-devoted *heart !*

How clear to the mystic are these words I have italicized ! The "head" is Tristan, the "heart" is Isolde; and the whole drama is the story of the great struggle between these two elements—Intellect and Intuition— and their final union.

Tristan is the nephew of King Marke, of Cornwall, and he had freed that country from paying tribute to Ireland by slaying the Irish champion Morold, who was betrothed to Isolde. Wounded himself he went disguised as a minstrel and with name reversed as "Tantris" to seek healing through Isolde's far-famed magic skill. But in the head of Morold, sent scornfully as "tribute," Isolde had found a splinter of steel which she fitted to a gap in Tristan's sword and so penetrated his disguise. Then she raised the sword in vengeance; but, as she now recounts to Braugaene:

From his sick bed
He turned his *look*
Not on the sword,
Not on my hand,—
He *looked into my eyes;*
His anguish wrung my heart,
The sword fell from my grasp—
The wound which Morold made
I healed, that, whole and strong,
Tristan might go his way
And no more vex my sight.

What means all this? Tristan has made his first attempt to penetrate the inner mysteries of his nature; he has conquered their guardian (Morold) and come face to face with the Queen of the Night

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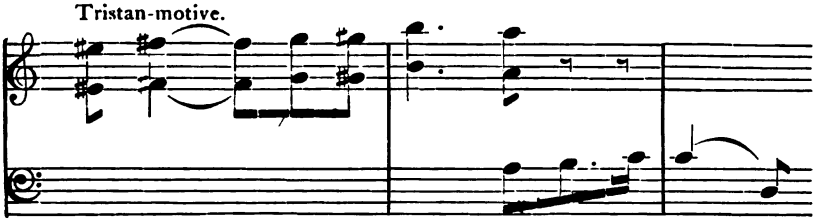
herself; she knows him beneath his disguise and in that "look" he turns upon her she recognizes his dawning consciousness of the inner life and knows that she is his "eternally predestined bride." We now hear a new pair of motives; the first, rising heroically, represents Tristan's powerful aspiration towards Isolde, while the second is associated with the "look" he casts upon her:

Tristan-motive.



Look-motive.

But Tristan, like Siegfried, does not seize his first opportunity to retain his inner vision, but must needs pass through the narrow gate of suffering ere he learns his real duty. Deceived by that subtle foe of the aspirant, the idea of sacrifice for the fancied good of another, he rejects the intuition which draws him to Isolde and inwardly resolves that he will offer this rare jewel to his uncle King Marke. He argues to himself that he is less fit and worthy than his chief and elder; and so, looking too much on the outer aspect of things, he falls again under the illusion of "the cheating show of the day-tide world" in which Marke wholly dwells. For the good old King is "asleep inside," although upright, pure and noble, and this is just the difference between the two men. Thus Tristan, as we shall see, wrongs not only Isolde and himself, but also the simple soul to whom he offers an alliance which he would never have accepted had he known the hidden truth.

Tristan's action has in reality amounted to a profanation of the Mysteries; for the aspirant who approaches that inner realm has to "learn the lesson of *silence*," and Wagner has made this clear enough here for those who are not wilfully blind. Listen to Isolde's words to Braugaene:

> How loudly Tristan there proclaimed
> What I had held so fast locked up
> Her name who *in silence* gave him life,
> *In silence* screened him from foes' revenge,
> And how her secret shelter had saved him
> He openly published to all the world.

Tristan's reflections are gloomy indeed, as he guides the ship to King Marke's land. He is beginning to awake to the consequences of his false humility, and, as the mystic fire burns ever yet more fiercely within him, he places a stern guard on himself in loyalty to

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his chief. To Isolde's message bidding him to her presence, he replies that he must not leave his post at the helm. "How could he guide the ship safe to King Marke's land?"

But for the soul once awakened, be it ever so little, to its inner Self, there is no return, and no rest till the consummation is reached. The tie has been made and cannot be broken; Isolde will claim her own in death if need be. Braugaene, thinking she is distraught at the prospect of a loveless union with Marke, gently reminds her of a love-draught which her mother's magic art and foresight had provided to ensure her daughter's happiness; but Isolde had "graven deep a sign" on another phial in the casket—the *death-draught*, and it is this that she now commands the horror-stricken Braugaene to prepare, while she sends a second and peremptory summons to Tristan.

As the hero, in obedience, now enters we hear his motive again combined with two of the love-motives in a stern and simple form as if to accentuate the iron control he has set upon his inner feelings To Isolde's question he answers that "custom" kept him afar from her whom he was bringing as bride-elect to his King. But Isolde knows naught of worldly conventionality. "For fear of *what?*" she asks guilelessly; and Tristan can only answer, "Ask the Custom." Then she tells him that a blood-debt lies between them (the death of Morold) for which atonement must be made. Tristan answers that truce was sworn "in *open field;*" and Isolde's reply is full of inner meaning:

> It was not there I held Tantris hidden,
> Not there that Tristan fell before me.
> There he stood glorious, bright and strong;
> But what he swore I did not swear;
> *I had learned the lesson of silence.*

And she goes on to say how at his look she let fall the avenging sword and now they must drink atonement. She signs to Braugaene for the draught and at the same moment sailors' shouts are heard. Tristan asks, "Where are we?" and Isolde with the death-resolve in her heart answers with double meaning:

> Near the *goal.*
> Tristan, is peace to be made?
> What hast thou to say to me?

His reply is equally significant:

> The Queen herself of Silence
> Lays on my lips a seal.

He too has now "learned the lesson of silence" and gladly takes the proffered cup which shall release him from his misery:

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Heart's deceit! foreboding dreams!
Endless mourning's only balm,
Oblivion's kindly draught,
I drink thee without fear!

But ere he can drain the goblet Isolde snatches it and drinks the rest. And now, at the gate of death, which for them means freedom from the pain and illusion of separateness, they have no further need of concealment. Openly and truly they stand face to face, all barriers cast aside, and the music tells us that Tristan's vision is once more unclouded, for we hear the "Look-motive" loudly sounded. Then follows one of those wonderful passages where speech is silent and the music all-eloquent, telling us of the lofty death-defiance in their hearts changing to the glow of the mystic love-fire. Believing themselves already in another world they embrace and "remain lost in mutual contemplation," unheedful of their arrival and the coming of Marke. Then it all breaks in upon them and they learn with horror that Braugaene, in foolish compassion, has changed the death-draught for that of love, and thus —acting as the agent of that Law which demands expiation—condemns Tristan to a further sojourn in the world of illusion. Isolde is there too, but only figuratively, for her real nature is of the Mysteries and her manifestation is in so far a revelation of those Mysteries. She is throughout the seeress and prophetess. The draught whether of death or love, is also only a dramatic symbol of what must be inevitable between these two.

Thus the first act closes as they are violently torn asunder by the sudden inrush of the Day; while amid the shouts of the sailors, the blare of trumpets and the bustle of the landing, the sad cry of the "yearning-motive" again reaches our ears as the curtain quickly falls.

BASIL CRUMP.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE THREE OBJECTS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D., F. T. S.

II. THE THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS.

THE "Theosophical Society" as such has no doctrines or dogmas to which anybody is asked to subscribe, it asks for no belief in any authority except in the self-recognition of truth, and it leaves it free to every member to believe what he pleases and to grasp as much truth as he can without pinning his faith to anybody's credibility or respectability. Those who can read the mysteries of nature in the light of divine wisdom require no other teacher; wisdom itself is the teacher who teaches those who are wise. Wisdom is the true understanding arising from self-thought in the minds of those whose souls have risen above the narrow horizon created by selfishness and become lighted up by the power of unselfish love to the region of true spirituality, where is to be found the direct perception of absolute truth. The "Theosophical Society" has no Holy Ghost in its possession to distribute or deal out to the curious; no man can impart to another the true understanding; he can only aid others in overcoming their errors which stand in the way of perceiving the truth. Only when the light of truth becomes manifest in the soul, will the true understanding arise which illuminates the mind with real self-knowledge. Thus after Gautama Siddhartha had become a "Buddha," which means an "enlightened one," he said: "This knowledge of truth was not among the doctrines handed down to me, nor was it told to me by another; but within myself arose the light; within myself the eye of the understanding was opened; within myself the truth revealed itself."

A person in whom, through the recognition of principle, the true understanding has arisen, is, according to the degree of his enlightenment, called an Initiate, an Illuminate, a Theosopher, an Adept, or even a Buddha. An Adept is merely a person whose terrestrial nature has become adapted to serve as an instrument for the manifestation of the light of wisdom that comes to him directly from his Higher Self through the power of intuition, and which is a reflection of the light of the sun of divine wisdom itself. Thus the Christian mystic, Thomas à Kempis, says: "Blessed is he whom wisdom teaches, not by means of perishing forms and symbols, but by the light of wisdom itself."

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There are perhaps only few people known in this present age of Kali Yuga, in whom the light of Theosophy has become manifested to such a degree that they are no longer in need of books or instruction for overcoming their errors; but there have been at all times persons in possession of a high degree of real self-knowledge, and such have been the great souls or "mahatmas" (from *maha*-great and *atma*-soul), the great reformers and especially the founders of the great religious systems of the world. They have all perceived the one absolute and eternal truth; for absolute truth is one, and not composed of opinions; and they have described it under certain forms, symbols and allegories; differing from each other not in essence, but in modes of expression. They differ in the use of symbols, because a language and symbol has to be adapted to the understanding of those who are to be taught. Thus, for instance, in certain tropical countries in which apples do not grow, the fruit which Eve is said to have taken from the forbidden tree and presented to Adam, is taught to have been not an apple, but a *banana*. In reality it was no such fruit at all, but the fruit of *Karma;* that is to say, the knowledge which they had to gain by the experience of good and evil that arose from their actions.

The doctrines which have thus been taught by some of the world's greatest sages, seers, and prophets, such as Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Plato, Pythagoras and many other greater or lesser lights, are not the "accepted doctrines" of the "Theosophical Society"; for that society has no dogmas; but there are some members of the Theosophical Society in America and in other countries, who make it their business to study these teachings in the sacred books and religious systems of the East and West, and they give the outcome of their researches to the world, not as a matter to be blindly accepted and believed in by their followers, but as food for thought and as a guide for the direction of those who wish to follow the true path that leads to self-knowledge.

I am asked: "what is Self-knowledge? what is Wisdom?" To those who do not possess it it cannot be explained, and those who are in possession of it will need no explanation. Those who cannot feel the principle of truth cannot grasp it; a principle must become manifested within our own self before we can realize its true nature. Those who are blind to principles cannot see it and they clamor for proofs; those who see the principle of Truth require no other proof than its presence. When Christ stood before Pilate and was asked to show the truth, he was silent; for what other answer could the truth give to the intellect, if it stands before our eyes and we cannot perceive it? Those who cannot see principle cannot know the

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truth; their knowledge is not their own, but that of another, they must stick to blind belief in authorities and need the crutches of dogmatism. They are insatiable in their demands for information for the purpose of having their scientific curiosity gratified; but that information does them no good, for it only increases their inability to think for themselves.

It is said that a certain gentleman living on an island known by its being shrouded in fogs for the greater part of the year was once visited by the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost found the walls of the chamber in which that man lived papered with notes of the Bank of England, and the man himself wore a moneybag in place of a heart, and upon the sanctuary there was an idol called Tweedledee, which that man worshipped and in which he placed his faith. Thereupon the Holy Ghost tried to persuade that man, that he should not be satisfied with a blind belief in Tweedledee, but that he should try to awaken his own understanding. But the man could not see the point. "Is not Mr. Tweedledee a reliable person, well known for his veracity?" he asked. "Undoubtedly he is," answered the Holy Ghost; "but his knowledge is his own and your faith in what he says is merely a second-hand opinion. You ought to learn to rely upon your own perception of truth." "O, I see!" exclaimed the man, "I am not going to believe in Tweedledee any more." And calling for his servant, he said: "John! take away Tweedledee and bring in Tweedledum."

Thus no change of belief or opinion constitutes real knowledge, which can only be obtained by the self-recognition of truth. Self-knowledge can only be obtained by the finding of one's own real Self, the Self of all beings, God in the soul, the Christ or the truth. The finding of one's own soul and not the worship of authorities or of persons apart from the principle which they are to represent, constitutes theosophy or the true understanding.

The symbols and parables in which religious truths are represented are called "secret," not because they ought not to be told to any ignoramus except to a few favored ones, but because their meaning ought to be found out by every student by means of his own intuition; for it is only in this way that the power of intuition or spiritual understanding becomes strong by practice. A so-called "gospel of interpretation," which would gratify the curiosity of the people in regard to the inner meaning of the secret symbols, would be of very little benefit to mankind, but rather a curse, for it would do away with the last remnant of necessity for self-thinking; it would destroy the very object for which these symbols were made. Having heard the explanation, and believing it to be true on the

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strength of some respectable authority, the majority of the people would go to sleep satisfied in their mind that the explanation was true and they would give no further thought to the matter.

But it is not in this way that self-knowlege is attained. There is a spiritual realm higher than the merely intellectual realm ; there is a knowledge resulting from the direct perception of truth which is far superior to the knowledge gained from drawing inferences and logical deductions from certain premises. In Sanscrit this kind of spiritual knowledge is called "*jnana*," the ancient Greeks called it "*gnosis*" or "*theosophia*," or "the hidden wisdom of God," and as such it is used by the apostle Paul in the Greek version of the "New Testament"* ; the English language has no other word for it except "Self-knowledge," and of that only very few people know the meaning. As the physical senses are needed for the purpose of perceiving physical things, and as the intellectual faculties are required for the purpose of collecting and combining ideas, so the powers of the spirit are needed for the perception of spiritual things, such as the principles of truth, justice, goodness, beauty, etc. ; and as the intellect is sharpened by practice, so the spiritual perception becomes awakened and strengthened by the use of the power of intuition, which is the action of the higher mind upon the lower principles in the constitution of man ; for we ought to remember that even if the brain evolves thoughts, it does not manufacture ideas. Ideas exist in the mind or are reflected therein, and the mind uses the brain as its instrument for the purpose of forming these ideas into thoughts. Our mind is far greater than our body ; it is not enclosed in it, nor in its totality incarnated therein ; it overshadows the body. The greater the mind the more it will be capable of grasping a grand idea, while narrow minds hold only small thoughts ; but when it comes to grasping universal principles, that cannot be brought down into the realm of a superficial and narrow science, the mind must expand and grow up to that realm of spiritual truth, and the higher the soul rises to eternal truth, the nearer does it come to the eternal Reality, the nearer to God. Intuition is the light that shines from above into the darkness of the mortal personality and "the darkness comprehendeth it not." It is the path of light which we should travel, guided by the light of divine wisdom or "Theosophy."

When a child is born in this world it attains consciousness ; it opens its eyes and perceives the objects by which it is surrounded, and as it grows up, it begins to understand what they are. Thus it is with the process of spiritual regeneration. First comes spirit-

* See Bible, I. Cor., ii. 7.

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ual consciousness, next the perception of spiritual truths, and, finally, the full realization of them by means of the spiritual understanding. Thus is attained that self-knowledge or Theosophy, which cannot be obtained by mere book learning or by the gratification of an idle curiosity, but by the growth, expansion and unfoldment of the soul through the power of unselfish love and the illumination of the mind by the light of divine wisdom itself. Each thing can have real self-knowledge only of that which belongs to itself. If we wish to obtain divine knowledge, we must let the spark of divinity that lies dormant within our soul become awakened in our own consciousness ; if we wish to know divine wisdom, that wisdom must become a living power in our soul and be our guide in all our thoughts and actions ; for only that which we realize by our works can become a reality to us. Without will and action even the most desired ideal remains forever a mere fancy or a product of our imagination.

This whole visible world is merely a collection of symbols, representing relative truths. We shall see the truths in them, when the recognition of principles has become a power within ourselves. Those who do not perceive principles see only the external forms in which these principles manifest themselves ; they see in a man only the body, which is the house inhabited by the real man, and they see in a religious parable only the apparently historical part. The majority of the pious do not even know, and sometimes refuse to believe, that these allegories have an internal meaning. To them all these nuts are hollow and they do not attempt to crack them.

Now if we are to know the truth within a symbol, it is first of all necessary that we should know that the symbol has a meaning, and the next thing is that we should desire to know it. If we have not sufficient intuition to know what is inside of an orange, we will have to make a cut into the peel to find out the contents. There are many people so much in love with the external teachings of their religious books, which they take in an entirely materialistic sense, that if anyone makes a hole into the shell so that they may see the contents, they become very angry and their anger makes them blind. Nevertheless it may be well to examine a few such allegories and expose their inner meaning, only to show that there is an inner meaning to them, so that an inducement may arise for the application of self-thought.

The history of the world shows that the greatest misfortunes have arisen from a merely external and superficial interpretation of sacred texts. It is not the truth, but the misunderstanding of it, that

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causes misery in this world. If the Hindus had correctly interpreted their religious books, there would have been no widows burned alive with the bodies of their dead husbands and no crushing of men and women under the wheels of the cars of the Juggernath. If there had been a true understanding, the Indians would have sacrificed their own evil desires to their God, instead of tearing the palpitating hearts out of the breasts of captured enemies; the Crusaders of the Middle Ages would have sought the "holy land" within their own souls, instead of carrying murder and rapine into Palestine; there would have been no religious wars, no torture of heretics, no inquisition and burning of human beings at a stake. The idea of a hell with burning sulphur and pitch would not have driven people to insanity and suicide, if they had known that *Sulphur* is the symbol for energy, in the same sense as *Salt* is the symbol for substance and *Mercury* for consciousness; so that a person full of burning desires is in a state of hell of his own creation; while *pitch* is an appropriate symbol for all of our material tendencies, that stick to the soul and drag it down into matter.

Ignorance is the most expensive thing in the world; it costs a great deal of experience to overcome it, and this is only gained by suffering. It cannot be conquered by ignoring it, if it is not already conquered by the perception of truth. We ourselves have to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil and to descend into hell, so that we may ascend to heaven. We have to become incarnated in matter, so that we may become victorious over our own material self and arise as self-conscious spiritual beings to the kingdom of wisdom. This is represented in the symbol of the Christian Cross; for the perpendicular bar represents the descent of spirit into matter and the ascent of man (*Manas*) into the spiritual kingdom; while the horizontal bar represents the kingdom of matter and material desire. The figure on the cross represents man being nailed to this material world of suffering; his body is immersed in matter, his head, that is to say his understanding, rises up into the kingdom of light.

The Lotus flower represents nearly the same thing. It is a water-plant. Its roots are clinging to the dirt, its stem floats in the water, representing the Astral plane; its flower swims on the top and unfolds itself under the influence of sunlight and air. Thus the soul of man is to unfold itself under the sunlight of divine wisdom, if it is to attain *theosophia;* all the study of religions and symbols is only a means to that end.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

(*To be continued.*)

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THEOSOPHY AND THE POETS.

BY KATHARINE HILLARD.

I.—DANTE.

WHEN one is asked to write a series of articles on the Theosophy to be found in the writings of the greatest poets of the world, a certain dilemma immediately presents itself. Either we mean by Theosophy its purely mystical and moral teachings, the ideas of spiritual unity, of universal brotherhood, of absolute justice, of unselfishness and devotion to others,—in which case we are at once told by the critics that "these doctrines belong to all religions worthy of the name, and they cannot rightly be labeled *Theosophy*,"—or else we mean such special tenets as the doctrines of reincarnation and karma, of the astral body and the sevenfold nature of man, and, at least under these headings, we find little or nothing upon these subjects in the poets.

But there are few dilemmas that are absolutely insurmountable, and the way out of this one is to look at the spirit rather than the letter. "For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

In the first place, then, we should answer our critics by saying that Theosophy does not claim to be a new religion with an imposing body of new doctrines, but simply, and in its widest sense, to be what Lowell has called it when he speaks of Dante's Beatrice as "personifying that *Theosophy* which enables man to see God and to be mystically united with Him even in the flesh." In this sense the word is used by all writers upon mysticism, and it is, of course, especially in this sense that we find Theosophy in the greatest of our poets from Dante down to Walt Whitman. And in the second place, in its more distinctive and narrower sense, it is the claim of Theosophy to demonstrate the original unity of all religions, and to show that "the Divine Wisdom" was the same in all ages, and in all parts of the world. The higher our mount of vision, the less difference will appear between the summits of the little hills far below us; the eye takes in great masses, not petty details, and the higher the genius of the poet, the more clearly he sees the important things of the soul, and the nearer he will be to the uplifted minds of all ages. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." You cannot help that simple statement by any attempt at amplification or adornment; there is the greatest of all mysteries, the goal of spiritual life stated in a few short words,—but you can write volumes about the ceremonials of the church.

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In Prof. Norton's essay upon the *New Life* of Dante, he has spoken of the great Italian as essentially a mystic, and says that "his mind was of a quality which led him to unite learning with poetry in a manner peculiar to himself. . . . Dante, partaking to the full in the eager spirit of his times, sharing all the ardor of the pursuit of knowledge, and with a spiritual insight which led him into regions of mystery where no others ventured, naturally

associated the knowledge which opened the way for him with the poetic imagination which cast light upon it." This is a very significant remark, and coupled with Lowell's saying that Dante was "the first great poet who ever made a poem wholly out of himself, . . . the first keel that ever ventured into the silent sea of human consciousness to find a new world of poetry," will give an invaluable clue to Dante's double nature. In the same essay

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from which I have just quoted (v. *Among My Books*, J. R. Lowell, *2d Series*), Lowell says: "It is not impossible that Dante, whose love of knowledge was all-embracing, may have got some hint of the doctrine of the Oriental Sufis. With them the first and lowest of the steps that lead upward to perfection is the Law, a strict observance of which is all that is expected of the ordinary man. . . . But the Sufi puts himself under the guidance of some holy man (Virgil in the *Inferno*), whose teaching he receives implicitly, and so arrives at the second step, which is the Path (*Purgatorio*) by which he reaches a point where he is freed from all outward ceremonials and observances, and has risen from an outward to a spiritual worship. The third step is Knowledge (*Paradiso*), endowed by which with supernatural insight, he becomes like the angels about the throne, and has but one farther step to take before he reaches the goal and becomes one with God. The analogies of this system with Dante's are obvious and striking," even more so, says Mr. Lowell, when Virgil bids him farewell, telling him that the inward light is now to be his law.

The fact is that Dante's meanings were manifold. He says himself that all writings may be read and ought to be explained in four principal senses: The literal, the allegorical, the moral, and the mystical, and the last "is when a book is spiritually expounded." This is to him always the most important, and therefore we may feel sure that the more spiritual our interpretation, the closer it will come to Dante's real meaning.

Of Dante's works the principal ones are the *Divine Comedy*, the *Banquet*, and the *New Life*. These, taken in inverse order, form a trilogy, descriptive of the history of a human soul, the poet's own inner experience. The story of the three, very briefly summed up is this: That from Dante's early boyhood (the *New Life* begins with his ninth year) he had felt a strong love for the contemplative life (or study of Divine Wisdom); that amid the distractions of the active life of his maturer years, the pursuits of the world, the cares of the state and the family, the duties of the soldier, the studies of the artist and the scientist (for Dante was all these), the heavenly Beatrice, the "giver of blessings," the Divine beatitude, passed away from him. Then came the consolations of scholastic philosophy, with its false images of good, in whose attractions his whole soul was for a time absorbed, until at last the vision of the higher life as he had seen it when a boy, came back to him, and he returned to the love of Divine Wisdom, who revealed to him first her *eyes* (or intellectual truth), and then her *smile* (spiritual intuition), "through which the inner light of Wisdom shines as with-

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out any veil." These distinctions correspond very closely to the *eye* and the *heart* doctrine as described in the *Voice of the Silence*.

For any details as to Dante's idea of Beatrice, as developed through these three books, I must refer you to the original text or to the translations of the *Divine Comedy* by Longfellow, of the *New Life* by Chas. Elliot Norton, and to my own translation of the *Banquet*, because it is the only one. The general idea of Beatrice as representing the *Gnosis* was embodied in an article published elsewhere.

Here I have only space to set forth a few of Dante's ideas on subjects more particularly treated by theosophical writers. One of these is the contemplative, as distinguished from the active life, and this is a topic he loved to dwell upon. In the third chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, Krishna says that in this world there are two modes of devotion: that of those who follow speculation, which is the exercise of the reason in contemplation, and that of devotion in the performance of action. Dante says the same thing, and in almost the same words. The angel at the sepulchre (he tells us in the *Banquet*, IV. 22), says to those who have wandered from the true way—that is, to all who have sought for happiness in the *active* life—that it is not there, but it goeth before them into *speculation*, or the *contemplative* life. And this use of the intellect in speculation (by which Dante means not an intellectual exercise, but the absorption of the soul in the contemplation of the Divine), he tells us is the highest Good beyond which there is nothing to aspire to. This he dwells upon again and again, notably in the 27th Canto of the *Purgatory*, where Rachel and Leah are used as the types of the contemplative and active life. The union of the soul with God, Dante says, is like the partaking of the stars in the nature of the sun. And the nobler the soul the more does it retain of this divine effluence. This union may take place before death, but only in souls perfectly endowed by nature. And some are of the opinion, says Dante, that if "all the powers of earth and heaven should coöperate in the production of a soul according to their most favorable disposition, the Deity would descend upon that soul in such fulness that it would be almost another God incarnate." For Dante believed in the influence of the constellations and in the complex nature of man, which he says is threefold, and consists of the *vegetative*, the *sensitive*, and the *intellectual* natures, while in the *Purgatory* he is careful to explain that these are not three separate entities, but divisions of one being, the *vegetative* answering to the "kama-prana," the *sensitive* to "kama-manas," and the *intellectual* to "manas" and "buddhi,"

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for Dante makes a careful distinction between the powers of the highest part of the soul which he calls *Mind*.

Dante's description of the embodiment of the soul, as given in the *Banquet*, (Bk. IV, 21) and in the *Comedy* (Purg. 25), is wonderfully like the hints given in the *Secret Doctrine*. We read in the latter (Vol. I, 223–4), that "Wiessman shows one infinitesimal cell determining alone and unaided . . . the correct image of the future man in its physical, mental, and psychic characteristics. . . . Complete this physical plasm . . . with the spiritual plasm, so to say, . . . and you have the secret. . . . This inner soul of the physical cell—this 'spiritual plasm' that dominates the germinal plasm—is the Key that must open one day the gates of the *terra incognita* of the Biologist." (Vol. I, 219.)

In the passages of his works above-mentioned, Dante described the germ-cell* as carrying with it the virtue (or powers) of the generating soul, and that of the heaven, (or stars) then in the ascendant, united to its own potentialities, and those of the mother. The life within it is at first that of the plant, (the vegetative soul) with this difference "this still goes on, the other has attained," (Purg. 25, 54) that is, the plant, unlike the soul, is incapable of further development. Then the embryo becomes like the sea-anemone, that moves and feels, and the sensitive soul develops, and the latent potencies of the germ begin to show themselves in the development of the organs of sense and of action. As soon as the brain has sufficiently developed, says Dante, the divine spark settles there, and the intellectual soul draws all the faculties into itself, and makes of them one being.

> "So the sun's heat turns itself into wine,
> United to the sap within the vine."
>
> (—*Purg*. 25, 77.)

And when death frees the soul, it leaves the body with its senses mute, but with the spiritual faculties, the memory, the intellect, the will, more active than before. By its own impulse it takes its destined course, and as the air filled with rain shows itself bright with the reflected colors of the rainbow, so the soul, by virtue of its formative power, makes to itself an aerial body, the shadow and resemblance of itself. And like the sparks that follow all the changes of the fire, says Dante, with another beautiful simile, so this new form follows the changes of the spirit, and shows forth all its emotions and desires, and therefore it is called "the shadow." (This Dante is said to have got from Origen.) And it is these

* Of course he does not use this term, but the scriptural expression, the *seed*, which he calls "the most perfect part of the blood."

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"shades" which he meets in *Purgatory*, answering to the "kama-loka" of Theosophy.

But it is only in one sense that Dante's other world is that beyond the gates of death, because as Lowell has pointed out, it is in its first conception "the Spiritual World, whereof we become denizens by birth and citizens by adoption." Dante believed with St. Paul that to be carnally minded is death. In the *Inferno* (3,64) he speaks of "these miscreants who never were alive," and in the *Banquet* he says that "*to live* with man is to *use reason*, . . . and he is dead who does not make himself a disciple, who does not follow the Master. . . . For taking away the highest power of the soul, the reason, there remains no longer a man, but a thing with a sensitive soul only, that is, a brute" (*Banquet*, IV. 7). So at the entrance of the *Inferno*, Virgil tells Dante that he will there behold

—"the people dolorous,
Who have foregone the good of intellect,"

which is "the Truth, in which all intellects find rest" (*Paradiso*, 28, 108). He speaks more than once of the "second death," and in a manner that has puzzled the commentators. In the first canto of the *Inferno* we have mentioned

—"The ancient spirits disconsolate,
Who cry out each one for the *second death;*
And thou shalt see too, those who are content
Within the fire, for they still hope to come
Whene'er it may be, to the blessèd ones."

I think myself that Dante here refers to the old Platonic idea of the second death that separates the soul from the spirit, roughly speaking, or as the Theosophist would say, sets free the immortal Ego from the degraded lower personality, with its sin-laden memory. These "ancient spirits disconsolate" suffering in "kama-loka" the torture that their own wickedness has brought upon them, cry out for the death of the animal soul, that the Divine Self within them may cease to suffer. Those spirits whose better nature still bids them hope that their sins are not too great to be purged by the fire, are content to endure its purifying pangs. I think this explanation more in the line of Dante's thought than that of Lowell, who believes the first death to be that of reputation, the second that of the body.

But Lowell is quite right in saying elsewhere that "the stern Dante thinks none beyond hope save those who are dead in sin, and have made evil their good. . . . But Dante is no harsher

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than experience, which always exacts the utmost farthing, no more inexorable than conscience, which never forgives nor forgets." He believed above all things in the freedom of the will, that man is given his choice between good and evil, and must take the consequences of the choice he makes. His idea of punishment was always that which the sin to be punished would naturally bring about, and the guilty soul had always the chance of expiating its guilt, and once more winging its way upwards. And just inside the gates of hell he placed those ignoble souls that were neither good nor bad, but lived solely for themselves.

"These had not even any hope of death,
And their blind life is so debased and low,
They envious are of every other fate.
The world has kept no memory of them;
Mercifulness and justice both disdain them;
Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass."

Dante was of the same mind as Browning, who considered that the weakness which interfered with the execution of an evil purpose only added to the debasement of the soul. To live to themselves alone was the sin of these men, and there is a beautiful passage in the *Banquet* where Dante says that one should give his help to another without waiting to be asked, as the rose gives forth her fragance not only to him who seeks it, but to all who come near her.

Mr. Lowell says that Dante was so impartial that the Romanist can prove his soundness in doctrine, and the anti-Romanist can claim him as the first Protestant, while the Mazzinist and the Imperialist can alike quote him for their purpose. And he even calls Christ "the supreme Jove," and uses the names "God" and "Jupiter" and "Jehovah" as equivalents. Outwardly at least he held to all the doctrines of the Roman church of his time, but he certainly believed in the unity of the human race, and their conception of the Divine under different names. The man who boasted that he made "a party of his own," in politics, was capable of a like independence in religion, and Dante's association with the Templars had undoubtedly taught him how to see beneath the letter of the creed the spirit of a universal truth. He who could soar through all the sevenfold spheres and returning, see this globe,

"Such that I smiled at its ignoble semblance,"

was not a soul to be confined within the limits of any church. He had the spiritual intuition that enabled him to discern the truth, and the intellectual subtlety that helped him to clothe it in a guise that

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might escape the condemnation of the Church. He says at the end of his first *Canzone* in the *Banquet*, what might be said of nearly all his writings :

"Canzone mine, I fear that few they are
Who all thy meaning deep will understand,
So dark and difficult thy speech to them.
Wherefore if peradventure thou shalt go
To such as seem not to perceive thy worth,
I pray thee then take comfort to thyself,
And say to them, my new and dear delight,
'Behold at least, how very fair I am!'"

It would take volumes to expound the *beauty* of his poems, and whole libraries of his commentators' efforts to explain their "dark and difficult meaning" have been in vain. For they have fixed their eyes too often on the letter, and have failed to realize that the poet had risen to those spiritual heights where the little differences of creed sank into nothingness, and where all around him rose the white and shining summits of the eternal Truth, "the Love that moves the sun and all the stars."

KATHARINE HILLARD.

THE WISDOM OF DANTE.

"Because compassion is the mother of beneficence, therefore ever liberally do they who know share of their great riches with those who have not, and are like a living fountain whose waters cool that natural thirst (for knowledge) that ne'er is satisfied."—*The Banquet, Book I, 1.*

. . . . . .

[The motive powers of the third heaven] are "Substances separate from matter, that is, Intelligence, whom the common people call Angels."

"Although having no perception of them by our senses, nevertheless within our intelligence there shines something of the light of their most fertile essence, by which we see 'the eternal Light that only seen enkindles always love.'"—*Book II, 5.*

. . . . . .

"The rays of every heaven are the way by which its influence descends upon things here below."—*Book II, 7.*

. . . . . .

"He who gives up the use of his reason and lives only the life of the senses, lives not as a man but as a beast."—*Book II, 8.*

. . . . . .

"The human soul, which is the noblest of all forms generated beneath the heavens, receives more of the divine nature than any other."—*Book III, 2.*

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THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY ARHCIBALD KEIGHTLEY, M.D. (*Cantab.*)

(*Concluded.*)

AT this point of our study we may fairly devote further consideration to "Creative" imagination from the point of view of Psychology proper.

Genuine Productive or Creative Imagination, in the higher meaning of the words, involves much more than mere combinations into new forms of the factors and objects of past experiences. Conscious selective activity must be directed upon these factors and objects with a view to the realization of an ideal; but in saying this, it is implied again that the highest exercises of so-called imagination require a corresponding development of the allied faculties of perception, memory, thought and choice. Every ideal is itself a creation of the imagination (and herein the "newness" of the object is found); it may seem to spring from the first almost complete as it were, into the consciousness; but it is more likely to be the result of a growth and its very complexity in unity is significant of an intelligent recognition given to the necessity of choice among many factors and many objects of past experience. *Creative imagination is, then, always teleological; it is constructive according to a plan.*

Such a complex performance involves (1) remembered experience in the form of past presentations of sense and of self-consciousness; (2) analysis, by discriminating consciousness, of these presentation experiences; (3) desire to combine the factors, discovered by analysis, into new products—and this often accompanied by dissatisfaction with the imperfections of past presentations; (4) some, at least dim, mental picture of a new unity to be effected by the combination, as its end (some semblance of an "ideal"—that is to say—held before the mind). (Ladd, *Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory*, p. 414.)

It is thus declared that in all imagination of wholly new creations, the mind takes its point of starting from one or more memory images and then by a process of combination and differentiation it pictures the newly created object. This, too, according to an "ideal." But whence comes this ideal?

Psychology admittedly allows that "psychological science cannot wholly explain the origin of certain products of creative imagination," and that "certainly they not infrequently arise in such a way as to give countenance to the word 'divine.'"

For example, when Mozart at first sight played the grand organ, treading its pedals aright, and in other similar instances, in the cases of extraordinary mathematical faculty instanced by very young children, what are we to say? Shall we not rather tend to follow Kepler who declared that in imagining the laws of motion he "read the thoughts of God," and declare with Ladd that the imagination in its highest creative form is a function of that unit being—the mind

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or Soul—which has a nature and laws of its own? That the imagination is that link which connects the visible to the superior world? That a man by virtue of the imagination acts, sees, and feels through his "Inner Being"?

Let us briefly recapitulate. Perception, even, is largely the result of the image-making activity of the mind and even here perception involves idealization. For even in the case of the child, the savage, the half-tutored man, the total world in which he lives is very mixed, created partly by fancy, partly by lower imagination, partly by perceptive and inferential knowledge. If with Goethe we say that "imagination is the preparatory school of thought," and look on imagination as derived from sense-perception rather than as a function of the "inner being," we are presented with the view of Ladd that:—

> Everyone's primary bodily self becomes self-known as a "thing-Being," the subject of passive and actual experiences of a peculiar kind. But consciously discriminated processes of ideation, thought and non-sensuous feelings, can no more float in midair as mere objective pictures than can the coarser and more sensuous bodily self-feelings. It is inevitable that intellect should form the conception of a Self which is a real being, the subject of all such non-bodily states. Such consciousness in the form of being a mind or soul—a real subject for psychical processes—is at first vague and fitful.

Ladd proceeds by saying that it is,

> By the resultant of many acts of memory, imagination, reasoning and naming that the Knowledge of the Self as a Unitary Being is attained. The Self I thus come to know is regarded as the one subject of all the states of consciousness. In one and the same act the mind makes itself the object of its self-knowledge and believes in the real being of that which it creates as its own object. Then it passes into other states of knowledge that dissolve this unique creation by turning the attention to external things.

It would certainly seem to follow from this that the Yogi or mystic absorbed in contemplation of interior things is less wasteful of his creative force than the man who deliberately chooses to dwell in the external world.

It is also clear that the entire world of experience is liable to be lived over in three different ways.

Once, in imagination that projects, as here and now present, what is wholly yonder and in the future.

Once, in what we call actual and living experience, the immediate awareness of perception and self-consciousness.

Once, in memory.

Thus at least one of the functions of the imagination is that present, past and future are united in an eternal now.

Another is seen in the profound effect of the imagination upon the body, upon the entire secretory and vaso-motor system. This is

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emphasized by the modern experiments in hypnotism. By suggestion swellings can be produced and made to disappear, secretions excited or repressed, and even in relatively rare cases, burns and stigmata can be produced. All physicians of any intelligent observation know the close relation between imagination and the sanitary condition of peripheral organs. Instances one might multiply to any extent but these will be given later on.

We may now approach the domain of advancing a theory of the functions and power of the imagination in action. "A Theory is a synthesis explanatory of facts by reference to an ideal principle."

When we look on the theories which are the results of the "scientific imagination" we are less afraid of being accused of "fancy" and "hallucination." Let us only refer to the "luminiferous ether"; to "electricity regarded as a physical entity"; to the view of "atoms too large to be regarded as mere points (Euclid's definitions) and yet not large enough to be imagined in terms of sensuous imagination"; to "missing links"; to "infinitesimally small variations" as put forward to *prove* the doctrine of evolution;—and we shall find ourselves in good company in advancing a theory which shall account for that bugbear of psychology, "the retentive memory," for the very action of mind on body apart from purely physiological processes and for the permanent creations of the imaginative faculty under the law of the conservation of energy.

Take the facts presented to us by hypnotism. Mantegazza says that at one time he was able to induce local reddening of the skin by simply thinking intently of the spot; he asserts that on occasion even wheals appeared. Delboeuf says that he can influence the secretion of saliva by his will or ideas. This last is a common experience. Many pharmacists can in themselves produce the effects of drugs by thinking intently on what they know of their action, especially if this action has to do with the vascular system. Tocachon is recorded to have hypnotized a subject, and after placing postage stamps on the shoulder and covering with a bandage, suggested that this was a blister. The subject was watched carefully and after twenty hours the skin was found thickened and dead, of a yellowish-white color, the region puffy and surrounded by an intensely red zone. The blister was photographed. Charcot and his pupils at the Salpetrière not infrequently produced burns by suggestion, but only after the lapse of some hours. Bourru and Burot of Rochefort record a case where epistaxis was produced, and another in which after writing letters on the skin with a blunt probe these letters at a given hour were reproduced during a second hypnotic state in scarlet lines on the skin.

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The records of hypnotic telepathy only go to extend such results by giving an effect at a distance. Telepathy is defined as the transference of thoughts, feelings and sensations from A to B by some means other than the recognized sense-perceptions of B. This transference is supposed to be caused by a strong concentration of thought on the part of A. It is said that A can make B act by merely concentrating on what A is to do. Others say that it is the concentration of A's will on B which causes B's action. Liébault by his experience and experiments supports this by the assertion that it is the power of attention which sums up the action of the mind on the physical, and that it is this concentration of the attention which isolates the senses and causes a so-to-say deeper layer of their action to become manifest. All observers of hypnotism agree in the power of "Suggestion," whether derived from within or from without the subject.

Suggestion is defined as an operation which produces a given effect on a subject by acting on his intelligence. Every suggestion essentially consists in acting on a person by means of an idea: every effect suggested is the result of a phenomenon of ideation. The operator must have in mind a clear image of the effect he intends to produce. As a rule, however, he cannot produce it unless he is setting in activity a mental association previously existing in the subject's mind. Braid declared that successful hypnotism involved both the imagination of the operator and of the subject.

Now when an image is aroused in the mind it tends to cause the reproduction of all the images which resemble it, or which were formed with it in an anterior act of consciousness. The hypnotized subject when awake does not remember the hypnotized states, but when hypnotized again has the memory of those states, and not infrequently has the memory of the ordinary waking and sleeping states as well. There is, so to say, a hyper-æsthesia of memory, and there is hardly a single fact of our mental life which cannot be artificially reproduced and heightened by such means.

As a rule, then, it is the association of ideas, of the image with the act, which produces the act in the subject; the only necessary condition being that a clear image of the act in question shall be distinctly formed in the operator's mind. The ideas, or images, so formed, may therefore be according to circumstances, either pathogenic or therapeutic agents. Diseases caused by imagination or diseases caused by a fixed idea are real diseases and are not "imaginary" or "hallucinations." In many cases they display undisputed objective symptoms. Auto-suggestion shows that once subjects have accepted the idea that they are affected by some

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functional disturbance, such disturbance is developed in some more or less objective degree.

Such effects, then, are those of the association of ideas. Bain, who may be termed the champion of "association," says that everything of the nature of acquisition supposes a plastic property in the human system giving permanent coherence to acts that have been performed together. The physical body in its growth shows the effect of associated acts. These acts must have been united in a plastic substance. Consequently every cell in every organ of the body is a representative in some degree of such associated acts, and every cell therefore has its own memory. This plastic property of the cell, consisting of acts previously associated together, involves an "inner person" consisting of something which retains the impressions received from action, sensation, emotion, and thought. The correlation among the vital forces, as Carpenter has shown, involves some definite relation which explains the dynamic unity. Such forces, in giving origin to each other, cease to exist as such. This dynamic unity in part is found in this plastic property which is found in the older philosophies in the astral or etheric body which forms the link between mind and matter. This astral body is the basis of the cell memory, of the "retentive" memory alluded to above. Even in view of the scorn of anatomists who dissect the cell and find no evidence of its memory, this astral "theory" may be put forward, for they are forced to allow that the germ-cell does not supply the force, but that it does supply the directive agency. The imagination is thus one of the plastic powers of the "inner being" operating through the astral and constituting the memory of previous existences.

But all imagination as acting on the physical body cannot be attributed to "association of ideas." Take the instance of what are called "maternal impressions." The impression on the mother is intense and profound. Records are shown that such impressions produce on the unborn child the imprint of cats' paws, of mice, of fruits of various kind, various deformities of limbs and their total absence, resemblances to various animals. The Greeks used this property by surrounding the future mother with perfect physical models, and an instance with animals is recorded in the Bible, attributed to the patriarch Jacob. We may say with Van Helmont that:

> The imaginative power of a woman, vividly excited, produces an idea, which is the connecting medium between body and soul. This transfers itself to the being with whom the woman stands in the most immediate relation, and impresses upon it that image which the most agitated herself.

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In such effects of imagination and in the effects of hypnotism one thing now becomes plain. Equally is this the case with the cognate faculties of memory, imagination and thought. A clear image is necessary to all. That clearness depends upon attention or concentration. By such attention or concentration the vital forces playing in their correlations throughout the entire organisms of subject and operator are brought into unison, or, in other words, into an equality of their respective oscillations. Images so produced in unison are intercommunicable and are then rendered into terms of act or thought by the converting organs, which stand as a link between mind and body or the various minds and bodies so acting in unison. The character of the effect is to a very large extent determined by the various spheres in which such unison of vibration is brought into play. The "plastic property" of which Bain speaks, the astral, will have its effect in the spheres of action, sensation, emotion and thought, or in what we may strictly call the psychic sphere of action. But when we regard what we may call the higher sphere of thought—that upon which the higher and true creative imagination depends—that sphere whence come the teleological ideas, the plans, the ideals, we are dealing with a sphere with which physiological psychology and most Western psychologies fail to deal. True it is that Kant and Schopenhauer have felt its force and touched upon it, and that Ladd has foreshadowed it, as shown in H. P. Blavatsky's article on "Psychic and Noetic Action" (see *Studies in Occultism*, No. III).

Let us admit that the psychic consciousness is a vibration in terms of more or less material (physical and astral) motion, and in this we may—if we also admit the correlation of such motions or forces—thoroughly agree with psychological science. We may thus account for all the arguments contained in the earlier portions of this essay on the basis of memory, imagination and thought. But the phenomena of consciousness, the consciousness which is not merely physiological, must be regarded as the activities of some Real Being, the "inner being" of Ladd. This Real Being is thus manifested to itself in the phenomena of consciousness and indirectly to others in the bodily changes. It is the Mind. The mental "faculties," *e.g.*, memory, imagination and thought, are only the modes of behavior in consciousness of this real being. But the integral being, the Self-consciousness, the free will, is of a different and higher order. This it is, the real mind, which acts and develops according to laws of its own, the true noetic psychology, and is *correlated* with certain molecules and organs. While the psychic mind creates nothing and only acts by a natural correlation in accordance with both the

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physical laws and its own laws, it is yet used by a Force and guides its direction according to its own development, being stimulated to action by that Force. The senses and muscles are the organs of action; the psychic mind is the guiding reins, while the noetic mind is the driver.

To sum up. Imagination is, as said before, of two kinds, Productive and Reproductive. The reproductive is concerned with the affairs of the psychic consciousness. As seen in the case of hypnotism, the pictures so produced can be communicated to and rendered objective in others. When the instinctive, sensuous cell-memory is stilled by concentration and attention this process is rendered more easy. In such cases deeper spheres of consciousness are opened up and we are then presented with evidence of productive imagination, which may be operated both consciously and subconsciously. By the correlation of force or motion, through the links called astral, plastic or what-not, such motion is given more or less objective effect. The physical is acted upon by the psychic mind, while the psychic mind is set in motion by the noetic mind.

Thus the function of the imagination is enormous and, acting under the driving energy of the noetic mind, impresses itself in the external world. *Will* so exerted by means of the imagination is practically limitless, both in space and time, for it acts regardless of distance and unites present, past and future (the three categories of time), into an eternal now. By the imagination acting according to the ideal plan and producing and acting on the unison of vibration, the whole world can be brought into unison with the ideal, divine Harmony.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

TRUTH.

"To try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will, —it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any visions of the mysterious Goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously towards her on his own, one, favorite, particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robe in which she is wrapped."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SCHOOL.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,

Inspector of Schools, Toronto, Canada.

THE schools of the twentieth century will be *free*. The nineteenth century schools are called free because attendance at them is free. The child will be free in the twentieth century school. Free growth is the only full growth. Subordination dwarfs the human soul at any stage of its development. There will be no truly free men till the children are made truly free. The coercive, mandatory, compulsory spirit will become but a shameful memory, when teachers aim to develop the divinity in the child instead of making their supreme purpose the restriction of its depravity. What weak, imitative, conventional, indefinite, unprogressive, dependent, servile men and women most schools have made of the beings who were originally created in God's own image! How much worse they would have been if they had been subject to school discipline during all their waking hours! How original, self-reliant, self-directing and progressive they might have been! How much of independence and helpfulness and executive tendency they had when they first went to school compared with what they had on leaving school! The schools should not be catacombs in which are buried the selfhood, the originality, and the executive tendency of childhood. Schools should be gardens in which each child grows to be its grandest, most complete self. The child can never become its real self so long as adulthood blights it and dwarfs it by daring to stand between it and God.

Liberty is the only sure basis for reverent coöperative obedience. Anarchy is not born of freedom; it springs from coercion. It is a poisonous fungus that grows from the tree of blighted liberty. It grows rank and noisome from the sap that should have developed stately trunk, spreading branches, and rich foliage. Fungi come not on the tree of full, free growth, but where blight has brought decay and death. Conscious subordination secured by coercion blights and dwarfs the tree of liberty.

Liberty does not mean freedom from law, but freedom through law, in accord with law. There may be life under law or deadness under law. Law itself may be used to develop or dwarf life. Its true use develops life, and power, and freedom. Falsely used as coercive restraint it weakens human character. Human control,

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like Divine control, should be prompted by love, based on love, and exercised in love. Loving sympathy is man's strongest controlling force as well as his greatest life-giving power. Divine law is often necessarily restrictive of wrong, but it is lovingly restrictive. It is stimulating and growth-giving; never destructive. Coercion may repress evil; it never eradicates it. Coercion never made a child creative, and creative power is the central element of education. Coercion does more than restrict the power of the child; it corrupts its ideals. The common and unnatural dread of Divine authority arises from the degradation of human authority into unreasoning, unloving coercion.

The greatest improvement yet wrought by the new education is the altered attitude of adulthood towards childhood in disciplining it. The reformation of the coercive ideals of adulthood has only well begun, however. The twentieth century will complete the reform. When adulthood recognizes Divinity in each child and learns that the highest function of training is to develop this divinity, not merely to restrict depravity, then will the schools become what Froebel aimed to make them: "Free Republics of Childhood."

The dominating elements in a child's life are love of freedom and productive activity. The unity of these elements is the only basis for true discipline. Spontaneity in productive self-activity develops active instead of passive obedience, coöperation instead of obstinacy and stubbornness, activity instead of inertness of character, energy instead of indolence, positiveness instead of negativeness, cheerfulness instead of dullness, independence instead of subserviency, and true liberty instead of anarchy.

The truest educational progress of the ages has been toward harmony between control and spontaneity, guidance and freedom, obedience and independence, submission and liberty. Restriction, coercion and domination must be removed from the list of disciplinary agencies. Restriction dwarfs, coercion blights, and domination destroys individuality. Across the end of every schoolroom, opposite the teacher's desk, should be printed the motto: "The School should be a Free Republic of Childhood."

Teachers will not try to dominate the interest of the child in the twentieth century school. The pupil's self-active interest is the only persistent propelling motive to intellectual effort. It alone makes man an independent agent capable of progressive upward and outward growth on original lines. It alone stimulates the mind to its most energetic activity for the accomplishment of definite purposes. Self-active interest is the natural desire for knowledge ap-

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propriate to the child's stage of evolution, acting with perfect freedom; it is the divinely implanted wonder power unchecked by restriction and undiminished by the substitution of the interests of others.

The development of self-active interest is the highest ideal of intellectual education. School methods in the past have substituted the teacher's suggestion for the child's spontaneous interest, and have thus rendered it unnecessary, if not impossible, for the pupil's own self-active interest to develop. Interest is naturally self-active, and it retains this quality in increasing power unless parents or teachers interfere with its spontaneity. "Every child brings with him into the world the natural disposition to see correctly." The most unfortunate children are those whose untrained nurses, untrained mothers, or untrained teachers, foolishly do for them what they should do for themselves, and point out to them the things they should see for themselves, or worse still, things they should not see at all at their stage of development. Mother and child should not always see the same things in their environment. "See, darling," may prevent the development of the child's power to see independently. The child's own mind should decide its special interests.

Most parents and teachers make the mistake of assuming that they should not only present attractions to the child's mind, but also arouse and direct its attention. Whenever this is done by any agency except the child's own self-active interest its power of giving attention is weakened. No two children should be attracted by exactly the same things or combinations of things during a walk in the country, or in any other gallery of varied interests. The special selfhood of each child sees in the outer what corresponds to its developing inner life. The individual power to see in the outer that which is adapted to the development of the inner life *at present most active* is the arousing source of all true interest. When a teacher substitutes his own interests for those of the child, the child's interest is weakened and made responsive instead of self-active. Under such teaching the real life of interest dies, and teachers, after killing it, have in the past made energetic and often fruitless efforts to galvanize it into spasmodic responsive action. Allowing the motives of others to stimulate us to action is no more true interest, than allowing other people's thoughts to run through our minds is true thinking. The responsive process in each case is really prohibitory of the real self-active process which lies at the root of true growth.

The teacher of the twentieth century will multiply the condi-

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tions of interest. Whatever he can do to make the child's external environment correspond with its inner development, he will do carefully, and attractively. He will know that, if the conditions are appropriate, interest will always be self-active, and that only by its own activity can it develop power. Responsive interest never develops much intensity, energy, endurance, or individuality.

When teachers complain that children are not interested in the work, their statements are usually incorrect. It would be more accurate to say the children are not interested in the teacher's work. Adulthood must not interfere so much with childhood.

The child will be trained to find most of its own problems in the twentieth century school. The child discovers its own problems before it goes to school. When it reaches the school its problems are showered upon it by the teacher. This difference in educative process is the chief reason for the rapid development of children before they go to school compared with their development afterwards. Before the twentieth century ends it will not be correct to define a school as a place in which self-active interest is checked, originality condemned, and brain development and coördination sacrificed to knowledge storing. If any one claims that such a definition is unfair to the nineteenth century schools, let him consider carefully what the condition and character of a man would be, if he had been kept in school during the whole of his waking hours till he was twenty-one years of age. It will not always remain true that the race shall receive its brain development and coördination, and its individual character force, chiefly outside of school. The schools of the coming days will not weaken minds by the processes of storing them.

The power of problem discovery is much more useful than the power of problem solution both to the individual and the race. Problem discovery is more educative than problem solution.

In the near future the pupils will find most of the questions which they and their companions have to answer in daily work or periodical examinations. They will value the answers too. They will require training in this work, but in giving such training teachers will have the pleasant consciousness that they are working with God and not against Him.

The race creeps where it should soar because the child's natural power to discover new problems is not developed. The wonder power of childhood, which Mr. McChoakumchild proposed to destroy, is the source of greatest intellectual and spiritual evolution. We fail to reach our best individual growth, and our highest fitness for aiding our fellows in their upward progress, on account of our

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intellectual and spiritual blindness. We are surrounded by material problems, intellectual problems and spiritual problems which are never revealed to us, but which we might see and solve, if our discovery power had been developed in the schools, as assiduously as our mind storing was carried on. Greater power of problem discovery will lead to increased power of problem solution, and larger capacity and desire for mind storing.

Teachers will distinguish clearly between responsive activity and self-activity, between expression and self-expression, in the twentieth century school. The neglect of selfhood and the warping of selfhood, have been the greatest evils of school life in the past. Self-activity includes the motive as well as the activity. It must be originative as well as operative or selfhood is not developed. Even Kindergartners often fail to see the full meaning of Froebel's fundamental process of human growth, self-activity. The highest ideal of executive development given by any other educator is co-operative, productive activity on the part of each individual. Froebel's ideal is coöperative, productive, *creative* activity.

Activity even in response to the direction or suggestion of the teacher is infinitely better than the old school processes of information—reception, in promoting intellectual development and in co-ordinating the motor and sensor departments of brain power. Every method that tends to make the child an executive agent is based on a productive educational principle. But there is a wide and vital distinction between responsive activity and true self-activity.

Each individual has three elements of power, originative power, directive power, and executive power; responsive activity does not demand the exercise of originative power at all, and develops directive power imperfectly. The central element of selfhood is originative power. A man's originative power constitutes his individuality. Originative power develops as all other powers develop, by full opportunity for free exercise. Froebel made self-activity the fundamental law of growth with the purpose of developing the complete selfhood of each individual. Unless the self of the individual is active the development is partial and defective in its most important element. There are yet few school processes or methods that demand true self-activity. True self-activity includes the motive that impels to action as well as the resulting act. In every study, and especially in every operative study, the originative and directive powers should act with the operative powers. Education is defective in its most vital part, if originative power is not developed.

Teachers should test every process in their work by the attitude of the pupil's selfhood in relation to it. Is the pupil's selfhood

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passive or active? Is his activity responsive to the suggestion or instruction of another, or is it the result of an effort to accomplish a purpose originating with himself? Does it result from outer stimulation or inner motive? If action results from outer stimulation, what is the nature of the inducement to activity? Is it mandatory or reasonable? Does the external influence coerce the pupil or merely guide him? Does it develop interest or weaken it? Is it a temporary motive which logically tends to make the pupil self-active and gradually gives place to inner motives and interests that continue the action spontaneously, or does it leave the pupil inert and passive when the external stimulus is removed? Can activity induced by commands, or by personal power, will, magnetism, or other influence of the Kindergartner, teacher, or parent, be made as energetic and as definitely productive true self-activity in the acquisition of knowledge, in the development of the brain both in its sensor and its motor departments, or in defining the individuality of the child? It is only by thus testing their own work that teachers can be aroused to the energetic mental condition that leads to reform and discovery.

One of the commonest fallacies in the list of educational theories is, "expression leads to self-expression." Expression and self-expression are the results of two widely different intellectual operations. Self and expression should never be divorced. Expressive power has been trained, so far as it has been trained at all, independently. It has not been related to the selfhood of the child. The theory has been: train the power of expression and the selfhood will in due time develop and be able to use the power of expression we have so thoughtfully provided for it. The amazing stupidity of this course has begun to reveal itself. To some the revelation of the folly of training expressive power and neglecting the selfhood that is to use it, came with such force that it led them to the other extreme, and they have propounded the maxim: "Develop the selfhood and expression will take care of itself." This theory is infinitely nearer the truth than the old one—the one still practised almost universally. It is true that clear, strong thoughts never lack expression. Henry Irving was right when he said: "If you are true to your individuality, and have great original thoughts, they will find their way to the hearts of others as surely as the upland waters burst their way to the sea." But it is also true that the schools should cultivate the powers of expression, and add as many new powers as possible. Every form of expression should be developed to its best limit by the schools; expression in visible form by construction, modelling, painting, drawing, and writing,

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and expression by speech and music should receive fullest culture in the schools. To add new power of expression opens wider avenues for the expression of selfhood and thereby makes a greater selfhood possible. The supreme folly of teaching has been to attempt to cultivate the powers of expression and neglect the selfhood that has to use them. It is not wise in correcting this mistake to make another, by leaving developed selfhood without the best possible equipment of expressive power. Self and expression cannot be divorced without weakening both of them.

The revelation of the utter folly of training the powers of expression and neglecting to train the selfhood at the same time has been almost entirely confined to the forms of visible expression. There are many good schools in which writing, drawing, and other forms of visible expression are now used from the first as means of revealing selfhood, to enable the pupil to make his inner life outer, but in which the processes for developing the powers of oral expression are still as completely unrelated to selfhood as they were in the darkest days of preceding ages. The processes of culture of the powers of oral expression have undoubtedly improved, but still the dominant principle is the fallacy—"expression will lead to self-expression." The schools train in the interpretation and expression of the thoughts of others in the vain hope that to express the thoughts of others in the language of the authors will give power to express orally in good form the original thought of selfhood. There can be no greater fallacy. Actors have more power than any other class to interpret and express the deepest and highest thoughts of the greatest authors, but although they are accustomed to appearing before large audiences, very few of them have well developed powers of self-expression. Responding to the motives of others does not cultivate our own motive power, allowing the thoughts of others to run through our minds does not make us original thinkers, expressing the thoughts of others does not develop the power of self-expression.

The schools of the twentieth century will give increased attention to physical culture to arrest the physical deterioration of the race, and to strengthen it intellectually and physically. Play will become a definite element in human development throughout the entire course of school training, especially in cities and towns. It will some day be possible to find children of the fifth generation reared in a city.

They will give manual training for educational not economic reasons, and to all children, especially to younger children instead of to senior pupils as at present.

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They will teach art as the highest form of expression to qualify for clearer interpretation of the artistic ideals of the leaders in human evolution, and to enlarge the expressive power of humanity.

But the supreme purpose of the schools of the twentieth century will be to develop a strong, self-reliant, self-directing individuality, and train it by the experiences of school life to become a coöperative element in an inter-dependent community. The community ideal will dominate all departments of life work in the new century ; national, religious, social, industrial and educational. The greatest educational advance of the early part of the century will be the unity of school and home in the direct as well as the indirect training of the child. All the forces of civilization will coördinate around the child. The district school will become a centre of uplifting influence in which will be focussed the highest aims of the community, and through which will be revealed the transforming ideal of unity or inner connection, or the inner-dependence of the Brotherhood of Man.

JAMES L. HUGHES.

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NEGLECTED FACTORS IN THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

IN spite of the great advance that has been made along many lines in education, the educational problem is still the most vital to-day. Solve this problem and the suffering and misery that exist in the world will disappear; the social evil, the struggle between rich and poor, poverty and crime, all arise from lack of education. It will be evident that I am using the term education in a very broad sense and with a very deep meaning and I shall presently endeavor to make clear my view of the matter.

The greatest advance made during the past twenty-five years has been in the machinery of education, in the building and equipping of public schools. A very important step was taken when educators realized the value of making the lessons interesting to the children. The fact of the realization of the necessity to arouse the interest of scholars and so remove the sense of compulsion and servitude which formerly characterized the school-life is the most hopeful sign in the whole history of modern education.

But what means have we of judging of the great advance said to have been made during the past twenty-five or fifty years? Only by results, and these will show that there is still something vital lacking. Quite true it is that more men and women can read and write, but I doubt if they have developed a sounder judgment than their grandparents who could do neither. Does the government of this or any other country show an improvement commensurate with the alleged improvement in education; do those who have received most benefit through education show any evidences of possessing more common-sense than their forefathers; is there a keener sense of the eternal fitness of things, is there more virtue in the world, is there more sobriety, more happiness, more contentment and peace? If not, where has been the gain? The people no doubt show more sharpness of intellect, and have more general information, but the acquirement of these is surely not the end or purpose of education. What then has been lacking? Have we got to the root of the matter, or must we go deeper still?

According to our ultimate view of life and of man will be the keynote of our educational system. If this view be materialistic, all education will tend in that direction; if the general belief be held that we live but one life on earth, the influence of this belief will show itself in the school-room as in the life of the outside

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world, where competition, each man for himself, is the rule; or putting it in another way, let us eat and drink, let us look after number one, for to-morrow we die. We do not have to force these things and we cannot prevent them. The little world of the school-room reflects the greater world. But there is also the reaction and the outer world is in some measure,—in fact in a greater measure than might be supposed,—affected by the child world. Indeed the influence of the children upon the world is one of the greatest factors in the progress of humanity. The child-nature is not hampered with preconceived notions and custom and conventionality but is free, spontaneous, living in the present. If the grown-ups would but turn around and learn of the children, life would have a new meaning and maybe if we could "become as little children" the riddles of life would be found to have a solution after all.

The most important factor in the problem of education is a right knowledge of the nature of man. Who, or what, is this little child; —a little animal, a thinking machine, or a *divine* human being? I would say all these but that the essential nature is divine and that the mind, the passions and desires, and the body are but the instruments of the inner being who stands back of all, ready to use them, but not identical with them. The inner being must learn to use these instruments and to gain complete control over them as does a workman over his tools, or a musician over his musical instrument. But if the workman simply uses his tools as a machine and if the musician plays only mechanically and cannot create, both have failed. So in the training of the mind and intellect, these may be perfected as machines, may become stored with information and be able to perform all the processes of reasoning, but if the creative power of the soul is not awakened, the so-called education has been to no purpose. It is not enough to make the instruments perfect, that which is of first importance is to awaken the soul behind.

Plato held that all knowledge was recollection and the most ancient teaching was that all souls possess the potentiality of all wisdom. This at once gives us a basis on which to work. Once realize this and it will become clear that the most important thing is not the acquiring of information but to unlock the fetters which bind the soul. I do not deny that this is already aimed at and accomplished to a large extent, but I claim that the basis of action is not rightly understood by the majority of educators, nor does it even exist for many. If it were understood how much is within, locked up in the heart of each, and that the inner potentiality in all alike is infinite, we should cease to spend so much time in drudgery and technicalities and would pay more attention to principles. Speak-

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ing generally, modern education starts at the wrong end of the line, though most certainly the outer expression of the soul, the child as he ordinarily appears, must not be disregarded, but should be an index to the real development of the soul within. Yet the work done in our schools to-day is *mainly* from without within, our teachers have still to learn how to act from within without. There is too much time spent in pruning and trimming and embellishing. We must get at the centre and work from there, then the growth will be like a flower's, natural, harmonious, beautiful.

There is another factor which has been overlooked but which is of the greatest importance in this problem. It is a factor which seems to have been almost totally lost sight of in modern philosophy, though it was universally held by the ancients. It is, however, now being restored to its place and Schopenhauer and others have recognized its importance. I refer to the belief or theory to some, though a proven fact, so it is claimed, to others, that we live many lives on earth, that each life is the outcome and the result of previous lives; that each one's character has been built by himself, that each is responsible for himself as he now is. What a different aspect is at once put upon the educational problem if this idea of many lives is accepted! Each child has its own individuality, the soul back of that bright childish face is an old soul which has had ages of experience and is now asking us to help it unlock its own powers and make use of its past experiences. If the educational problem were simply considered in the light of modern theories of evolution and heredity it would appear in an altogether different aspect. But these do not go half way, we must go further and consider the many lives of the soul in order to fully solve the problem. We must find some means of reading and understanding the children and ourselves from this standpoint. When we are able to do this we shall see that every trait of character is the result of growth and that each child himself, or rather the soul back of each, is responsible for this. Ah, if only we could see these things, could see the tendencies and possibilities in the child's nature, then might we truly help the child. The true educator must attain to this power, he must learn to use the power of his own soul and to recognize and speak to the soul of the child. But instead of placing the greatest importance upon this, the chief qualification of a teacher to-day is the ability to pass certain intellectual examinations and these finer perceptions, if not altogether ignored, are accorded an inferior place.

What folly to think that any one can truly educate who cannot awaken affection and love in the heart of the child. Yet how large

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a place does this power hold in the choice of teachers for our public schools? The obstacles that children have to overcome are stupendous. Not only have they to fight their way through the veils of oblivion that nature has thrown around them in their new birth into earth life, but they have even to overcome the obstacles which parents and teachers place in their way due to their ignorance of life and of their own nature. In 999 cases out of 1,000, true education does not take place in school, save in very small degree, but is carried on outside, in the home, among playmates, and in the struggle for life that so many of our little ones have to face so early. And the majority of us who have reached to maturer years will, I think, say that until we were grown and out in the battle of life we did not realize that life is the great educator, and that we must join hands with life in seeking to lead out our own powers and express the inmost nature of our souls. The true education of children consists far more in the guidance of a loving and wise hand and in the hard knocks of experience than in storing the little heads with information. I would not be understood to undervalue the imparting of information or the training of the mind—even as ordinarily understood—but the importance placed upon these has been altogether out of proportion when compared with the essentials of education. It is heart-breaking to read the learned discussions of the amount of time that ought to be given to spelling and grammar, etc., and to see the insistance of the attainment of a certain standard of proficiency; too much attention is given to appearances, the reality is thrust almost out of sight. We have attended to the "anise and cummin," but have neglected the "weightier matters."

What do we need, then, in order to work along the right lines? We have the children, and if we can accept the opinion of some, nay, we may know it from observation, there are many souls coming back to earth life in this country that are strong, wise souls, perhaps far further along the pathway of evolution than we; so we have the best of material to work with, and may feel assured that the children themselves will give us their assistance. But what we need is teachers. We have not enough teachers capable, or if capable, most of them are as yet ignorant of their powers to do this work.

I believe that most teachers are fully alive to the importance and responsibility of their profession, and that they need only that these neglected factors in the problem of education should be called to their attention to recognize that through them is to be found a solution. Many teachers have broken free from a mechanical system and follow their intuitions, but how many are there who

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are controlled by school boards and school organizations and are hampered by rules and regulations? Yet an awakening is certainly taking place in the profession and the principles that underlie true education are receiving an ever-increasing attention. It is a most important matter that we have a right basis on which to build. Then if we know what we are aiming at we can certainly advance a short distance, if only a few steps.

Fortunately more attention has been given of late years to the faculty of teaching and to improved methods of imparting knowledge but the mental and mechanical qualifications are still regarded as the most important and not only in the choice of teachers but in all professions alike. Perhaps the most forcible illustration is in the medical profession. What do the examiners in the medical schools know of the real "fitness" of the candidates for the profession? Do they take into account those qualities which characterize the true physician? Have they any means of discovering whether the candidate possesses these qualities, whether he is in reality a physician apart from any book knowledge? A true physician must be one at heart, it is not book-knowledge that makes one. All the knowledge of anatomy, physiology, therapeutics, what-not, never yet made a physician, though unfortunately a medical diploma depends more upon these than upon anything else. And just the same is true of the teachers.

But the case is by no means a hopeless one. We find, or may find, if we will but open our eyes, some people who have the finer perceptions which are needed, the power of speaking to the heart, awakening the inner nature of men and women and of coming into touch with the soul of things. Some have these powers developed, all have them potentially, and what we need to do is to begin to develop within ourselves these finer faculties, to seek to draw them forth in the children and the change will come imperceptibly, gradually, but with a rapidity that will startle us. All this means an increased responsibility on our own part, which will force us to make our motives higher, our lives purer and broader, and in short to develop the heart side of our nature. We have followed too much the reason and have neglected the intuition. The latter has been almost atrophied and forgotten so that with many it is a thing of the imagination, but not so to a child and it will come back to us in proportion as we, ourselves, become child-like.

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WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION.

BY G. HIJO.

WHEN the editor of THEOSOPHY asked me to write a four-page article on "Why I believe in Reincarnation," I replied that I had always believed in it from the time I first heard of the teaching. He answered: "Then tell them that. It will be different from what others say," and as the requests of the editor of THEOSOPHY are always binding on dutiful theosophists, I find myself under engagement to extend the above statement over four pages of this magazine.

It was while I was at college, a good many years ago. I was interested in pretty much everything under the sun, and I fear in a good many things that normally take place under the moon, and when a friend told me of a new book he had just read and which taught a new philosophy, I purchased and eagerly read it. It dealt with the subject of Theosophy. I believed it all at once, the doctrine of reincarnation included, and I remember that I read that book night and day until I not only had finished it but was familiar with every teaching it contained. A few days before this, while the book was being studied by this same friend and before I had heard of it, a party of our friends was discussing things in general and nothing in particular when this friend advanced some of the theories he had just read about in the book. Among them was the teaching of reincarnation, viz., that the human ego or soul is repeatedly born into human bodies on this planet, say once every thousand or fifteen hundred years, in order to acquire the experience and knowledge necessary to enable it to lead a higher life. To my surprise at the end of the evening I found that I had been arguing in favor of reincarnation and other doctrines as set forth in this book. Of course I only knew very vaguely what I had been talking about and it was not until several days later that I found all these novel and most interesting ideas set forth at length in the work in question. It was apparently as clear a case of talking about things learned in some previous life as I have ever heard of and this in itself was to me no small proof of the truth of the special theory in question.

When I say that I believed in the theory of reincarnation from the first hearing of it, I do not mean that my brain immediately accepted the belief. On the contrary, it was only after the most vigorous protests against my gullibility, the citing of all the scientific

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and philosophic authorities with which it was familiar, that my poor brain became convinced that I was in earnest and gave up the fight. Of course there are other theories advanced by Theosophy which are much more difficult of ready credence than the theory of reincarnation, and it was against these that my brain began its attacks. For example, no one will ever know what protests and ingenious arguments it brought forward to prove that I was a first class idiot to believe in adepts, for my brain did not mince matters nor epithets when discussing these things with me.

When we did finally get through the rougher places and down to a discussion of reincarnation it was suggested to me that this was a very uncomfortable belief, that it would logically entail a giving up of much that I was attached to, that more particularly those things done under the auspices of the moon would be the first to go by the board and that altogether life would be hardly worth living if the responsibility for one's acts were to be so absolutely believed in. Hell was bad enough but here you had something much more definite than hell as a deterrent, something about which there was nothing vague or doubtful but which once accepted meant logically that anyone would be a fool if he continued to do otherwise than as he knew he should. I replied as best I could, that the disagreeableness of a doctrine unfortunately did not militate against its truth; that life at the present time and under the present conditions wasn't quite an unbroken procession of joys; and that if the teaching were really true, contention was futile, and the only thing to do was to conform to it whether you liked it or not; and that further it would probably be a good thing if you did have to stop many things that were now found so pleasant.

The brain immediately replied that that was all very well but that I had no proof that the thing was true and that until I did get some proofs it was silly to tie myself up to so disconcerting and uncomfortable a belief. And then it ingeniously suggested that some of the adepts whom I also believed in, should undertake to dispel all doubts by some interesting and magical performance. This was a double-edged thrust, for it cast a reflection also on one of the harder beliefs that we had already tussled over. I replied that that sort of talk was childish, that it was not argument, that proofs were the *ignis fatuüs* or fool's gold of the modern educated man, that there were lots of things we believed that had never been proved to us, and that in any case there were other ways of finding out things than to have them physically demonstrated to one's brain. I added that I hadn't much respect for my brain anyhow, and then launched into a dissertation on the reasons why reincarnation must be true.

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I said that no other explanation of the apparent injustice of life was possible; that in a world where everything orderly seemed to be done by process of law, it was irrational to suppose that the highest of all created beings were alone neglected and left to blind chance or to the more terrible caprice of an anthropomorphic Deity. We saw around us every day sons of the same mother, one endowed with beauty, talent, a quick apprehension and a serviceable brain, while the other might be a dwarf or cripple, a congenital idiot or a hopeless dullard, or moral pervert with no chance in the struggle for existence in competition with his more fortunate brother. Worse than this we saw multitudes of children born into an ignorant, poverty stricken or criminal environment that made right living a practical impossibility, while others and the fewer in number, born perhaps at the same moment were from birth surrounded by every safeguard and advantage that wealth and education could furnish; and according to the orthodox teaching we were expected to believe that all this was right while we were given no sufficient reason for thinking so.

I asked my brain how he would like to have been born in a New York slum, and that if he had been whether the theory of reincarnation might not have been some comfort to him, since it would have carried with it an assurance that his being there was the inevitable result of past actions and that getting away was sure to follow proper actions in this life.

The brain replied that that might or might not be so, but why if he had lived before didn't he remember something about it? I had him there, for I told him promptly that *he* hadn't lived before and that if he went on in the way he was at present he wouldn't live again; and I asked him how he could expect to remember something he had had nothing to do with. I told him also that he was simply a part of me for this one life, a sort of tool or instrument with which I had been furnished to enable me to express myself properly on the physical plane. This sobered him a little but he had nerve enough left to ask me if I myself remembered my past lives, and if so why I had never told him anything about them. I said that it was none of his business what I did or did not remember, but in any event it would be very injudicious for him to know anything about it as he would be sure to make foolish use of the information. Then he asked me why, if I knew all about such things, I had had to wait until I read them in a book to learn them. He thought this was a particularly clever question but I informed him that as he was the instrument I used at that present time the knowledge that I could give him was in great degree limited to what he already had some

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experience of, and that further if he were less obstinate it would be to the great advantage of us both, as then we could both get much more information on all such topics. I tried to explain that I really did know all about all these things but that the knowledge was of no use to me or to anyone else until I could express it on the physical plane and to do that I must have his help, and that until he could see his way clear to believe not only this particular doctrine but also in the realities of the soul-life generally, we could be of very little use to each other. I pointed out that we had much knowledge and experience not acquired in this life; that we knew things we had never studied and could do things we had never been taught. Heredity and instinct would explain some of this natural wisdom, but there were large portions of it necessarily outside the operations of these great laws.

I also explained that so far as this particular teaching was concerned it was already believed in by three quarters of the human race, and that even if he were not prepared to give it absolute credence, should he accept it as a working hypothesis it would be of considerable assistance to me in formulating a coherent philosophy of life. After fully realizing that according to the teaching he would have no immortality unless he did accept it we compromised the matter in that way, and for some years he accepted the belief provisionally until he could see what would turn up.

Sooner or later, I now forget just when, the inherent truthfulness of the theory had its effect, and this, combined with the influence of living in an atmosphere of people all of whom believed in themselves, quite convinced him. From that he went on to become an enthusiastic advocate of the doctrine. It is an occult truism that as soon as you cease to care for a thing you will get it and as soon as you no longer need proof of the truth of a teaching you will have that in many and various ways. So in the course of time when there were no longer any doubts in the brain, even shadowy little doubts that do not come to the surface, then and then only did the no longer needed proof come.

G. Hijo.

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THE CRUSADE OF AMERICAN THEOSOPHISTS AROUND THE WORLD.

On April 4th, 1897, was completed the first Crusade of American Theosophists around the World. The Crusaders reached New York at 6.30 P. M. and held the concluding meeting of the Crusade in the Concert Hall of the Madison Square Garden. The party consisted of Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World, the Successor of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge; E. T. Hargrove, President of the T. S. in America, the T. S. in Europe and the T. S. in Australasia; H. T. Patterson, President of the Brooklyn T. S.; Mrs. Alice L. Cleather of London; F. M. Pierce, Representative of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity; and the Rev. W. Williams of Bradford, England.

PRELIMINARY REPORT.*

BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

THAT which seemed to many impossible eight months ago, is now an accomplished fact. For seven and then eight Theosophists to form the circuit of the earth, carrying a message of brotherly love from country to country, must have appeared at first sight impracticable. Those who thought so, however, had not appreciated the devotion of many members in America and elsewhere, who did not wait to consider the possibilities of success or of failure, once they were satisfied that it was *right* to assist the Crusade on its way.

Many difficulties had to be overcome. Such a journey, if only undertaken by one person, would involve considerable expense. If seven or more were to go, the outlay would necessarily be immense. Who, furthermore, could afford to thus sacrifice nearly a year, away from home and business, in order to join in this work for discouraged humanity? How, again, could practical good be accomplished in those European countries, where English is an unknown tongue? The Crusaders could hardly be expected to lecture in six or seven different languages. And, lastly, what would become of the work in America if some of its best members were withdrawn for so long a period?

*The report of the Crusade has already appeared in print, but is in such continual demand that we have been asked to insert it in place of Mrs. Tingley's *Notes on the Crusade* which she has as yet been unable to find time to write and the publication of which has consequently been deferred.—EDITOR.

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All these objections came to nothing in the end. Fewer things are "impossible" in nature than most people believe. Faith and will together are almost unconquerable. And for those who proved themselves worthy of membership in the Theosophical Society some two years ago, that which was difficult yesterday, can be accomplished easily to-day. This is a fact to many whose personal experience will bear out my statement.

In the first place, the funds for carrying the enterprise to a successful issue were promptly guaranteed, thanks to the self-sacrifice of one or two who would prefer that I should not mention their names.

In the second place, the right persons to take part in the work were selected, and in every instance answered to the call. Then satisfactory arrangements were made for the carrying on of the work in the absence of those who left important posts in the Theosophical Society in America. The difficulty of addressing audiences not familiar with English was overcome by our good fortune in almost invariably finding interpreters who knew something of Theosophy. Everything being prepared, on June 13, 1896, the Crusade left New York.

We began work in Liverpool, holding a public meeting in the largest hall in the city, which was crowded. Also a Crusade Supper was given to several hundred of the poorest people who could be found on the streets.

These Crusade, or "Brotherhood" suppers as given in Liverpool, and all other cases, were free entertainments, consisting of a good supper, and the best music that could be obtained. After the supper, the members of the Crusade gave brief addresses on Brotherhood, from various standpoints, in no way conflicting with whatever religious beliefs their hearers might entertain. At all of these suppers the utmost enthusiasm was aroused, the poor people saying that judging both from words and deeds they had at last learned what true brotherhood was, and wherein it differed from "charity."

From Liverpool, the Crusade passed on to London, holding a public meeting in Bradford on the way. In London, for the first, but not the last time, most untheosophical opposition was met with. A letter, signed by Col. Olcott and a lady member of his organization, with others, appeared in one or two English newspapers, warning the public against the Crusade and its members. This attack was so utterly uncalled for, that I am informed many persons connected with Col. Olcott's organization protested vehemently against the course their leaders followed.

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The Crusaders had not either publicly or privately attacked the enemies of their Society; they had remained silent in regard to the outrageous and treacherous treatment of the late Mr. W. Q. Judge. They had no intention to criticise the small band of his enemies in England. They had far more important work to do. They had to remove almost countless misconceptions concerning Theosophy, and had to show the public that Brotherhood was the basis of the true theosophical movement.

In spite of our silence these attacks were made, being renewed later with even more bitterness and unfairness than in London. In order to remove misconceptions sure to arise from this unbrotherly proceeding, I was henceforth obliged to announce at all our public meetings that the Crusade had no connection with Col. Olcott, or his organization.

Indifferent to the attacks upon their work, the Crusaders held several successful public meetings in London and its environs. A big Brotherhood supper in Bow, one of the poorest neighborhoods near London, did much to spread an understanding of our principles, besides giving a large number of the destitute a happy evening and good supper.

From London the Crusade proceeded to Bristol and Clifton, then to Southport, Middlesborough, Halifax, and so on to Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Wherever they went they met with the most cordial reception from the press and public. The greatest courtesy was extended to them, not only as Theosophists, but as Americans. This was quite as marked on the continent of Europe, in India, and Australia, as in England. In particular, mention should be made of the kindness met with at the hands of the steamboat and railroad officials, who seemed to recognize that we were working for a good cause—the cause of Brotherly Love.

From Scotland the Crusaders traveled to Ireland, holding public meetings in Bray and Limerick, as well as in Dublin, where, on the 2d and 3d of August the Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe was held amidst the greatest enthusiasm. In Dublin another Brotherhood supper was given with unrivaled success. Very useful work was also done at Killarney in a quiet way.

Once more to London, and then to Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Hamburg (where one of our number journeyed alone), Geneva, Interlaken, Zurich, Hallein—the home of Dr. Franz Hartmann, by whom the Crusaders were most kindly entertained—and then Vienna, Udine, Venice, Rome, Naples, Athens and Cairo. In every city visited where no branch of the Theosophical Society in Europe previously existed, one was formed, and where they already existed

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their membership on an average was more than doubled. Since our visit to England the number of members there has been trebled.

National Divisions of the Theosophical Society in Europe were formed in Scotland, France, Germany, Austria and Greece; another in Egypt. In Athens excellent results were met with. A public meeting in one of the largest halls in the city was crowded to overflowing, the attendant police reporting that over five hundred people had been turned away at the doors, and no one was surprised at the formation of a Society next day with over one hundred founder-members.

After Egypt, India was the country next visited. And here greater difficulties had to be overcome than in any other country. Theosophy in India was found to be practically dead. Out of the 156 branches of the Adyar Society said to exist in their Convention Report of 1896, 44 are frankly entered as "dormant." But this in no way represents the facts. Many of these alleged Branches consist of one member, who may or may not pay the annual fee demanded by the headquarters of his Society.* Many more of the Branches hold no meetings and exist merely on paper. On our arrival in India, according to the most trustworthy reports of native members of that organization, there were only five active Branches of Col. Olcott's Adyar Society in the whole of India, one of which was rapidly approaching a stagnant condition.

Further, the public press was found to be disgusted with what had for some time passed under the name of Theosophy. It was condemned as unpractical and often as absurd. False and pernicious conceptions of Theosophy were rampant among many Theosophists themselves; the teachings revived by Madame Blavatsky had been materialized and degraded; brotherly love had been entirely lost sight of for the most part. The antagonism known to exist between the mass of Hindus and the Mohammedan population had in no way been healed. One sect of one religion had been exalted over all other denominations, and Theosophy itself had degenerated into a narrow system of sectarianism. The East and the West had been still further separated, owing to the foolish teaching of certain

* It should be distinctly understood that membership in the numerous Societies we formed in Europe and India was *free*; no fees or dues or payments of any sort had to be made to our headquarters or to the Crusade, nor are annual contributions demanded or expected.

While dealing with the financial question, it is as well to add that the Crusade has collected no money at any time on its journey. All its meetings have been free to the public; it has paid all its own hotel and traveling expenses, and only in two or three cases have local members helped to defray the expenses of advertising, hiring of halls, and so forth. The members of the Crusade gave their services freely, receiving no salaries whatever. Those of them who could do so helped to support the Crusade financially, as well as by their direct service. It may not be generally known that there is no salary attached to any office in the Theosophical Societies in America, Europe or Australasia.

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prominent English members of the Adyar Society, who, in order to curry favor with the Brahmins—thus unconsciously showing their low estimate of the intelligence of the Brahmins—had indulged in the most absurd flattery, exalting everything Indian, condemning the civilization of the Western world as useless, demoralizing, and as something to be shunned by every Indian patriot. Europe and America had been publicly branded by these short-sighted propagandists as contemptible in their civilization, and utterly harmful in their influence upon Indian thought and custom. The majority of Indians know very little of Europe and practically nothing of America, but we found that the more enlightened among them had been quietly undoing the effect of such untheosophical teaching, urging their friends, as we did, to take what was good from the West; to imitate whatever was worthy of imitation, and to reject what was actually harmful or wrong.

These difficulties were to a large extent overcome as a result of our visit. For Theosophy was presented in a common-sense, practical way. It was shown to be of universal origin and not the creation of any one race or people. Dogmatism and intolerance were condemned, no matter where met with. Good was shown to exist in the West as well as in India. Every possible effort was made to unite the contending factions of Hindus and Mohammedans in bonds of kindly brotherhood. In every Society we formed, Hindus and Mohammedans were given equal representation among the office-holders. Thus in Delhi, the President elected was a Hindu, the Vice-President a Mohammedan, the Treasurer a Jain. No effort was spared to show that actually as well as on paper the only binding object of the Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without any distinctions whatever. Those who joined our ranks were urged to immediately undertake some practical philanthropic work for the good of their country and fellow men and women. Every branch society organized itself into a Relief Committee, in view of the terrible famine which had already laid its iron hand upon the country. I shall have more to say in regard to this famine in concluding the present report.

Everywhere success attended our efforts, and what might be called the spirit of new-world energy, seemed to inspire all those who joined hands with the Americans for the good of India and the whole world. In Delhi, in Lucknow, in Ludhiana, Benares, and Calcutta, and later on in Colombo, large numbers of the most intelligent natives expressed themselves as anxious to be enrolled as members of the Indo-American Theosophical Societies. Men of

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culture, of position and recognized ability, gladly accepted posts of responsibility as office-holders. All opposition was forgotten as the facts began to speak for themselves.

As a preliminary visit of unknown people to an unknown land, the results obtained were most gratifying. In India, as elsewhere, our success proved that not only was the Crusade a right and even necessary enterprise, but that the right time had been appointed for the undertaking. The way has been paved for similar movements in the future, which will be conducted with twice the ease and with five times the benefit of this first long tour.

The enthusiasm met with on our arrival in cities where branches already existed, and the enthusiasm and gratitude shown by members new and old in bidding us farewell on our departure, was in itself sufficient proof that our labors and the sacrifices of those who had helped the work while remaining at home had not been thrown away.

Before leaving Calcutta some members of the Crusade went on a tour of inspection, and for other reasons, to Darjeeling, a small town on the borders of Bhutan and Sikkhim. The whole party then journeyed southwards by way of Madras to Ceylon, meeting with the same success there as in India, organizing a Society in Colombo. They then left for Australasia, arriving at Adelaide not long before the beginning of the new year, 1897. Traveling overland from Adelaide they held a public meeting in Melbourne during the holiday season, and during a strike which temporarily occupied the public mind to the exclusion of all other matters. Nevertheless a strong centre was formed there, which should in the course of a few months develop into a still larger organized Society. Such a Society could have been formed there and then, but it was thought better to postpone the hour of its organization.

Success in Sydney had been expected, and our anticipations were more than realized. We were greeted with the kindliest enthusiasm by the many tried and devoted members of the New South Wales division of the Theosophical Society in Australasia. Our two public meetings were crowded; the Brotherhood supper was thoroughly appreciated; the press was most friendly—as it was in every case in every country visited—and the members of the Adyar Society resident there distinguished themselves by being the only branch of that organization who expressed a friendly feeling towards us and our work for brotherhood.

Next came Auckland, where the same experience was met with in cordiality of reception and in the well-attended nature of the meetings which we held. Two public meetings and a Brotherhood

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Supper, besides private meetings, give the outer record of our work there.

On our way home from Auckland to San Francisco we touched at Samoa, and during our six hours' stay found the representative of a large body of natives who had been waiting to join the Society. So our short stay at Samoa was far from being a waste of time.

At Honolulu, also, we met some members of our Society, and held a small meeting on board ship.

To-morrow, the 11th of February, 1897, we reach San Francisco, at the end of our crusade around the world, but for the overland trip to New York. We are, however, but at the beginning of our labors. The immediate future will see the laying of the foundation stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, at San Diego, in Southern California, and then our return to New York City, stopping *en route* and holding public meetings at Los Angeles, Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Fort Wayne, Toledo, Cincinnati, Buffalo and Toronto.

Since the foregoing was written the Crusade has traveled across the continent of America. We have covered over 40,000 miles since the 13th of June, 1896; have visited five continents. We are now nearing New York City, from whence this Crusade started. From San Francisco onwards we have met with a wonderful reception. The Crusade meetings, usually held in the largest halls or theatres in the different cities visited, have been packed to overflowing, with hundreds of people standing throughout the exercises. There has not been one exception from beginning to end. It was the same in every city named above with the addition of Indianapolis, Columbus and Cleveland. Many people came hundreds of miles to attend our meetings and in the hope of a few minutes' conversation. Thousands of inquirers, including many of the clergy, have had personal interviews with Mr. Hargrove, myself, and others of our party.

Many misconceptions concerning Theosophy have been removed, particularly those so often met with—that it is opposed to Christianity, and that it is only for the educated. The fact that Theosophy attacks nothing and has no time for adverse criticism was frequently accentuated. Several pulpits were offered to us for lectures on theosophical subjects. It was only possible to accept one of these kind offers—in Denver—where a large congregation listened with rapt attention to addresses on Brotherhood, Reincarnation and the Perfectibility of Man.

The press, with but one exception, gave long and excellent reports of all our meetings, and in accounts of personal interviews showed a fair and in fact friendly spirit towards the movement.

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The work done in the State Prisons has been most gratifying. In St. Quentin Prison, near San Francisco, Folsom Prison, near Sacramento, the Utah Penitentiary, near Salt Lake City, and in others, we have been listened to with a delight and an appreciation that has been pathetic in its intensity. These meetings were attended by all the prisoners who could obtain leave to do so. Many of them wrote me letters afterwards stating that they had found a hope and an encouragement in Theosophy they had never dreamed of before.

At each of our public meetings the Chairman read the following statements at my request :

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

"It must be understood that the Society of which the Crusaders are members is in no way connected with the organization of which Col. Olcott is President, and with which Mrs. Annie Besant is connected.* We Crusaders are members of the Theosophical Society in America. We have gone around the world establishing in different countries national organizations and branches of the Theosophical Societies, and these organizations and branches, being now formed, are not only working to study and teach Theosophy to those with whom they come in contact, but they have commenced a permanent and practical work amongst the poor. In India, where the famine is, and where natives are dying by thousands, most of our branches, called the Indo-American Theosophical Societies, have committees formed to *investigate famine cases*, and to give such help as is sent to them for this purpose. It should be understood that the Crusaders are not salaried, but that some of them *are paying their own expenses.*

"In reference to the studying of ancient and modern religions, sciences and philosophies and the investigation of the hidden forces and powers latent in nature and man, Mrs. Tingley wishes it known that there is an Esoteric School in which a very large number of the earnest members of the society throughout the world are pupils. At present we have no institution where students go to learn these

* To some it may seem that this statement is unbrotherly and unnecessary, but it was not until India was reached that this course was adopted. There was originally no intention of referring to the matter, and no mention of it would have been made had not the attacks upon the Crusaders, and the direct opposition which they had to encounter from certain persons made it necessary. The following extract from a letter sent to *The Times of India*, signed by those mentioned above and others, will show the importance of its being understood by the public that there was no disposition on our part to connect ourselves in any way with the Society to which those signing the letter belonged. On the contrary we desire it to be known that we did not wish to be identified with them, but that we are working on totally different lines from these people. The letter referred to was headed, "Masquerading Theosophists," and in it occurs the following: "We shall be much obliged if you will kindly publish in your valuable paper the accompanying repudiation of certain persons who are at present masquerading in India under the name of the Theosophical Society."

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teachings. The studies are carried on in each group under directions from the centre in New York. Mrs. Tingley wishes it known that all instructions given heretofore are but preliminary, simply the alphabetical part of the whole plan of teaching.

"In the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, the corner stone of which was recently laid at Point Loma, San Diego, there will be an esoteric department in which the higher teachings will be given to such pupils of the Esoteric School as are prepared to receive them. When Mme. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge formed this Esoteric School much was kept back, to be given at the proper time, when students would be better prepared.

"'As the lesser mysteries have to be delivered before the greater, so also must discipline precede philosophy.'"

From one standpoint the most important event on our home journey was the laying of the corner stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. An admirable account of the ceremonies was reported in the San Diego *Union* of February 24th.*

*A full account of the ceremonies with illustrations and a verbatim report of the speeches will be given in the next issue of THEOSOPHY.—ED.

"L'ENVOI."

When Earth's last picture is painted
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen
Shall put us to work anew!

From *The Seven Seas*, by RUDYARD KIPLING.

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IN the death of Mr. E. B. Rambo every Theosophist has lost a comrade, though the world has not lost its friend; for his heart was so full of gentle tenderness that the influence of his life on earth was at all times but the shadow of his influence in the world of the real, where the soul lives and works in the midst of "life" as in the midst of "death."

E. B. RAMBO.

Workers for Theosophy and Brotherhood may be divided into two great classes; those who talk or write and think *in order to talk or write;* those who in any case think and feel and do or do not talk or write, as duty demands. The work of the former class is transient, does not arise from the soul and never reaches its; the work of the latter is not touched by death, because it springs from and deals with that which death can never touch.

E. B. Rambo belonged to the latter class, and therefore in no real sense is he lost to the work, though as friends we must inevi-

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tably mourn his loss. To recite his virtues would be useless. Those who knew him know what they were, and those who knew him not would hardly understand the steadfast, cheerful devotion and unfailing common-sense of this Quaker-Theosophist, who never said an evil thing of any man, and who refused to impute evil motives to his worst enemies.

* * * * * * *

A brief account of the Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe, which took place on the 8th and 9th of August, at Stockholm, will be found in the "Mirror of the Movement." As a Convention it was a great success, though everyone deeply regretted Mrs. Tingley's unavoidable absence. The members there are in hopes that she may be able to visit them later on in the year.

Stockholm proved itself an ideal place for a Convention. Its people are some of the most hospitable in the world; its means of transport and communication have been brought to a rare point of perfection, and the national exhibition had naturally attracted a very large number of tourists from all parts of Europe, who helped to swell our audiences and to add an international character to the Convention proceedings.

The members of the Society in Sweden—of which Dr. G. Zander is the President—have done marvels under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances. They loyally supported the late W. Q. Judge at a time when he was being most bitterly and recklessly persecuted. They were not personally acquainted with him; they certainly had the advantage of acquaintance with his enemies, which may have slightly biassed their judgment in his favor, but fundamentally they acted on the broad principles of brotherhood, refusing to judge or condemn a fellow-worker, remaining indifferent to one-sided testimony, and taking their stand upon the impregnable rock of brotherly love and attention to duty. They of course met with their reward, in a great increase of energy and unity among them and in other and less evident ways. But they still have to encounter an unnecessary and regrettable opposition at the hands of those who, either lacking their loyalty or misinformed as to the facts, joined the ranks of Mr. Judge's antagonists and took part in the common outcry against him.

In spite of this they have rapidly gained in strength, both numerically and in their influence upon the public; so that it would be difficult to find, at the present time, a more devoted, energetic and united body of people within the entire movement than that formed by the members of the T. S. in Europe (Sweden). The King of Sweden showed his appreciation of their work by sending

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a most cordial telegram of congratulation and good wishes in reply to a message of greeting addressed to him by the Convention.

* * * * * * *

There was once a member of the Theosophical Society who worked hard for its success for some time. About the best work he ever did was contained in a series of articles which appeared in this magazine, giving ridiculous extracts from letters addressed to the office. In them he made our readers laugh, and it is said that laughter is very good for the soul, as well as for the digestion. So for that work he has always had our cordial thanks. He related the troubles of an editor, which are in all cases many, but which are apt to become amusing when the periodical edited deals with the subject of Theosophy. Much is expected of the occupant of the editorial chair, as the following communication shows. It was written in ungrammatical Russian, and mailed at some outlandish place, five hundred miles from anywhere. Needless to say that this correspondent is not known to any member of the staff.

To the Editor:

SUPREMELY DEAR FRIEND.—I ask you to hand over to me the central governing of the *Fo*sophical Society for all who speak Russian and all Slavonic languages and French and modern Greek. I love you and understand you; I defend Blavatsky, understanding her in myself and in all, and myself in her and in all, controlling myself in a purely spiritual way in all spheres of life and knowing that Love of Unity is the Truth of all Truths. Rejoice yourself.

Yours forever,

_____

* * * * * * *

The following correspondence speaks for itself, and is inserted here in explanation of a change in the editorship of this magazine which is about to take place:

144 Madison Avenue, New York City.
August 29th, 1897.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in America:

FELLOW WORKERS:—On account of serious financial events in America which concern me intimately, I shall be obliged to enter the business world and devote my energies to business occupations for some time to come. It will therefore become necessary for me to resign the office I now have the honor to hold as President of the Theosophical Society in America. My resignation as President will be formally submitted at the next annual Convention of the Society. You will then be called upon to elect my successor to the office, and on that account I now give you early notice of my intention. Similar notice is being sent to the members of the Theosophical Societies in Europe and Australasia.

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It will always be my most earnest desire to resume an active share in the work of theosophical propaganda, to which, as many know, my heart must ever be devoted ; and I shall of course continue to devote all the time, money and thought at my disposal to the work of the theosophical movement.

Wonders have been achieved in the past twenty-two years in the cause of brotherhood, of freedom, of justice, and towards bringing humanity to a realization of its own perfectibility, by and through the Theosophical Society, as a part of that theosophical movement throughout the world, which has existed in all ages. We have to thank the great leaders of this movement, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and now Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley—for this magnificent record. What they have done for us and our work we cannot sufficiently estimate. The unfailing devotion and self-sacrifice of members could not have achieved these results unaided. Wise leadership and the power and guidance necessary to lead was required, and they gave and still give all this and more, absolutely assuring the success of the work in the future. I have written much in the past concerning these leaders of the movement, and in this, probably my last official communication to the members of the Theosophical Society in America, I desire to endorse and to emphasize once more all that I have ever written or said concerning them. I also wish to take this early opportunity to thank you, the members of the Society, for the kindly, considerate and loyal assistance you have rendered me as your officer in carrying out my duties as President. That you will extend the same fraternal help to whomsoever you may elect to succeed me I do not doubt.

I now ask you to believe me,

As ever fraternally yours,

(Signed) E. T. HARGROVE,

President of the Theosophical Society in America.

144 Madison Avenue, New York.
September 1st, 1897.

To the Vice-President and members of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society in America:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—The enclosed communication [given above] was recently sent by me to a few friends in the Society—yourselves among the number—for their personal information, as "what will probably be sent to all members in the course of a few months." It speaks for itself and shows the necessity for my resignation as President of the T. S. in America. It requires modification in one respect.

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I had intended to defer my resignation until April in order to create as little inconvenience as possible; but thanks to the kindness and self-sacrifice of my friend and comrade, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, the Vice-President of the Society, and to his ever-ready willingness to take yet more burdens upon his shoulders, I am enabled to resign almost immediately and so (under By-Law 14) leave the current business of the Society in the faithful hands of the Vice-President, to whom I particularly desire to express my thanks for this favor.

My resignation will take effect on the 13th September. With the most cordial expression of good will and affection to you all, believe me as ever,

Fraternally yours,

(Signed) E. T. HARGROVE,

President of the Theosophical Society in America.

September 9, 1897.

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, President of the Theosophical Society in America:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—We are in receipt of your communication of Sept. 1, 1897, tendering your resignation as President of the T. S. in A., to take effect on the 13th inst.

It is with great regret that we notify you of the acceptance of same, particularly because you are obliged to take this step on account of personal duties.

It is yet fresh in our minds that at the time of your entering into the office of President, our leader, Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, held that you were the only one to fill the office to its full and requisite extent, and she and the Executive Committee had hoped that your official activity might have lasted until the end of the term, April, 1899.

As comrades and co-workers we express to you herewith our appreciation of and gratitude for the services which you have rendered the T. S. in A., and take this opportunity to tender our best wishes for your future success.

Sincerely and fraternally,

(Signed) E. AUG. NERESHEIMER,

For the Executive Committee.

For the same reason as given in the first of the above communications, it has become necessary for me to resign the editorship of THEOSOPHY; but I do not think that anything but good can arise from this as Mrs. K. A. Tingley and Mr. E. A. Neresheimer have kindly consented to act as co-editors, beginning with the November issue. The proprietors are particularly indebted to

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Mrs. Tingley for accepting their urgent invitation to look after the interests of the magazine, for the responsibilities of the post can only add yet another toilsome duty to her already extraordinary load of work.

Under the able management of Mrs. Tingley and Mr. Neresheimer THEOSOPHY will undoubtedly gain in popularity and in usefulness. Its progress will always be a matter of the most profound interest to me. My pen, as heretofore, will invariably be at the free disposal of its editors. I beg to most earnestly and sincerely thank our many readers for the splendid support they have given the magazine since the time of its enlargement last June, which I trust they will give even more freely in the future. In this way THEOSOPHY will become a power for good among all English-speaking people and a messenger of hope to many thousands in all parts of the world who long for truth, light and liberation.

E. T. HARGROVE.

10th September, 1897.

THE SOUL.

The soul cannot be defined in words, though it can be known. It can be known directly; but not all those who know it thus can preserve their priceless knowledge. It can be dimly sensed in moments of great silence, when its voiceless melodies surge through the inner chambers of the heart and break down all barriers between our own and other lives.

It can also be known by contrast, by discrimination, by comparison. For the soul is unwearied, is serene, sure and stable, and august in its compassionate power. The turmoil of the world, and the strife of contending forces reach it not: spectator of innumerable events, it sees them in relation to the eternal and gauges them at their true value.

There are those who turn to it for comfort when they are driven by suffering and despair. But the heart that would feel its tenderness and would gain its guidance must have done so often before—when neither guidance nor tenderness seemed necessary and when joy, not sorrow, prevailed. Man's senses require constant use if they are to be of service in an hour of need; and it is the same with that hidden sense which enables us to perceive the presence of the soul.

If we turn to it now, turn to it daily and hourly; turn to it both in gladness and in pain, we can never then lose touch with our one immortal friend.—*Free Translations from the Chinese.*

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MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

THE Convention of the Theosophical Society in Europe was held on the 8th and 9th of August in Stockholm. The Convention was well attended, the majority of the Swedish members being present, as well as a large number of foreign delegates. Among the latter were Mr. D. N. Dunlop, President of the Theosophical Society in Ireland; Mr. Basil Crump, Secretary to the President of the Theosophical Society in England; Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield, of the Liverpool Branch of the Theosophical Society in England; Mrs. Off, of Los Angeles; Miss Hargrove, of London; Miss Amy Neresheimer, of New York; Mr. Arie Goud, of Holland; Mr. Carl Sjöstedt, of Norway. Mr. Andersson, of Stockholm, and Mr. Basil Crump, provided music throughout the proceedings, which was of a peculiarly high order, and delighted all present. Dr. Gustav Zander, President of the Theosophical Society in Sweden, gave an opening address which will long be remembered for its simple eloquence and for the profound thoughts which it expressed. Mr. T. Hedlund was elected Chairman of the Convention; Messrs. Nystrom and Dunlop, Secretaries. A large public meeting was held on Sunday evening, which was most favorably reported in the newspapers on the following day. Mr. Hedlund opened the proceedings with an address on "The Work of the Theosophical Society"; Mr. Crump dealt with "The Aim and Work of the Crusade"; Miss Bergman spoke most eloquently on "Theosophy in Daily Life," her remarks being received with prolonged applause; "Reincarnation and Karma" were admirably dealt with by Mr. Dunlop, who was followed by Mr. Nystrom on "Evidences of Reincarnation in Literature." Mr. Hargrove then spoke on "The Mysteries of Life and Death," and Dr. Zander brought the proceedings to a close with some words of thanks to the visiting delegates.

A telegram was received from the King of Sweden, conveying his greetings and best wishes for the success of the Convention. This in itself speaks well for the position attained by the Theosophical Society in Sweden. On the morning of Monday, the 9th, the business of the Convention was continued. Mr. Tonnes Algren and Dr. Kjellberg spoke of the work in Sweden and admirably succeeded in holding the attention of the large audience. Various important resolutions were passed. One in regard to the body of International Representatives, which should do much to emphasize the international character of the Theosophical movement. Mrs. Alice Cleather was elected Recording Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Europe, and Mr. Basil Crump, Deputy Vice-President, in place of Mr. Herbert Crooke whose work in America made it necessary to fill the office, the duties of which he had so admirably performed. Mr. Hargrove introduced a resolution cordially thanking Mr Crooke for his valuable services, which resolution was unanimously carried amid great applause. The proceedings were brought to a conclusion by Mr Crump whose beautiful rendering of Siegfried's "Death March" will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of listening to it. He explained in a few opening words that he had selected this march in memory of the late W Q. Judge. This Convention was in every way a remarkable success. Profound regret was expressed on all sides at the unavoidable absence of Mrs. K. A. Tingley, but the members in Sweden consoled themselves with the hope that she would be

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able to visit them in the course of the next few months. The delight with which they passed the same resolution concerning Mrs. Tingley's work and position in the movement, which was introduced by Dr. Buck at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America, held in New York, showed with what delight they would welcome her personally whenever she might find it possible to visit Scandinavia.—E. T. H.

Last month James M. Pryse made a short trip, leaving New York, August 20th. He lectured in Buffalo on the 21st to a good audience. In Toronto he lectured to full houses at the Forum Hall on the 22d and 23d. In Rochester he lectured in the Unitarian church to a crowded meeting. He then visited Syracuse, held a public meeting and also visited the Indians of the Six Nations. At all these places Mr. Pryse also held Branch and private meetings, and the trip was most successful throughout. Mr. Pryse was asked to return to Toronto, but his duties called him to New York.

As Superintendent of the Branch Extension Bureau, Mr. Pryse is now in communication with all the district committees. Arrangements are being made for extensive propaganda during the coming fall and winter.

Some of the Branches adjourned their public meetings during the hot summer months, but all have now resumed full activities. Several, however, kept up their work without any break, and applications for membership in the Society come in to Headquarters continuously.

The Home Crusaders of the Milwaukee Branch have been visiting Madison, Wis. A crowded public meeting was held, over 400 being present, and the Crusaders were also "at home" at the hotel on August 25th. The visit was most successful, good meetings, many callers, many interested and the result—a new Branch. The reports in the papers were excellent and all favorable. The Secretary writes: "We feel encouraged to try this plan again, if we can arrange the financial part of it." The great success was largely due to Mr. L. H. Cannon, who gave his entire vacation of two weeks to doing pioneer work and making preparations for the meeting.

In a letter from SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, is the following: "We have just moved into real Headquarters in the heart of the city; lecture hall seating 250 comfortably; shop front on the street for literature depot; President's office for T. S. in Aus. (N. S. W.) and an office for the Aust. Theos. Pub. Co. All goes splendidly well and is steady and harmonious. Work *galore!*"

Interesting accounts of the work done in NEW ZEALAND are at hand. The WAITEMATA CENTRE at the last moment were unable to procure the hall which they hoped to engage, but have made satisfactory arrangements to hold the public Sunday Meetings in the Lorne Street Hall. There are now two Lotus Circles at THAMES.

The monthly letter from GERMANY states that "everywhere in Germany are reports of progress." A new Branch has been formed in STUTTGART, work has been begun in BAYREUTH. Good news comes from Hamburg, Nurnburg, Breslau. The GOLDRIEF LODGE in Berlin received a visit from Mr. Gengenbach, a member of the New York German Branch; the members were much pleased at meeting him.

THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY of New York opened its doors on the 21st of September after the summer vacation. A new departure in the conduct of the meetings has been adopted, the Board of Trustees having decided to hold the weekly Tuesday meetings with closed doors; that is to say, they will be

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open only to members of the Aryan Branch and to F. T. S. from all parts of the world, the latter, however, being required to show proper identification or recommendation before admission. The object of this change is to make possible a closer contact between the members which should result in better acquaintance among them, and remove the diffidence which some members experience when speaking in public. It will also promote the further object of devoting these meetings more especially to the study of the doctrines of the Esoteric Philosophy. Other meetings, specially for the benefit of the public, will be held at the Aryan Hall every Sunday evening, with music, where one or two speakers will deliver addresses on "Elementary Theosophy," or, "Theosophy Simply Put."

We have been asked to call attention to Mr. CHARLES JOHNSTON'S advertisement of his Sanskrit Correspondence Class, which appears in this issue of THEOSOPHY, and we gladly do this, particularly as it is an open secret that Mr. Johnston, in a large number of cases, gives tuition in Sanskrit freely, so profound is his belief in the educational value of the language of which he is universally recognized as a master. Owing to immense pressure in our space the continuation of Mr. Johnston's interesting contribution entitled *Buddha's Renunciation* has been held over until November.

The non-appearance of *The Literary World* in this issue is accounted for by Mr. A. E. S. SMYTHE'S temporary absence in Europe.

E. B. RAMBO.

Office of The School R. L. M. A., New York, August 31, 1897.

Editor THEOSOPHY:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—

AT a meeting of the Directors of The School R. L. M. A., this day, the first that has been held since news was received of the death of our co-worker E. B. Rambo, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted and ordered to be spread upon the minutes:

Whereas: Our Brother, Edward B. Rambo, has been taken out from amongst us by the hand of death, be it

Resolved, that in his absence we miss the kindly face and cheering voice of an ever faithful friend, no less than the helpful counsel of his ripened judgment, and the constant assistance of his loyal and always willing service.

Resolved, that his devotion and energy in the cause of "Truth, Light, and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity" and his most valuable work towards the establishment of this school, have entitled his memory to the respect and gratitude in the highest degree of all who admire altruism and would seek the elevation of their fellow-men.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our late Brother with the assurance of our deep sorrow and sincere sympathy.

A. H. SPENCER,
Secretary.

THE SCHOOL R. L. M. A.

THE fact that but little has recently been published about the School at Point Loma, need not be taken as indicating any lack of activity in that quarter. On the contrary the evolvement of the Institution is progressing under the most promising auspices.

The corporate organization of the School has been carefully looked after and it has been found desirable to further incorporate under the laws of the State

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of West Virginia, owing to some legal inconveniences incurred by the first organization under the New York laws, the management, however, remaining practically the same as heretofore, with officers as follows: Katherine A Tingley, President and Directress; E. Aug. Neresheimer, Treasurer; A. H. Spencer, Secretary. The Board of Directors being constituted of Mrs. Tingley, Mr. Neresheimer and Mr. E. T. Hargrove.

The cottage which had first to be put up on the grounds for the accommodation of those who should be in charge of or concerned with the care of the school buildings, has been completed and is now occupied by Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Partridge, who had been selected by the Directress for purposes therewith connected.

Mr. M. A. Oppermann, an old member of the Aryan Branch of New York, though of late a resident of Pittsburgh, has purchased an adjoining piece of land on which he has built living apartments for himself.

Dr. L. F. Wood, of Westerly, Rhode Island, who it will be remembered joined the Crusaders on their arrival at San Francisco and accompanied them across the country to New York, is about to erect on the same tract a sanitarium and hotel for the treatment of the physical ailments of the people who may be attracted to the vicinity for that purpose, as well as the entertainment of healthy people who come to enjoy the glorious climate and wonderful scenery of Point Loma, and from what we all know of Dr. Wood it is quite safe to premise that in both departments the very best management will obtain. Dr. Wood's plans are quite extensive, and include boating and bathing facilities in addition to the main building of sixty rooms, with all the outfit of a hotel of the first class, which is expected to be completed by the time winter travel sets in to southern California, and which will be found a great convenience to our members and others who may contemplate spending a little time in the neighborhood of the school. All such persons should correspond direct with Dr. Wood at Point Loma.

Elsewhere teachers and assistants are being instructed and prepared under the advice of the directress for such positions as must be filled by those who are to work on educational and philanthropic lines, and it will no doubt by this time have been perceived that the school will extend its scope no less widely into what are called "practical" fields of work than into the mystical and occult side of the great Theosophic movement which is surely and not altogether slowly permeating society.

All the above is stated *en passant*, and further information will be given as it accumulates. Inquiries and correspondence will receive prompt attention from the undersigned.

A. H. SPENCER,
Secretary.

Far and wide is this work for Brotherhood. Go thou on thy way and trust to the everlasting light to guide thy feet on the path of duty towards the gateway of peace. . . . . Let Loyalty, Devotion and Discretion be the watchwords of the hour.—*Farewell Book.*

OM.

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A Magazine

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FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF THE PATH BY Wm. Q. JUDGE.

VOLUME XII: No 8.

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Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, Editors.

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"Universal Brotherhood"

DEVOTED TO

The Brotherhood of Humanity, the Theosophical Movement, Philosophy, Science and Art.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY
E. A. NERESHEIMER } EDITORS.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD is a Magazine devoted to the promulgation of the principles of the Brotherhood of Humanity in the widest sense. It is an organ whose aim is to show that the Unity or Brotherhood of Mankind is an actual fact in nature. If this principle were better understood by the multitude or even by certain classes of Society there would be less strife and competition and more sympathy and co-operation.

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It is hoped that every sympathizer with the cause of brotherhood will endeavor to assist us in enlarging the circulation of this magazine. Subscribers will greatly oblige by sending us the names and addresses of individuals known to them as willing to investigate liberal ideas.

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THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.—THE PRISON HOUSE OF MANY MYSTICS.

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Ever the discouraged, resolute, struggling soul of man (have former armies failed? Then we send fresh armies—and fresh again). Ever the grappled mystery of all earth's ages, old or new; ever the eager eyes: hurrahs: the welcome-clapping hands: the loud applause: ever the soul dissatisfied, curious, unconvinced at last; struggling to-day the same—battling the same.—*Whitman.*

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

VOL. XII. NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 8.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

"While there is one blind soul still held in the toil of drink or drugs, while there is hopeless poverty amongst us, while our laws are biased, prejudiced and unjust, while the horrors of the old torture chambers are still practiced in our laboratories, the occultist has work to do here,—for he cannot separate himself from any of these things; the meanest animal that utters a cry of pain or terror is himself. It is his duty to convert that pain into pleasure, that fear into faith—and so to destroy the evil which causes it."

The Change. With this issue *Universal Brotherhood* takes the place of *Theosophy* on the title page. The change is significant. *The Path* represented the preparatory stage, leading naturally to *Theosophy*, and the sphere now entered upon is the practical outcome of the two preceding steps. When Mr. Judge started *The Path* he stood alone, looking forward with hope, seeing the possibilities of the future. From small beginnings great things are born in the fullness of time. The work he commenced has had its result. It is ours to carry forward that work inspired by his wonderful example.

The difficulties in the way of obtaining an unprejudiced consideration for the truths of Theosophy must be removed one by one. The word itself must not be regarded as sacred when it makes more difficult the task we have undertaken. New methods must be adopted as conditions change. We are called to be pioneers in one of the greatest humanitarian movements of the age. Personal limitations must not obscure the possibilities of the hour, and the criticism of the cynic should not be allowed to paralyze our efforts. To be in a position to do even the most insignificant thing to raise the veil which hides the divine from the vision of men should be regarded as an inestimable privilege. We should not for one moment overlook the fact that only as we are true to ourselves can we be true to our trust.

New Energy. A new energy is being liberated from the centre of life. This stream of force, for such it is, is felt at first as a mighty Niagara, rushing forward with such rapidity that it threatens to engulf everything, but as it approaches a climax it spreads out in every direction; its

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currents circulate over the whole earth, and its influence pervades all things. Nothing can rest still; all things are pushed forward by the great solar energy now being set free. Care should be taken that it is not misdirected and all personal barriers should be removed before they are ground to powder. This force acts everywhere; the gods are its ministrants. There is no need to retire to the woods for the inspiration which it gives, for where the needs of humanity are greatest the presence of the Helpers can be felt most.

Heroic Ideals.

The hero of to-day must be a hero of heroes. The ideal must no longer be remote from life, but made divinely human, close and intimate as of old. Now is the day of resurrection; man looking up will see the old ideals raised, and seeing live. The son of God is the son of Man.

The "Heart Touch."

In the "heart touch" is the saving quality which will redeem humanity and bring about Universal Brotherhood. The word "charity" should be eliminated. In the name of charity, men and women have been treated like so much personal baggage and labelled accordingly. Out of the great heart of Nature all things proceed, and all things lead back there at last; all worlds and systems of worlds, from the great central sun to the smallest particle in space must thrill responsive to the pulsations of that infinite heart of compassion. The great mother reaches forth to receive her own. All efforts to retard are less than insignificant. In every act which partakes of that divine quality of infinite compassion lies concealed the potency of all the spheres. and all nature obeys the command of the one whose heart beats constantly for others.

A New Hope.

A new hope is dawning on humanity as the new century approaches. This hope is the mainspring of progression and the evidence of it can be seen everywhere; the great heart of nature pulsates with joy, as it did in the days preceding the dawn of the dark age. Men and women who have so long borne the heavy burden of life, whose hearts have been well-nigh broken by the weight of many sorrows feel the new joy awakened by the great symphonies of harmony which are now being sounded. It is felt in the heart of man and gives rise to a constant aspiration; it is the quality which makes him great. The golden light is shining; the herald of the morning proclaims the message of love anew; the ripples of the waves on the sea shore lisp the glad song; the breeze bears it on its bosom; the tints of the flowers convey it; it shines forth from the stars in their sparkling brilliance; the great blue dome above suggests it; the birds warble it forth from every tree; the new born babe is a complete revelation of it; the eyes of the loved ones passing into the great beyond, impart the strength and courage of that great hope and point to a future day when they shall return again to carry on their work, for hope incarnates from age to age and where hope dwells beauty and love abide for ever.

The law is immutable, and love is eternal.

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THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

BY E. A. NERESHEIMER.

THIS ideal when first approached from an intellectual standpoint presents no great encouragement for the realization of its truth ; its consideration must be accompanied by the receptive faculty which lies in the heart, that feeling of natural unrestrained sympathy which arises out of the inner nature of man when not tainted by selfish motives. Even a superficial investigation, however, leads us into a labyrinth of thought in which there is no logical escape from the conclusion that somehow a unity exists between all human beings.

If we once begin to analyze the feelings we experience in our daily contact with our fellow-men ; and take into consideration the natural promptings of the heart, we find ourselves possessed of much brotherly sympathy with the welfare of others. A scene of affliction instantly quickens the tender fellow-feeling ; see how people rush to the assistance of a falling child ; how they shudder at an accident ; the unfailing pity—deep down—with the diseased ; why, who would say the world is so depraved as not to recognize this? Only the rush for personal joys and pleasures causes us to forget it.

Let us wait. When the new religion of "Brotherhood" shall have taken root, then we will not fail in our duty and forget ; the same energy which is now active in competition and strife will be directed instead to mutual helpfulness.

Poor fools, who do not yet know that to do the most good is productive of the greatest amount of happiness. No settled belief exists in the immutability of natural law or the unity underlying boundless Nature, hence the unphilosophic mind does not concern itself with the possible relation which it bears to all existing things. The Unity of all things is no empty phrase. It pervades all departments of nature. Even in the material world scientific researche has led to the conclusion that matter is homogeneous as *Substance*. Elements are found to be compounds, greater differentiation is discovered step by step and it is seen that by changing the molecular arrangement, one form of matter is transformable into another. This shows the underlying synthetic union in the invisible essence of matter. The separateness of mankind is analogous to this, division is apparent but not real, its union is also contained in one invisible essence—God —or the great Self which is the synthesis of all.

In the process of evolution humanity has differentiated from the great homogeneous ocean of consciousness in order that the soul may gain experience in matter ; being now on the outer circle of manifestation, it appears to be apart, but it is destined in its natural course to return to the primal unity from whence it came. The thread which has spun itself out from unity into differentiation connects each individual with the parent source, and through it with all else ; and the innate qualities of the soul—Love, Sympathy and Charity—are the manifestations thereof in man ; these reside in the Heart.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy, the race has fortunately reached

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the outermost stage of realization of separateness, the time is at hand for the ascent on the return arc, the pendulum is swinging back and will bring with it an awakening towards spirituality. A psychic wave has already begun to sweep over the globe; in its course it will rouse the latent spiritual faculties of mankind and develop intuition to a degree that will cause great changes in the Social Economy and produce a realization of our birthright, "The Universal Brotherhood of Man."

Neither Science nor Religion, with their present-day dogmatic methods, will greatly help in the evolution of this new faculty; a more potent and convincing agent has to be called into service to educe a revelation of the truth which is spread upon the wings of time. This agent is the power of direct perception of Truth from *within*, where all knowledge and wisdom reside. Its first fruits will be born from the blossoms of "love of mankind"; its second; from independence of thought and the courage to rely on one's own intuitions; these will remove the shackles of preconceived notions and the veils which we have gathered and surrounded ourselves with on our journey through matter during many lives.

The psychic force, active now, has touched millions of people; the spiritual fires are being lit all over the earth, and presently the soul of man will breathe freedom from its fetters and each man or woman will become conscious of his or her spiritual equality with the best of the living.

Every man is a potential God! This is not believed by many, nor is the nobility of their calling known to them or even suspected; cowed into subjection by custom and conventionality, they think themselves slaves still, who must obey that self-created master, or perish. How different would be the conditions of men if they had no fear of their neighbor's opinion. Fear has no place in the religion of Brotherhood; its doctrine is founded on supreme universal justice, where every man works out his own destiny and gets his deserts according as he himself has earned them. In this there is nothing and no one to fear, certainly not our fellow-traveller, who is one with ourselves and bent upon the homeward journey towards union with the *all*.

The divine nature of man is obscured at the present stage of evolution by his material rind, and though it may be difficult to comprehend why the "Divine Self" should have sursounded itself with such apparently unappropriate vehicles of expression as we meet with sometimes in human garb, yet the knowledge of the spiritual thread which binds us to all should enable us to regard the outward appearances as only part of what the soul really is. It will be admitted that our standard of judgment is only our own state of enlightenment. *As we are* so do we see others. We have no faculty at present with which to see and judge the real man, the soul; we may sense it when our intintions are active, but were we to see the real man and know him with all his past and realize our own spiritual inseparability from him, our opinion would be changed regarding him.

To have even a slight grasp of the subject of Spiritual Unity of all mankind induces broader views, and a more philosophic attitude towards social and individual problems; it

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opens up the latent but natural resources of the heart-consciousness from which flows universal compassion —the most potent of beneficent forces harmonizing within and without; it not only promotes a wider sweep of moral influence but also furnishes the key to conduct and duty; it leads to a knowledge of universal laws and problems and to wisdom; for, within the heart is the corresponding centre of all Life and Light.

THE BROAD VIEW.

BY SOLON.

IT is easy enough to define Theosophy etymologically and to state that the word is made up of two Greek words Theos-God, Sophia-wisdom, and hence say that Theosophy is god-wisdom or divine wisdom. But if the matter is allowed to rest with this definition and we then put forward a number of ideas and teachings which with many pass current for "Theosophy," such as astral bodies, psychic powers, the earth chain of globes, manvantaras and maha-manvantaras, saying: "This is Theosophy, this is Divine Wisdom," we shall I think commit at least an error in judgment, if not one of fact and show our lack of common *human*, let alone *divine*, wisdom. The materialist, the agnostic, and the atheist do not recognize or acknowledge God or the divine. How may one speak of Theosophy to them? And yet we say Theosophy is for all men. The fact of the matter is we need to exercise more discrimination. We may strive to be Theosophists as far as lies in our power and may realize the privilege that is ours to be active members in the Society and to help forward the Theosophical Movement, but we do not have to loudly proclaim "I am a Theosophist, I am a seeker after divine wisdom." Nor do we need to live in the clouds and talk of astral bodies and transcendental metaphysics. Divine wisdom concerns itself as much with the common duties of life as with meditation upon the Supreme, and, indeed if rightly understood, the latter cannot be attained to if the former are neglected. Friction has sometimes arisen in a family because of one member joining the Theosophical Society, but I venture to say that in nine cases out of ten this has been due to a lack of knowledge of the simple meaning of the word Theosophy, no matter how much may have been read about reincarnation or devachan. Universal Brotherhood is spoken of but it must be "universal," and so much attention is given to the "universal" that the particular members of one's family are *lost* in the "ocean of infinitude." The house may need cleaning and scrubbing. Some one may be hungry for a kind word or pleasant greeting, but how can one give time and energy to such trifling matters that belong only to the material plane when there is the weighty problem of how to escape Devachan or renounce Nirvana?

We are still living in a physical and material world and still have duties connected therewith. And even if you are a member of the Theosophical Society and esteem Theosophy above everything else, though your husband or wife or parent or

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child may hate the very word, does not he or she esteem the Good, the Beautiful and the True? If your friend be a materialist or an agnostic or an atheist, has he no thought for the good and happiness of others? Are not the Good, the Beautiful, the True,—Theosophy? There is not a single person in the world with whom you may not talk Theosophy and study Theosophy and yet never quarrel. Theosophy is not narrow nor bigoted, it is not composed of strange, unpronounceable names nor of fantastic doctrines. It is plain common sense, and to use common sense, to recognize it in others, and to fulfil one's common little duties in a common sense way is truly theosophical, and is true wisdom.

PRAYER.

BY Æ.

Let us leave our island woods grown dim and blue;
O'er the waters creeping the pearl dust of the eve
Hides the silver of the long wave rippling through:
The chill for the warm room let us leave.

Turn the lamp down low and draw the curtain wide,
So the greyness of the starlight bathes the room;
Let us see the giant face of night outside,
Though vague as a moth's wing is the gloom.

Rumor of the fierce-pulsed city far away
Breaks upon the peace that aureoles our rest,
Steeped in stillness as if some primeval day
Hung drowsily o'er the water's breast.

Shut the eyes that flame and hush the heart that burns:
In quiet we may hear the old primeval cry:
God gives wisdom to the spirit that upturns:
Let us adore now, you and I.

Age on age is heaped about us as we hear:
Cycles hurry to and fro with giant tread
From the deep unto the deep; but do not fear,
For the soul unhearing them is dead.

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FROM THE IRISH HILLS.

BY GEORGE W. RUSSELL.

IT has been my dream for many years that I might at some time dwell in a cabin on the hillside in this dear and living land of ours, and there attempt some innocent and unambitious magic, if I could do it without harm to myself or others, in a spot not too much infested by the shades. Perhaps "magic" is too great a word to use. The magician is a god whom I think of as armed with the lightnings and moving in a sphere of awful beauty; whereas I would lay my head in the lap of a serener nature, and be on friendly terms with the winds and mountains who hold enough of unexplored mystery and infinitude to engage me at present. I would not dwell too far from men, for above an enchanted valley only a morning's walk from the city is the mountain of my dream. Here, between heaven and earth and my brothers, there might come on me some foretaste of the destiny which the great powers are shaping for us in this isle, the mingling of God and nature and man in a being, one, yet infinite in number. Old tradition has it that there was in our mysterious past such a union, a sympathy between man and the elements so complete, that at every great deed of hero or king the three swelling waves of Fohla responded, the wave of Toth, the wave of Rury, and the long, slow, white, foaming wave of Cleena. O mysterious kinsmen, would that to-day some deed great enough could call forth the thunder of your response once again! But perhaps he is now rocked in his cradle who will hereafter rock you into joyous foam.

The mountain which I praise has not hitherto been considered as one of the sacred places in Eire, no glittering tradition hangs about it as a lure, and indeed I would not have it considered as one in any special sense apart from its companions; but I take it here as a type of what any high place in nature may become for us if well loved, a haunt of deep peace, a spot where the Mother lays aside veil after veil, until at last the great Spirit seems in brooding gentleness to be in the boundless fields alone. I am not inspired by that brotherhood which does not overflow with love into the being of the elements, nor hail in them the same spirit as that which calls us with so many pathetic and loving voices from the lives of men. So I build my dream cabin in hope of this wider intimacy :—

A cabin on the mountain side hid in a grassy nook,
With door and windows open wide where friendly stars may look :
The rabbit shy can patter in ; the winds may enter free
Who throng around the mountain throne in living ecstasy.

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And when the sun sets dimmed in eve and purple fills the air,
I think the sacred hazel tree is dropping berries there
From starry fruitage waved aloft where Connla's well o'erflows:
For sure the immortal waters pour through every wind that blows.

And when the night towers up aloft and shakes the trembling dew,
I think that every burning thought that thrills my spirit through
Is but a shining berry dropped adown through the dim air,
And from the magic tree of life the fruit falls everywhere.

The sacred hazel was the Celtic branch of the tree of life; its scarlet nuts gave wisdom and inspiration; and fed on this ethereal fruitage, the ancient Gael grew to greatness. Though to-day none eats of the fruit, or drinks the purple flood welling from Connla's fountain, I think that the strange fire which still kindles the Celtic races was flashed into their blood in that magical time and is our heritage from the Druidic past. It is still here, the magic and mystery, it lingers in the heart of an enchanted people to whom their neighbors of another world are frequent visitors and a matter of course, with their own rights and place.

"What else could she expect! What else could she expect! It's agin all nature: it's agin all reason!" I heard a farmer cry when told of the death of a woman who had refused to let one of the "Others" turn her churn a few days before. It was the discourtesy which moved so much wrath in him, and not fear. I hardly ever hear of fear being shown, and indeed there is no reason, for the "Others" are not beings who bring terror. They mantle themselves in an ancient beauty. I gave to a friend in the west a sketch of a faery queen draped in vaporous green and purple, with long fair hair, crowned with outraying gold. He showed it to a man who continually sees the faeries. "Yes! yes!" he said, getting excited, "That is one of their queens and that is her crown," and he persisted that he knew her: he knew many of these transcendent forms and spoke of many crowns.

The earth here remembers her past and to bring about its renewal she whispers with honeyed entreaty and lures with bewitching glamour. At this mountain I speak of it was that our greatest poet, the last and most beautiful voice of Eire, first found freedom in song, so he tells me: and it was the pleading for a return to herself that this mysterious nature first fluted through his lips:

"Come away, O human child,
To the woods and waters wild,
With a faery hand in hand;
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand."

Away! yes, yes; to wander on and on under star-rich skies, ever getting deeper into the net, the love that will not let us rest, the peace above the desire of love. The village lights in heaven and earth, each with its own peculiar hint of home, draw us hither and thither, where it matters not, so the voice calls and the heart-light burns. Some it leads to the crowded ways: some it draws apart: and the Light knows, and not any other, the need and the way.

If you ask me what has the mountain to do with these inspirations and whether the singer would not anywhere out of his own soul have made

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an equal song, I answer to the latter, I think not. In these lofty places the barriers between the sphere of light and the sphere of darkness are fragile, and the continual ecstasy of the high air communicates itself, and I have also heard from others many tales of things seen and heard here which show that the races of the Sidhe are often present. Some have seen below the mountain a blazing heart of light, others have heard the musical beating of a heart, or faery bells, or aerial clashings, and the heart-beings have also spoken; so it has gathered around itself its own traditions of spiritual romance and adventures of the soul.

Let no one call us dreamers when the mind is awake. If we grew forgetful and felt no more the bitter human struggle—yes. But if we bring to it the hope and courage of those who are assured of the nearby presence and encircling love of the great powers? I would hale to my mountain the weary spirits who are obscured in the fœtid city where life decays into rottenness; and call thither those who are in doubt, the pitiful and trembling hearts who are sceptic of any hope, and place them where the dusky vapors of their thought might dissolve in the inner light, and their doubts vanish on the mountain top when the earth-breath streams away to the vast, when the night glows like a seraph, and the spirit is beset by the evidence of a million of suns to the grandeur of the nature wherein it lives and whose destiny must be its also.

After all is not this longing but a search for ourselves, and where shall we find ourselves at last? Not in this land nor wrapped in these garments of an hour, but wearing the robes of space whither these voices out of the illimitable allure us, now with love, and anon with beauty or power. In our past the mighty ones came glittering across the foam of the mystic waters and brought their warriors away.

Perhaps, and this also is my hope, they may again return, Manannan, on his ocean-sweeping boat, a living creature, diamond winged, or Lu, bright as the dawn, on his fiery steed, maned with tumultuous flame, or some hitherto unknown divinity may stand suddenly by me on the hill, and hold out the Silver Branch with white blossoms from the Land of Youth, and stay me ere I depart with the sung call as of old—

Tarry thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's glory:
Gay are the hills with song: earth's faery children leave
More dim abodes to roam the primrose-hearted eve,
Opening their glimmering lips to breathe some wondrous story.
Hush, not a whisper; let your heart alone go dreaming;
Dream unto dream may pass: deep in the heart alone
Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn undertone.
Can'st thou not see adown the silver cloudland streaming
Rivers of rainbow light, dewdrop on dewdrop falling,
Star fire of silver flames, lighting the dark beneath?
And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky heath!
Come thou away with them for heaven to earth is calling.
These are earth's voice, her answer, spirits thronging.
Come to the Land of Youth, the trees grown heavy there
Drop on the purple wave the ruby fruit they bear:
Drink, the immortal waters quench the spirit's longing.

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Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past, elation?
Filled with wild joy, grown brother-hearted with the vast,
Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim stars past
Unto the Light of Lights in burning adoration.

PORPHYRY AND HIS TEACHINGS.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

THE distinction is due to Porphyry of having been the most able and consistent champion and exponent of the Alexandreian School. He was a native of Tyre, of Semitic extraction, and was born in the year 233, in the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus. He was placed at an early age under the tutelage of Origen, the celebrated Christian philosopher, who had himself been a pupil of Ammonios Sakkas. Afterward he became a student of Longinus at Athens, who had opened a school of rhetoric, literature and philosophy. Longinus had also been a disciple of Ammonios, and was distinguished as the Scholar of the Age. He was often called a "Living Library," and the "Walking School of Philosophy." He afterward became the counsellor of Queen Zenobia of Palmyra, an honor that finally cost him his life. Longinus foresaw the promise of his pupil, and according to a custom of the time, changed his Semitic name of Melech (king) to Porphyrios, or wearer of the purple.

In his thirtieth year, Porphyry bade farewell to his teachers in Greece and became a student in the school of Plotinos at Rome. Here he remained six years. Plotinos greatly esteemed him and often employed him to instruct the younger pupils, and to answer the questions of objectors. On one of the occasions, when the anniversary of Plato's Birthday was celebrated (the seventh of May), Porphyry recited a poem entitled *The Sacred Marriage*. Many of the sentiments in it were mystic and occult, which led one of the company to declare him crazed. Plotinos, however, was of another mind, and exclaimed in delight: "You have truly shown yourself to be at once a Poet, a Philosopher, and a Hierophant."

That Porphyry was an enthusiast and liable to go to extremes was to be expected. He acquired an abhorrence of the body, with its appetites and conditions, and finally began to entertain an intention to commit suicide. This, he says, "Plotinos wonderfully perceived, and as I was walking alone, he stood before me and said: 'Your present design, Porphyrios, is by no means the dictate of a sound mind, but rather of a Soul raging with the furor of melancholia.'"

Accordingly, at his direction, Porphyry left Rome and became a resident at Lilybæum in Sicily. Here he presently recovered a normal state of mind and health. He never again saw his venerated instructor. Plotinos, however, kept up a correspondence with him, sending him manuscripts to correct and put in good form, and encouraging him to engage in authorship on his own account.

After the death of Plotinos, he returned to Rome and became himself a teacher. "With a temperament more active and practical than that of Plotinos, with more various ability and far more facility in adaptation, with an erudition equal to his fidelity, blameless in his life, preëminent in the loftiness and purity of his ethics, he was well fitted to do all that could be done toward drawing for the doctrines he had espoused that reputation and that wider influence to which Plotinos was so indifferent." [R. A. VAUGHAN.] It was his aim to exalt worship to its higher

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ideal, casting off superstitious notions and giving a spiritual sense and conception to the Pantheon, the rites and the mythologic legends. What is vulgarly denominated idolatry, paganism and polytheism, had little countenance in his works, except as thus expounded. He emulated Plotinos, who on being asked why he did not go to the temple and take part in the worship of the gods, replied: "It is for the gods to come to me."

When he lived, the new Christian religion was gaining a foothold, particularly among the Greek-speaking peoples, and its teachers appear to have been intolerant even to the extreme of bigotry. The departure from established customs was so flagrant as to awaken in the Imperial Court vivid apprehensions of treasonable purposes. Similar apprehensions had led the Roman Senate to suppress the Bacchic Nocturnal Rites; and energetic measures had also been employed in the case of the flagitious enormities in the secret worship of the Venus of Kotytto. The nightly meetings of the Christians were represented to be of a similar character. This led to vigorous efforts for their suppression. Porphyry, though broad in his liberality, was strenuous in his opposition to their doctrines, and wrote fifteen treatises against them. These were afterward destroyed in the proscription by Theodosios, without any attempt to answer them.

He was equally suspicious of the Theurgic doctrines and magic rites. The sacrifice of men and animals, for sacrifice and divination, was resolutely discountenanced as attracting evil demons. "A right opinion of the gods and of things themselves," he declared, "is the most acceptable sacrifice."

"Very properly," said he, "will the philosopher who is also the priest of the God that is above all, abstain from all animal food, in consequence of earnestly endeavoring to approach through himself alone to the alone God, without being disturbed by anything about him."

This was the very core of the Neo-Platonic doctrine. "This," says Plotinos, "this is the life of the Gods, and of divine and blessed human beings—a liberation from earthly concerns, a life unaccompanied by human delights, and a flight of the alone to the Alone."

"He who is truly a philosopher," adds Porphyry, "is an observer and skilled in many things; he understands the works of nature, is sagacious, temperate and modest, and is in every respect the savior and preserver of himself."

"Neither vocal language nor is internal speech adapted to the Most High God, when it is defiled by any passion of the soul; but we should venerate him in silence with a pure soul, and with pure conceptions about him."

"It is only requisite to depart from evil, and to know what is most honorable in the whole of things, and then everything in the universe is good, friendly and in alliance with us."

"Nature, being herself a spiritual essence, initiates those through the superior Mind (*noos*) who venerate her."

Although himself believing in divination and communion with spiritual essences, Porphyry distrusted the endeavor to blend philosophic contemplation with magic arts, or orgiastic observances. This is manifest in his Letter to Anebo the Egyptian prophet in which he demands full explanations respecting the arts of evoking the gods and demons, divining by the stars and other agencies, the Egyptian belief respecting the Supreme Being, and what was the true path to Blessedness.

Although we read of no formal schism, there appear to have been two distinct parties—that of the Theurgists represented by Iamblichos, Proklos and their followers, and the disciples of Porphyry, Hypatia, and other teachers, who inculcated that there is an intuitive perception cognate in the soul, and that there may be a union and communion with

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Divinity by ecstasy and suspension of corporeal consciousness.

"By his conceptions," says Porphyry, "had Plotinos, assisted by the divine light raised himself to the First God beyond, and by employing for this purpose the paths narrated by Plato in *The Banquet*, there appeared to him the Supreme Divinity who has neither any form nor idea, but is established above Mind and every Spiritual Essence: to whom also, I, Porphyry, say that I once approached, and was united when I was sixty-eight years of age. For the end and scope with Plotinos consisted in approximating and being united to the God who is above all. Four times he obtained this end while I was with him (in Rome) and this by an ineffable energy and not in capacity."

Porphyry lived till the reign of Diocletian, dying in his seventieth year. He had given the later Platonism a well-defined form, which was retained for centuries. Even after the change of the State religion, the whole energy of the Imperial Government was required to crush it. Even when Justinian arbitrarily closed the school at Athens, and the teachers had escaped to the Persian king for safety, there were still adherents in secret to their philosophy. Afterward, too, they came forth in Oriental Sufism and Western Mysticism, and retained their influence till the present time.

Among the works of Porphyry which have escaped destruction, are his treatise on "*Abstinence from Animal Food*," nearly entire, the "*Cave of the Nymphs*," *Auxiliaries to the Study of Intelligible* (*Spiritual*) *Natures*," "*The Five Voices*," "*Life of Plotinos*," "*Letter to Anebo*," "*Letter to his Wife Marcella*," "*The River Styx*," "*Homeric Questions*," *Commentaries on the Harmonies of Ptolemy*." His other books were destroyed by order of Theodosios.

The "Cave of the Nymphs" is described in the *Odyssey* as situate in the island of Ithaca. The term is figurative and the story allegoric. The ancients dealt much in allegory; and the Apostle Paul does not hesitate to declare the story of the patriarch Abraham and his two sons allegory, and that the exodus of the Israelites through the sea and into the Arabian desert was a narrative made up of types or figures of speech. Caves symbolized the universe, and appear to have been the sanctuaries of archaic time. It is said that Zoroaster consecrated one to Mithras as the Creator; and that Kronos concealed his children in a cave; and Plato describes this world as a cave and prison. Demeter and her daughter Persephonê, each were worshipped in caves. Grottos once used for worship abound in Norway. Mark Twain asserts that the "sacred places" in Palestine were located by the Catholics, and are all of them caves. The initiation rites were performed in caves, or apartments representing subterranean apartments, with "a dim religious light." Zeus and Bacchus were nursed in such places. The Mithraic worship which was adopted from the Persians, and carried all through the Roman world, had its initiations in Sacred Caverns. To the caves were two entrances, one for mortals at the north and one for divine beings at the south. The former was for souls coming from the celestial world to be born as human beings, and the other for their departure from this world heavenward. An olive-tree standing above, expressed the whole enigma. It typified the divine wisdom, and so implied that this world was no product of chance, but the creation of wisdom and divine purpose. The Nymphs were also agents in the same category. Greek scholars will readily comprehend this. The nymphs presided over trees and streams of water, which also are symbols of birth into this world. *Numphe* signifies a bride, or marriageable girl; *numpheion* a marriage-chamber; *numpheuma* an espousal.

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Water was styled *numphé* as significant of generation. In short the Cave of the Nymphs, with the olive-tree, typified the world with souls descending from the celestial region to be born into it, in an order established by Divine Wisdom itself.

Thus we may see that the ancient Rites, and Notions, now stigmatized as idolatrous, were but *eidola* or visible representations of arcane and spiritual concepts. As they were once observed with pure reverence, it becomes us to regard them with respect. What is accounted holy can not be altogether impure.

The treatise on Animal Food covers a very broad field which space forbids the traversing. The point in view is of course, that a philosopher, a person in quest of a higher life and higher wisdom, should live simply, circumspectly, and religiously forbear to deprive his fellow-animals of life for his food. Even for sacrifice he regards the immolating of men or animals repugnant to the nature of Gods, and attractive only to lower races of spiritual beings.

He, however, leaves those engaged in laborious callings entirely out. His discourse, he declares, "is not directed to those who are occupied in sordid mechanical arts, nor to those engaged in athletic exercises; neither to soldiers, nor sailors, nor rhetoricians, nor to those who lead an active life, but I write to the man who considers what he is, whence he came, and whither he ought to tend."

"The end with us is to obtain the contemplation of Real Being [the essence that really is]; the attainment of it procuring, as much as is possible for us, a union of the person contemplating with the object of contemplation. The re-ascent of the soul is not to anything else than to True Being itself. Mind [*noos*] is truly-existing being; so that the end is, to live a life of mind."

Hence purification and felicity (*endaimonia*) are not attained by a multitude of discussions and disciplines, nor do they consist in literary attainments; but on the other hand we should divest ourselves of everything of a mortal nature which we assumed by coming from the eternal region into the mundane condition, and likewise of a tenacious affection for it, and should excite and call forth our recollection of that blessed and eternal essence from which we issued forth.

"Animal food does not contribute to temperance and frugality, or to the piety which especially gives completion to the contemplative life, but is rather hostile to it." Abstinence neither diminishes our life nor occasions living unhappily. The Pythagoreans made lenity toward beasts to be an exercise of philanthropy and commiseration. The Egyptian priests generally employed a slender diet, generally abstaining from all animals, some even refusing to eat eggs, and "they lived free from disease." So, Hesiod described the men of the Golden Age.

The essay on Intelligible or Spiritual Natures is in the form of aphorisms, and gives the cream of the Later Platonism. We can select only a few of the sentiments. Every body is in place; but things essentially incorporeal are not present with bodies by personality and essence. They, however, impart a certain power to bodies through verging towards them. The soul is an entity between indivisible essence, and the essence about bodies. The mind or spirit is indivisible, or whole. The soul is bound to the body through the corporeal passions and is liberated by becoming impassive. Nature bound the body to the soul; but the soul binds itself to the body. Hence there are two forms of death: one that of the separating of soul and body, and that of the philosopher, the liberating of the soul from the body. This is the death which Sokrates describes in the *Phædo*.

The knowing faculties are sense, imagination, and mind or spirit. Sense is of the body, imagination of the soul, but

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mind is self-conscious and apperceptive. Soul is an essence without magnitude, immaterial, incorruptible, possessing its existence in life, and having life from itself.

The properties of matter are thus set forth: It is incorporeal; it is without life, it is formless, infinite, variable and powerless; it is always becoming and in existence; it deceives; it resembles a flying mockery eluding all pursuit, and vanishing into non-entity. It appears to be full, yet contains nothing.

"Of that Being that is beyond Mind many things are asserted through intellection; but it is better surveyed by a cessation of intellectual activity than with it. The similar is known by the similar; because all knowledge is an assimilation to the object of knowledge."

"The bodily substance is no impediment whatever to that which is essentially incorporeal, to prevent it from being where and in such a way as it wishes to be." An incorporeal nature, a soul, if contained in a body is not enclosed in it like a wild beast in a cage; nor is it contained in it as a liquid in a receptacle. Its conjunction with body is effected by means of an ineffable extension from the eternal region. It is not liberated by the death of the body, but it liberates itself by turning itself from a tenacious affection to the body.

God is present everywhere because he is nowhere; and this is also true of Spirit and Soul. Each of these is everywhere because each is nowhere. As all beings and non-beings are from and in God, hence he is neither beings nor non-beings, nor does he subsist in them. For if he was only everywhere he could be all things and in all; but since he is likewise nowhere, all things are produced through him, and are contained in him because he is everywhere. They are, however, different from him, because he is nowhere. Thus, likewise, mind or spirit being everywhere and nowhere, is the cause of souls, and of the natures posterior to souls; yet mind is not soul, nor the natures posterior to soul, nor does it subsist in them; because it is not only everywhere, but also nowhere with respect to the natures posterior to it. Soul, also, is neither body nor in body, but it is the cause of body; because being everywhere, it is also nowhere with respect to body. In its egress from the body if it still possesses a spirit and temper turbid from earthly exhalations, it attracts to itself a shadow and becomes heavy. It then necessarily lives on the earth. When, however, it earnestly endeavors to depart from nature, it becomes a dry splendor, without a shadow, and without a cloud or mist.

Virtues are of two kinds, political and contemplative. The former are called political or social, as looking to an innoxious and beneficial association with others. They consist of prudence, fortitude, temperance, and justice. These adorn the mortal man, and are the precursors of purification. "But the virtues of him who proceeds to the contemplative life, consist in a departure from terrestrial concerns. Hence, also, they are denominated purifications, being surveyed in the refraining from corporeal activities, and avoiding sympathies with the body. For these are the virtues of the soul elevating itself to true being." He who has the greater virtues has also the less, but the contrary is not true.

When it is asserted that incorporeal being is one, and then added that it is likewise all, it is signified that it is not some one of the things which are cognized by the senses.

The scope of the political virtues is to give measure to the passions in their practical operations according to nature. "He who acts or energizes according to the practical virtues is a worthy man; he who lives according to the purifying virtues is an angelic man, or good demon; he who follows the virtues of the mind or spirit alone is a god; he who follows the exemplary virtues is father of gods."

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In this life we may obtain the purifying virtues which free us from body and conjoin us to the heavens. But we are addicted to the pleasures and pains of sensible things, in conjunction with a promptitude to them, from which disposition it is requisite to be purified. "This will be effected by admitting necessary pleasures and the sensations of them, merely as remedies or as a liberation from pain, in order that the higher nature may not be impeded in its operations." In short, the doctrines of Porphyry, like those of the older philosophers, teach that we are originally of heaven, but temporarily become inhabitants of the earth; and that the end of the true phliosophic life, is to put off the earthly proclivities, that we may return to our primal condition.

HARMONIES.

BY R. MACHELL.

THERE is a lake that I have seen in a land of the gods, and it is quite small, though it has a long name; its waters are just wavering ripples of liquid light, although the little lake is shallow now and full of great moss. The white lilies float on its surface like stars in the night, sweet promises of the dawn of a golden age that shall blossom again from those old roots buried in antiquity. And on the shores of this mountain lake the very rocks are radiant with the magic life that fills the atmosphere, lending fresh lustre to the blended hues of purple, green and gold, of heather-bloom and gorse and marvellous moss and lichens wrapping the rocks in soft luxuriance.

And when the sun shines there, one feels the unseen hosts hovering around in the tremulous air; their songs are the hymn of life welling up from the depths of æther, where the gods live and work. All up the sides of those precipitous mountains, on every ledge of rock, in every cleft, trees, heather and mosses cling and cluster till the rock seems bursting into songs of joy and love; so rich the spirit of life is there. And high above are marvellous caves with groves of fairy dwarfling trees at every entrance, where none but birds and those who come in dreams, or after death, floating adown the valley in their bodies of light, can enter.

Here is the resting place for weary souls. This is fairy land, and yet it is on earth and in the 19th century.

There is another lake in a land that has fallen asleep. The sun of its glory went down in a blood-red glare of stormy hate and the hand of a fierce, wild spirit of war seems to have gripped the land and held it bound choked in the clutch of the dead Past. For around on the mountain slopes and rocky precipices no single tree or shrub is seen, but only the mosses, lichens and heather toiling bravely to redeem the curse of barrenness that has fallen on the land, and here and there dwarf clumps of gorse make golden lights amid the purple gloom, and when the sun shines there a sense of awe and stillness seems to pervade the place and the deep shadows of the mountain gorges are like the shades of destiny lingering round the battlegrounds of man's iniquities; and yet the very gloom and barrenness and the dark shuddering surface of the lake are themes of wondrous melody chaunted by Nature in a voiceless harmony. The song of battle rings among the mountains and the throbbing of the harps still pulses through the air that rushes by so fitfully; while ever from the depths of those forbidding mountains comes a deep-toned echo of the ancient hymn of Love and Life and utter peacefulness. That was the song of Nature in a golden age long past and sleeping deep within the

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bosom of the Eternal Mother, till here again the dawn shall break and here again the singing of the Bards reborn shall reawaken the slumbering heart of Love in this forgotten home of Mystery. I sat thinking of these places I had visited and weaving their memories into strange fantastic schemes of color and form when an old friend came to see me, trying to sell me some Eastern embroideries; that was his trade and he knew the salesman's art and could tell wonderful Arab and Persian tales in his broken English to beguile the buyer into a suitable frame of mind for the purchase of some piece of work. I looked with interest at his stock of old embroideries till one stray piece of Japanese work caught my eye, and as he held it up there sparkled from it all the fresh, bright joy of life and breath of nature that was lingering in the memory of the little mountain lake I spoke of first. I hardly saw the pattern or the method of the work; certainly there were figures, flowers, and birds or dragons, I forget, but all the robe was just one harmony of rippling color and form that seemed to my delighted fancy to be accompanied by strange music and a perfume of sweet heather in bloom, and then I understood that in that robe I saw a truer rendering of that phase of nature, mirrored in my memory of a mountain lake, than a picture painted on the spot by any relaistic landscape painter could have given. And I began to talk of that first visit to the lake, and all my thoughts and dreams of the great gods, and he in turn told me strange stories of his wanderings and of his Sheik, his master and his mystic dreams and visions, for he hailed me as a brother dervish reverencing the Supreme as Unity in all this world's diversity. So we talked on until the daylight faded and the evening glow came through the low-arched western window of the great rambling chamber in the roof that served me for a studio, and the dark eyes of my old Arab friend glistened with tears of love and sorrow as he told how he had wandered from the Master's path, but ever seeking to return, looked forward to the great reunion of all lovers of the One Beloved and to the promised dawn that is to come after the terrible night of storm of massacre is past. These things his Sheik had prophesied to him even in his youth, and he himself in visions of the night had seen the coming of the evil days and of the promised dawn. So in the deepening shadow of the place we parted, counting ourselves the richer in our poverty for words of wisdom and each other's sympathy.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

"Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome! How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth."

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THE SECRET OF POWER.

BY DR. J. D. BUCK.

THE possession of power in man is manifested by certain unerring signs that fit to any occasion whether of action or repose, and make both action and restraint, speech or silence fitting and sufficient. We say of such, "he is the man for the time, or the place." If we notice the signs of power only on great occasions, and if they are suddenly revealed in one in whom their existence had been unsuspected, the problem is not altered. Circumstances can only serve to bring into action that which already existed within. Circumstances never create heroism; though they may give opportunity for its manifestation.

That man or woman who knows how to do the right thing, at the right time and place, and in the right way, is possessed of real power. Knowledge of the proper time for action, and the ability to act at that time, and in the most appropriate manner, with sufficient force and no more, pre-supposes also the ability to restrain action until that time, and to measure the energy required at that time with exactness. Will, power, judgment and self-restraint enter into all wise and efficient action.

In this measure of power, silence and inaction often manifest will-power in the highest degree, and the ability to wait patiently and serenely the appointed hour springs only from real knowledge.

To be able at any time to exercise or to subordinate the centres of action to the judgment and the will is the secret of power, and this is the result of self-discipline, or cultivation.

It is true that certain individuals seemingly possess this secret of power as a natural endowment, independent of cultivation, and that it is supposed to be the result of heredity and not of self-discipline. This, however, is altogether an illusion. That power should in one instance be demonstrably the result of painstaking endeavor and severe self-discipline requiring a lifetime for its development, and that in another case it should be a gift altogether gratuitous would be so contradictory and so manifestly unjust as to be absolutely untenable.

When, however, reincarnation is admitted as a factor in all human development it can at once be seen that self-conquest applies in every case, and that in any case power is only so won, while heredity is given not only its full value in individual development, but it is readily understood why like egos belong to the same group, and why exceptions in hereditary traits also occur. Heredity fails to explain the secret of power, because of the many exceptions which prove the contrary. Reincarnation explains the secret of power and explains heredity also.

If, therefore, power is seen to be due to self-discipline in the growth of an individual in the present life, we are justified in concluding that where it appears seemingly spontaneous in one who has not been schooled in self-restraint it is the result of evolution in a former existence. In other words, if power depends upon self-restraint and is only so derived through the years of experience we are justified in concluding that it never comes in any other way, and it is far more logical to assume previous experience than to annul the law so clearly demonstrated and so universally operative as far as observation and experience go.

Now what is the meaning of self-discipline that broadens knowledge, deepens intelligence, quickens the perceptions, strengthens the will and is, therefore, the secret of power? How may one proceed who desires to possess power?

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The point of attack is the emotions and feelings. The perturbations produced by the emotions and feelings in the field of consciousness are like the waves produced by the wind on the surface of a clear lake. Instead of one broad clear expanse reflecting like a mirror all objects above and around in its clear depths, the lake is in constant motion and its surface is broken by a thousand waves with divergent planes reflecting only broken and distorted images.

The consciousness of man is like the lake; the passions are the winds that blow; the emotions and feelings are the waves, and the broken and distorted images are the illusions of sense and time, that crowd out the permanent and the true.

In order to act with judgment and discrimination, or to withhold action wisely, one must see things as they are, and must be able to entirely eliminate the personal equation. He must be able to look events and circumstances squarely in the face and, for the time, dissociate them from himself entirely. He will thus approach the "thing in itself," and be able to estimate it at its true value.

Such a course of self-discipline is difficult to maintain, but it has not only to be persisted in, it must become automatic or habitual. It is achieved only by the few, because the many either do not think it desirable, or are unwilling to pay the price of freedom and power, wisdom and nobility of character.

It is so easy for most people to talk when they have nothing to say. It is so easy to act from impulse or excitement when we have no motive for action, just as easy as for the clear surface of the lake to be broken into ripples by any wind that blows, or into howling waves by a tornado. It is so easy to comment on the actions of others, to criticise their motives and assail their character when the whole subject is really none of our business, and we really know little or nothing about it. It is thus that we weaken and deprave our own character, and injure others for lack of a little self-restraint and sincere honesty. It is thus that our words and actions lose all power for good, and fail to carry weight or manifest power, except for mischief and evil.

All such conduct is, in the first place, uncharitable; such as we do not like to have others exercise towards us. In one word, it is *unbrotherly*. The foundation of the building of character is ethical. It is the motive that determines action. If we really desire not only not to injure others but really to benefit them all we can, we shall find here a sufficient motive for self-restraint and discipline. This is the reason so much stress is laid on the principle of Brotherhood in the T. S. It is the solid rock upon which all ethics rest, the one true and everlasting test of conduct, and while it benefits the world and elevates humanity as nothing else can, it is, at the same time, the only means of progress, and the final test of power with every individual.

This basis of ethics is, in the first place, a matter of sentiment born in the realm of feeling, the fruit of human sympathy. It is wise, therefore, to create a universal sentiment of Brotherhood, for only so can the attention of the thoughtless, the indifferent, and the selfish be challenged, and held. But let no one imagine that Brotherhood is *merely a sentiment*. A great deal is gained when the sentiment becomes habitual, and even where the practice of the individual contradicts the sentiment, such an individual is not worse, but better for the sentiment. He who admires the sentiment and tries, however feebly, to act upon it, is bettered by just so much endeavor, though he fail in living up to it habitually.

Beyond the sentimental and the purely ethical basis of self-discipline, there is the metaphysical, the philosophical, and finally the scientific.

In conquering the passions and learn-

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ing to control the emotions and feelings, there occur certain physical and physiological changes in the human organism on the well-known principle that structure and function develop *pari-passu* by exercise. Hence, the restraint, or non-use of an organ or a function tends to atrophy. The emotional realm (the sensory ganglia), dominant in the animal and in animal man will lose control and be replaced by the higher function of judgment, intelligence and will. No longer the slave of the passions and emotions, man by self-discipline will become their master.

Now by referring to the illustration of the clear and placid lake as representing the consciousness of man when undisturbed by the waves of passion, we may contrast the ripple, the dash, and the roar of waves with the utter silence of the placid lake when undisturbed. In one case the lake itself is noisy, in the other silence reigns. Here is a complete change of vibration. It is the action of the wind upon the lake that makes the noise. When there is no wind the lake is noiseless, and remember it is the passions, feelings and emotions that represent the wind. Now, clear the consciousness of man from these, that is, lay them to rest and this consciousness becomes a mirror for reflecting faithfully real images, and at the same time a sounding board for all outer vibrations. One can easily test this by the echoes so readily heard on the clear lake and inaudible when the lake is disturbed.

When, therefore, the consciousness of man is habitually held calm and serene, only true reflections are presented to the ego, and these can be examined leisurely and dispassionately. These being *true* and taken as the basis of knowledge and action, such action will be powerful and far-reaching.

The law of use and development as applied to individual organs so long familiar to physiologists is sure to govern in broader areas of development, and to apply equally to the organism as a whole in its relation to the ego.

Self-discipline, self-development, and final mastery of man over his own organism, functions, faculties, and environment, may thus be seen to rest on well-ascertained laws of physics and physiology, and the achievement of power is the higher evolution of man.

Many persons make the mistake of supposing that self-mastery as herein outlined would kill out all feeling, sentiment and emotion, and convert man into an intellectual automaton. Is there then no difference between controlling and killing? Cannot one be pleased or amused without giving vent to roaring laughter like a clown or an imbecile? Cannot one appreciate beauty or loveliness without an insane frenzy to devour or to destroy? Self-mastery teaches one how to appreciate both beauty and ugliness, loveliness and deformity, virtue and vice, at their true value. It also teaches one to discern beneath the less perfect and the more perfect alike, the *one life*, the *one intelligence*, the *one love* that pervade the universe. It is the ability to discern this, and the action that is based upon it that is the secret of power.

The motive of all effort and the aim of evolution is to constitute man a self-conscious centre of power and a co-worker for the uplifting of humanity. If the foregoing considerations seem lacking in force or clearness we have only to consider the effect of allowing the passions, feelings and emotions to have full sway, to run riot, and dominate the individual. Hysteria, melancholia, or "emotional insanity", is the result, and there are in every community many such individuals who are practically insane, and who barely escape the madhouse. Many more are weak almost to imbecility, and to these must be added the criminal classes.

The lower nature must be dominated by intelligence and the moral sense, and self-restraint must be supplemented by

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right action in order to develop real power, and this means control of the emotions, subjugation of the passions, and elevation of the aims of the individual. This is synonymous with the higher evolution of man, and the end is human perfection.

If every child were taught self-restraint and habitual kindness to others from infancy, thus rooting out selfishness, it would be of far more value than anything else that so-called "education" could bestow, and we might presently see a near solution of all social problems, and a race of not only powerful, but humane men and women.

MIND AND EGO.

BY DR. H. A. W. CORYN.

PERHAPS it may not be many years now before the idea of a Self in nature begins to gain a hold in the minds of men, but that time is certainly not yet. I want, however, to deal with some points in the evolution of man with reference to that view. Without it, the facts of nature may easily seem to suggest a universal automatism, at any rate up to man and including man so far as a large part of his consciousness is concerned. But with it, many facts become intelligible, and we can conceive that what is automatism for an unselfconscious individual is an expression of the *will* of that great Life which actuates (in entering and passing out of) the individual; and also that to acquire Egoism, to become self-aware, is to become self-directive, to become a spark of self-knowing will, free as the whole.

When the amœba, a protoplasmic speck of ponds, is touched by a particle of food, it feels the touch, and answers by a movement that enfolds the particle into its centre. This is scientifically called a "reflex action," a term covertly but not overtly implying that it is unattended with consciousness; nevertheless when it has become much more complex, it is regarded as the objective basis of conscious mind, information not being forthcoming as to the date of the accession of consciousness. Similarly the amœba feels the light and warmth when the sun shines, moving then more actively. We may suppose that in its dim way it has a consciousness like our own of light and warmth, and of the need for and presence of food. As we pass higher up the animal scale, this dim feeling becomes brighter and approaches mentality. The feeling and therefore the reaction differ according to whether the touching particle is or is not food. Here is the germ of reason. The creature begins to have memory of the kind of touch that a particle of food inflicts. It compares this memory of a feeling with the present feeling of being touched, deciding that as they are not alike the present touch is from something that is not food and should be left alone. The reaction of an amœba to *any* touch is comparable to the crystallizing reaction of a supersaturated solution of a salt on being touched, but no such solution could be so educated as to learn to crystallize when touched by a flaxen thread and not to do so when touched by a silken. The protoplasmic particle of which we are speaking has learned to reason. Reasoning is, radically, the comparison of two sensations. It is the more or less immediate deciding that something we now see or cognize or have in memory is like or unlike something also present or in memory. It seems to be the coexistence of three states of consciousness, and to set at naught the unproved dictum that only one state can exist at one time. But there seems no more reason for asserting that Egoism is necessary to the more complex process

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than that it is necessary to the simple process of cognition. But whereas we can conceive of a physical basis to a sensation and its resulting reflex action, and even to a memory of a sensation, we can conceive of no physical basis to the comparing process. The bare *juxtaposition* of two sensations, one or both memorized, is conceivable as having a physical basis; the *act of comparison* is a process only of consciousness, not necessarily Egoistic. An Ego is a consciousness that is aware of itself, and that subhuman consciousness that can compare two states of itself in a third state need not have yet evolved the power of self-recognition. In what way should we conceive the physical basis of reasoning to exist? In a lowly organized life, every sensation probably gives immediate use to a movement. The end of a spider's leg touches a hot needle. The nerve-wave goes up the leg to the ganglia that constitutes his brain, a sort of telegraph station, and is thence reflected off down other nerves to the appropriate muscles whose contractions move the leg. All this could conceivably be imitated by a machine so constructed that a hot touch to one of its wire legs would rise as a heat-wave to a central station within and be there changed into an equivalent quantity of electricity or other force made to operate in moving the machine away by means of the necessary mechanical apparatus. This is already the feat of a locomotive engine, which moves upon contact with a sufficient amount of heat. Is the spider then a machine? In the locomotive a certain quantity of heat force, represented in the spider by the wave of nerve-sensation from the hot needle which he touches, becomes changed within the engine into an equivalent quantity of mechanical force which moves the engine, represented in the spider by the descending nerve current which moves his muscles. It seems true then that the spider *is* a machine, and that what he does can be computed and described in mechanical phrases. If that be so, it would not be correct to speak of him as having self-will or free-will; *through* him shines the will of nature, the forces of nature flow through him, but he does not as a unit exercise upon those forces any directive power, he does not seize as it were a portion of the will of nature and make it his own free-will. And similarly it may be true that the amount of force a man takes in, in his life, in the form of food and such other nature-energies as light, heat, etc., are equal to those he puts forth as action while life remains to him. The spider is therefore a machine, and yet also he is something more. In our supposed machine the ascending current of heat is, at the centre, at once transformed into the descending electric current.

Both heat and electricity are motion of matter, like all manifested force. But in the spider, the current that ascends to his brain along the nerves of the leg does not at once descend from the brain along the nerves that go to the leg. It halts a minute in that little brain before it is transformed into the equal amount of force or motion which manifests as the descending nerve-current. We must suppose a moment in which this force, having reached the brain, is no longer motion in matter, and is become motion in consciousness, and this transforming motion in consciousness transforms or modifies the consciousness in the way that we call cognition or sensation. It is motion on a plane of the spider's being that is above his physical body, the movement of consciousness from state to state, for motion is the root of real being. Then retransformed, it again becomes physical motion in the brain and so down the nerves to the muscles. The spider therefore appears to differ from the machine, in that, half-way along the physical circuit, physical motion is temporarily transformed into, and then back from, motion of consciousness. The vague feeling of materialism with

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which this statement inspires us is due to the fact that we figure to ourselves the whole process in terms of sensuous consciousness, and it would disappear if we learned to represent it in terms of immediate subjectivity. Thus conceived, all motion would be primarily regarded as motion in consciousness (of the world-self) reflected into our *objective* consciousness if of the objective planes, and motion in itself would be known as the unmanifested deity when considered apart from the thing moved. It seems, therefore an error to depict an interval of *time* (and even of space) as occurring in the transit from the platform of bodily matter to that of consciousness. The real philosophies would begin their conception of the universe above, and take it downward, having thus no difficulty in conceiving of continuous conscious life from top to bottom; the materialist begins from below, and groping in the objective with a consciousness trained only to deal with that, conceives of unconscious matter from bottom to top. Describing therefore our spider *in the terms of the latter*, but with an addition, we shall say that the spider is a machine, though part of the machine is conscious, and that so far as his little self is concerned he has no free will, being grasped body and soul by the will of nature. The consciousness of animals forms one of the necessitated links (to speak in terms of time) in physical chains of forces. There is no free-will. A physiological wave of nerve-motion rises along the nerves of his limbs or of the senses, reaches and becomes motion in his cerebral particles, "ascends" further and becomes that motion in his consciousness that is thought, memory, sensation, emotion, "then" is reconverted into nerve motion and lastly muscular motion. Of course at various steps in its progress it may unlock comparatively latent motion previously stored up. But (at any rate up to the mammalia) there may be no will so far as the animal is individually concerned; the force flows of itself; by it he is made to feel and think; by it he moves. There may be no more will than in the terminal clock-face of an electric wire. Suppose that this clock-face had a consciousness and that the current ran up into this before returning to affect the needle, and you have an animal. It takes equal force to move the needle from the perpendicular to either side, and if you imagine that the consciousness of the plate, having absorbed the current for a moment could determine to which direction the emergent current should move the needle, you would have *man*, the *willer;* for man can direct the mode or direction of the current as it emerges from his consciousness to his brain, causing it to traverse one or another channel and effect one or another motion. This, without creating any new force; and while it is within his consciousness, he can direct it this way or that, resulting in this or that train of thought or feeling, thus deflecting or transmuting if he will an animal emotion into a better.

It would seem then that the process of pure reasoning is a reflex act or set of acts, not requiring the coöperation of the Ego. It is a chain whose unvarying links are comparable to the chain of physical phenomena. Though the data with which it is occupied *may* be given from the noetic consciousness, it is in no way noetic in essence; it is essentially determined and involuntary, and man, if he had never received any noetic or Egoistic illumination, might nevertheless have become as perfect a reasoner as he is now. The phantom "charged with animal consciousness of a superior kind" of which man once consisted, according to the *Secret Doctrine*, was capable by virtue of that consciousness alone (a determined, reflex, sensuous consciousness) of evolving the power of perfect reasoning, though the data upon which all reasoning would then have been founded would have come only from the psychic,

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sensuous, cognitions. These would have led only to a line of reasoned entire selfishness of action, for a rudimentary sensation with a resulting determined reflex is on its conscious side the rudiment of an act of reasoning. Neither free will nor Ego has any essential relation to it. If consciousness is furnished with the data that two sides of a certain triangle are equal, it is a necessitated chain of reasoning that delivers the conclusion that the angles at the base are also equal. When the amœba has a touch from a speck of food and at once catches hold of it, there is a sensation and an elementary act of reasoning, like that of the spider with the hot needle, like that of the man who sees a cab coming rapidly upon him down the street, like that of the astronomer who predicts an eclipse. This is an ascending scale, no freewill is involved, *self*-consciousness is not necessary though consciousness is. All reasoning is a necessitated chain, of which each link must follow the preceding, the links being parts of a complicated machine, the psychic mind. Certain categories, and the forms of space and time, involved in the process, belong to the essence of the mind in nature, and are more or less active forms in the essence of every conscious unit that differentiates itself out of nature. Animals reason, they have the psychic mind, and in a degree the reasoning consciousness, but the animal has not yet got to the thought of itself as an Ego, and until that stage is reached there is no will. Therefore the animal is a psychic machine, bound to necessity, a thinking automaton, an expression of the will for him of nature, part of a pattern, not a pattern for himself. He is as man was in early history, bound to nature, part of nature, of the same stuff as nature, all in the chain of matter-consciousness of natural events, in the flow of automatic natural forces.

According to the *Secret Doctrine* the flood of astral lunar monads arrived upon this chain of worlds for their cycles thereon. It may be roughly said that they had two planes of consciousness, quite unconnected. They were lives in the ocean of Life, and as composing that Life they had one common *divine* consciousness. They had also on a very low plane an individualized consciousness. They were globules of astral nature, and nature was as etherial as they. Therefore the nature-forces flowed into and out of them, as water flows through a floating tree-trunk, and they had neither will nor Ego. These forces flowed from nature into their consciousness, becoming therein sensation; then out again into nature as the motions of their forms. Consciousness was one of the links of transit, and originated none of it. They were germs of psychic mind, astral germs, for the psychic mind (now kama rupa) is on its material side an astral nucleus of substance. It is so now, and astral clairvoyance is simply the conscious possession and use of that community of substance of the psychic substance and the astral light. This psychic stuff of ours on the planes of the astral light is our reasoning mind, for we saw that sensation is the germ of and begets reasoning. And sensation starts, therefore, on the astral plane and is of the astral, not physical body. We, as Egos, are unconscious of physical sensation till from the physical it has mounted to the place where we sit, namely, the astral sheaths. If it does not reach that, *we* remain unconscious of it, though the body may give forth reflex action, as where the spinal cord is injured at the neck, for example. A touch on the soles of the feet may then produce a kick of which *the patient* may know nothing, though his spinal cord does. The primordial astral lunar germs are therefore what are now our minds, psychic, astral, reasoning. Only there is now present therein what was not there at first, namely, the consciousness of Ego, and the rudiment of a noetic element. This noetic ray renders mem-

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ory an active power. Hence the psychic sensations, memorized as a long train, produce that evolved Egoism in the psychic nature that is the reflection of the noetic Ego and constitutes the personal man. The psychic germ is an expression of the will of nature; and that will is expressed in the psychic consciousness as cognition and as desire, a desire leading to outward action as the means of development of points of contact between nature and itself. This desire is the parent of the organs of sense and of action. But, not realizing itself as a self, not therefore being an Ego, it cannot will, but *is willed* by nature.

We are come upon the old question of Freewill in man. Will, as distinct from desire, is of the Ego, and differs in that from desire. For desire is of the kamic, psychic nature, essentially unconnected with self-knowledge; will is of the noetic, and is in proportion to the degree of self-consciousness. The confusion of the question seems to be due to defective definition of freewill. There is no external compulsion needed to make a rocket ascend. To ascend when lit is the realization of its own nature, and it does not follow because we know the nature and can predict the ascent that we *compel* the ascent. We avail ourselves of the nature that we know to exist. There is nothing external to ourselves that can prevent us realizing our own nature once we become conscious of it. Those who doubt freewill do so because they do not understand the meaning of the word. Freewill is the necessity of realizing our nature; it accompanies consciousness of that nature, or self-consciousness; it *is* that self-consciousness, and from it flows action. What we are within, we act outwardly; if we *know* what we are within, the acts are voluntary. They are not *necessitated* by our nature, for we cannot necessitate ourselves. Self-consciousness and freewill are identical. But, it may be said, then the animal has freewill, for in every outward act it out-realizes its own inward animal nature; the rocket has freewill, for in its act, ascension, it realizes its internal potency. But if, as I am maintaining, the animal is no less an automaton than a rocket and equally devoid of self-awareness, only differing therefrom in being a conscious automaton, it is not the animal who by self-directed energy realizes himself, but the world-life which *through* him realizes *it*self to the extent of animalism. The world-soul is the life of nature, and through the ascending kingdoms of nature out-realizes more and more of its latent qualities, which are infinite. In the animal it realizes its aspect as animal consciousness. But the animal, like the early human psychic germ, is only a part of the web of nature, and whatever forces of nature flow about the strands of the web flow *through* the animal and are not directed by him. But in man as he is now, the automatically acting consciousness of the animal has begun to reach the conception of itself as an Ego, and forthwith the Ego proceeds to direct his own operations. This has only begun, for ordinarily we are *acted through* by desire. The Ego has begun to be an adult, and the nature-forces still flow through it, awaking cognition, desire, and conscious reflex response; these we are *beginning* to direct, so that when they emerge from us they express *our* internal condition rather than their own nature-quality. The world-life has the will to realize itself, but when it has got so far as to realize itself in the Egos of men, those Egos forthwith take upon themselves the future work. The one life does not impose anything upon them, for they *are* it, each an aspect, and in all they do they are only carrying out their nature. Reasoning would never give nor reveal self-consciousness; it is only the product of memorized sensations, fitted upon a framework. For the attainment by yoga of full self-consciousness, psychic sensation and reasoning must both be sus-

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pended; "it is the hindering of the modifications of the thinking principle."

Now come up two questions. (1) Why does the "Psychologist" deny the freedom of the will? (2) why the scientist?

(1) The Psychologist denies it, when he does so, because he fails to define the phrase clearly to himself. If by freedom of the will is meant freedom from all motives, aims, ends, and from the very nature of the Ego, then the will is not free, for freedom is in this sense the same thing as hopeless idiocy. Freedom of will is freedom to act out our nature, and to that there can be no obstacle. If obstacles exist they would be physical, psychic, or external proper. Mere physical inhibition is no obstacle, for if an act of murder be fully willed and imagined, in that imagination the act is as fully done and the murderous nature as fully realized as in a physical act. As to psychic; the evolved and reflected Egoism in the human personal or psychic nature, assimilates and acts along the sensuous nature whilst it will, whilst it regards that as its nature. For so long as it is in that consciousness, that *is* its nature, when it has become other, it conceives of itself as other, and acts accordingly. That it has at first a wrong knowledge or conception of itself is due to no external power, but to ignorance which though an active power is not an opposed force but part of the nature. An external power proper would be an external spiritual, acting hypnotically upon the essentially spiritual Ego, and these do not exist. The actions of Egos are the outrealizations of their own natures, and if we say that they are impelled by lusts or by either of the "three qualities," we mean that those "qualities" are part of their nature from which they have not yet disentangled themselves, or which they have not yet extruded, and that their actions in accordance therewith are voluntary outrealizations. If we yield to a lust, we go with it *at the very time*. But afterwards it seems to us that we were impelled, though at the time it was part of our nature voluntarily outrealizing itself. Neither can we say that in good acts the Divine Soul of the world acts in us, for we *are* that Soul which evolves not *in* or *through* us, but *as* us. Wherefore all souls realize themselves. There is no external compelling law; whence it follows that they act freely, according to a primordial act of will which at the dawn of life before they individualized they commonly arrived at, an act of self-realizing will which operates undiminished through the whole drama, and a part of which is the production outwards of those "qualities" by which thereafter they think themselves swayed. But if we take the whole play of the "qualities" throughout the manvantara as the outrealization of the Logos, then they are the outrealization also of ourselves who make up the Logos, and they cease to act upon him who has freed himself, because to free oneself means to cease to produce them, and for him who does not from moment to moment produce them they do not exist.

(2) Why does the scientist deny free will? On more intelligible grounds. Strike a stretched wire, and you expend a certain amount of force. It is transformed in the wire into heat and vibration; from that heat and vibration it could theoretically be obtained again, undiminished, the same as you had put forth in the striking. Hold the middle of the wire at the extreme point of a vibration, and it is in a condition of rest, of stored force, and that stored force it will give up the moment you release it. Its energy is potential. The brain cells are in this same state, ready to give up energy when released. The sight of a cab coming quickly down the street liberates some of this energy and enables you to move your muscles in getting out of the way. So the theory of science is that the body and brain represent a mass of stored force. This force is added to by all the energies from food, etc., that go in to it

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and is represented by unstable molecular equilibrium; the molecules, in returning to equilibrium like the vibrating string, liberate this energy again as motion, motion molecular or heat, electricity, or motion as a whole or of limbs. And this motion is liberated along the easiest path. The whole thing is a complicated mechanism and behaves mechanically. Consciousness observes, thinks, it acts, but really has no active share anywhere. Is this so? Cannot motion in molecules be transformed into motion in consciousness, which is thought, held there, and then retransformed into outgoing motion in molecules? Motion is Life; matter is objectivized consciousness, and is neither known nor knowable in any other way than in terms of consciousness. So there is no real gap jumped when in the recesses of brain the motion of molecules and cells retires deeper and becomes motion of conciousness, sensation, thought; nor when conversely this moving soul discharges its movement downward into the cell and thence perhaps outward to a limb. Therefore the mechanical hypothesis will never be established, even could it be proved that the whole of the force that went to make up a body and was throughout life stored therein exactly equalled the force expended throughout life and in the ultimate dissolution. The motion of cells is transformed into motion of consciousness or sensation; it then passes to the Ego, who directs along which of many paths it shall return. From the Ego it redescends to the plane of sensation or our terrestrial material consciousness. On this plane it becomes a sort of mental forepicture or anticipatory feeling of the intented act. Then it finally descends to the body molecules, nerves and muscles, and the act is carried out. Of this series science only studies the first and last term, and often assumes that the first passes straight and unvolitioned into the last. But every man really knows in himself of all the other steps.

On the receptive sense-organ falls the picture, say of a coming cab. It becomes a sensation, is seen by the Ego, and he directs that the body get out of the way. Ordinarily the purely physical intelligence would be equal to this judgment and act, but the Ego is competent to direct as he wills, and if he willed suicide, for example, he could direct that the body should go further out into the exact track of the cab.

As there is but *one* Life in the Universe on many planes, and as Ego *is* that Life existing in recognition of itself, or in self-consciousness, so is this directive and selective power possible, and will is shown in self-manifestation; free because self-determined.

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WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION.

BY GEO. E. WRIGHT.

THE tendency of thinking, especially in recent times, has been more and more in the direction of freedom from established forms. Some advance has thus been made, although real knowledge is still to a great degree unattained by the world at large. Intellectual development ought to be as gradual as physical, and if, as science admits, the world of matter has taken millions of years to reach its present standard, then the mind of Man should have acquired its limited capacity only through equally vast ages of experience. It may be admitted that Mind, as we understand it, came into existence long after material forms were organized, and is therefore in a cruder stage of development than the latter, but this is only additional testimony to the truth of the grand principle of evolution. Darwin showed how the same emotions which animate human beings were expressed, though less perfectly, in the lower animals, and argued from this our descent or ascent from the brute creation. But he proved herein more than he intended; he proved the evolution of Mind as well as of Matter.

If there were no restraining forces in the world of thought we might see a progress so rapid as to be unhealthy or even destructive. But there is, first of all, a conservative element in the make-up of most men which induces them to cling to recognized beliefs, to reject or even to ridicule or oppose novel theories and facts. Men of scientific acumen and learning have been known not only to condemn hastily the greatest scientific discoveries, but even to refuse them an investigation. In the field of religion this conservatism is still more strongly marked. Leaving out of consideration the masses,—the millions of unthinking, unreading, blind followers of creeds and cults,—it is truly remarkable how many educated and intellectual people are in religious matters mere passive tools, clinging without question to the most absurd and childish beliefs.

Another important hindrance to the evolution of Mind has been the decadence of races and nations with their accumulated civilizations. Ancient Egypt had stored up in its priesthood many esoteric truths which failed of transmission to a later age. The resurrected library of Sargon shows but dimly the high state of culture prevailing in Chaldea six thousand years ago. In India the seventh school of philosophy, the Occult, is a dead-letter, except as it is preserved in a fragmentary condition by a few rare hermits in cavern and forest. Yet as evolution is not by any means a steady growth, but meets with all kinds of interruptions and setbacks, and is generally thought to proceed in cyclic fashion, owing to the frequent recurrence of old ideas, we can trace throughout all the ages the evolution of the World-Mind, in spite of human weakness and error, superstition and folly, the death of individuals and the decline of civilizations.

One of the most essential features of a rational theory of evolution is time—long time—periods that can hardly be measured by years. This is conceded by Darwin and all other writers who have adopted his principle relating to the physical development of the globe. A hundred million years are not regarded by physicists as too long a period for the atoms of the earth to arrange themselves into their present infinite variations of form. As this is a mere guess, however, it would be just as easy to estimate the time required at two hundred millions or a thousand billions of years. The only sensible method of estimating is to give no figures, but only to say that the pro-

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cess of evolution must have consumed tremendous, measureless, ages. Neither Darwin nor any other recognized authority has dared to name the number of years that have elapsed since the first and lowest man evolved out of the highest type of the lower animal. It should be borne in mind that at that distant date even the animals could not have been developed to anywhere near their present stage, none having then been domesticated; consequently the first man must have been of the most primitive and savage kind—a mere freak or "sport" of Nature. Science now admits the existence of Man in the tertiary epoch of geology, which could not have been less than 250,000, and more probably was 850,000 years ago. But that admission is made with extreme reluctance, and is still regarded by many as a tentative theory. Likewise the presumption that color in races is due to climate has been fiercely combatted by the more conservative writers, who see that to admit its probability would be to raise afresh the question of long chronology. To change the color of a whole race from black to white without miscegenation would require thousands or hundreds of thousands of years. Yet if all prejudice were banished, and the question calmly considered, it must be seen that, given a common ancestry, the variations of color in human races can only be due to differences in climate, notwithstanding Darwin's argument in favor of sexual selection.

While it is true that we have no historical records dating back of five or six thousand years B. C. we do have a knowledge of the existence of civilized society at that time, with a high cultivation of the arts, to achieve which from a savage state would have required vast stretches of time. Geology points to hundreds of thousand of years. Is it not probable that during that period of gradual evolution races were born, grew into civilized communities, and passed away; that continents rose up out of the deep, were peopled, and again sank out of sight; that mountain chains were forced up by the billows of internal fire, and were anon transformed by earthquakes into valleys and fertile lands,—and, that, through it all, though history might be lost in the obscuring mist of time, the great law never failed to work, slowly and painfully, upon the mind and soul of Man?

Materialistic writers of the present day regard mind as a mere property of the physical brain, a thought being thus considered as a vibration of the brain atoms. Regarding this inadequate theory Dr. Paul Carus, the learned editor of the *Monist*, says: "So long as we regard our bodies as our true existence, and mind as a mere function of the body, we cannot reach a satisfactory view of the world, and shall be unable to explain our deepest and holiest aspirations. Our body is transient; it is doomed to die; indeed its very life is a continuous death, a constant decay, and an incessant burning away. Yet the soul, the so-called function, is permanent. As we inherited our soul from the past, so we shall transmit it to the future. The sacred torch of mental life is handed down from generation to generation, and the spiritual treasures increase more and more with the immortalized results of our labors." This explanation, though not as precise as desirable, may be allowed to stand for the present; mind, soul and spirit, far from being identical, as is so often thoughtlessly declared, in reality may be regarded as expressing different and advancing stages in human evolution. The mind, representing the mere intellect or accumulated book knowledge of the ages, becomes soul when it has developed intuitive or original wisdom. This real wisdom is the bridge which unites the mind with the spirit, and leads up to the latter in the natural course of evolution.

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Thus we find that thought is not the actual vibration of physical brain atoms, but is the message of the inner self or soul to the physical atoms, setting up therein the vibrations which produce the so-called thought-forms of recent occult science.

But in order to arrive at a clear understanding of this metaphysical subject, it is better to trace the existence of mind downward or backward to its lowliest origin. Darwin has amply proven that mental faculties as well as emotions are plainly observable in all domestic animals and in many that are untamed. Love, gratitude, terror, courage,—these and many more such emotions are found even in the lower animals, while in the lowest organisms is displayed an instinct which may be recognized as incipient mind. The beaver, the ant, the dog and the horse, as well as many other animals, undoubtedly exercise reason and judgment, and the instinct of the migratory birds is unquestioned.

It is difficult to draw the line betwixt intelligence and instinct. Up to a comparatively recent period the former was thought to be peculiar to man and the latter to the lower animals. This was, generally speaking, the attitude of the Church. The science of to-day, however, places the dawn of intelligence far down in the scale of animal development. Such animals as are guided only by instinct belong to the lowest forms; in fact, it may be observed that no creature stands so low in the scale of evolution as to be without this inward impulse by which it is directed to do what is necessary for the continuation of the individual and of the species. Thus the primitive instinct of self-preservation, as seen in the cuttlefish when endeavoring to escape from an enemy, gradually develops into the sexual selection of the butterfly, and thence onward through inheritance, acquired habit, imitation, and association, to the expression of the emotions, and thus on through vast ages of minute variation to the evolution of mind. Intellect is no more than the accumulated knowledge derived from experience. It would not be difficult to cite a vast number of instances, resulting from actual observation in the past, to illustrate the gradations of mental growth in the animal world, up from the indications of instinct in the feeblest insect to the self-conscious reasoning of the human being,

These facts which have been scientifically proven, together with many others which can be verified by analogy, leave us in a deplorable position if we accept the ordinary theory of birth, life and death. But taken in connection with reincarnation, they give us a complete philosophy,—complete and satisfactory. It is not even necessary to cite the argument of justice, or the doctrine of karma. I believe in reincarnation on account of all these familiar reasons, but I also believe that the scientific facts as above outlined are alone sufficient to convince us not only of the truth of reincarnation, but of its absolute necessity.

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COUNT SAINT GERMAIN.

AMONG the Mystics, who, during the 18th century, were active in endeavoring to form a Universal Brotherhood League for the help of suffering humanity, none was more widely known or more justly celebrated than the Count Saint Germain. Like all true reformers he was misunderstood and reviled by the many, and only partially appreciated or understood by the few. Accused of being a spy, for which even his most bitter opponents admit there was not the slightest proof, he lived for many years the friend and counsellor of kings, to finally apparently die at the court of the Landgrave Charles of Hesse.

The literature of his time and the memoirs of his contemporaries are filled with allusions to this wonderful man and his extraordinary gifts. He spoke all languages with equal facility, and related, as if he had been an eye-witness of them, scenes and conversations which had occurred centuries before. He described people most minutely, as if he had known them personally. He understood the secrets of nature as only those do who walk hand in hand with her. To the doubting and materialistic age in which he came he gave many a sign, which they, not understanding, set down to sorcery or charlatanism. They were forced to admit the fact, however, that he understood how to remove stains from diamonds, and to perform other seeming miracles in the eyes of even the most skilled chemists. In the life of the Landgrave Prince Charles of Hesse, who was a deep student of occultism, the following statement is made:

"The Count of Saint Germain was simply a man of science who reasonably enough might have been burned for a wizard or magician in the dark ages; and was mistaken for a conjurer by the countrymen and contemporaries of Voltaire. He was especially learned in chemistry, botany, and metallurgy and understood to perfection the art of polishing precious stones. There was hardly anything in nature that he did not know how to improve and utilize. He communicated to me almost all knowledge of this kind, but only the elements, making me investigate for myself by experiments the means of success, and rejoiced extremely at my progress." Again he says: "He was thoroughly acquainted with the properties of plants and herbs, and had invented medicines by which he preserved his health and prolonged his life. I have still all his prescriptions, but the doctors vehemently denounced his science *after his death*."

Madame de Hausset, Baron Gleichen and the Count of Casanova all allege the fact that he never ate at any table, nor invited anyone to eat with him, alleging that his food would not suit them. He so entranced people with his conversation that in their turn they forgot to taste the viands placed before them. His famed Elixir of Life he did not pretend would renew youth, but that it would prolong life. At various periods of his life, separated often by a score or more of years, he always seemed to be about 45 or 50 years old. He is described as being of middle height and powerfully built.

In Lascelles Wraxall, occurs the following: "Differing from other char-

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latans, he never offered to sell governments the art of making gold, but pointed out to them the means of enriching themselves by the employment of all sorts of economical receipts as well as great financial operations."

He is said to have played an important part in the revolution which placed Catherine II. on the throne of Russia, and Baron Gleichen cites the fact that the Orloffs paid particular attention to him at Leghorn in 1770.

Another historical fact is that, in 1777, Count St. Germain induced General Von Steuben to come over to America and offer his sword to General Washington.

He went to Germany in 1762, where, according to the *Memoires Authentiques* of Cagliostro, he initiated the latter into Freemasonry. After frequenting several of the German courts he finally took up his residence in Schleswig-Holstein, where he and the Landgrave Charles of Hesse pursued together the study of the secret sciences. He died at Schleswig in 1780.

There can be little doubt, however, that the alleged death of the Count St. Germain at the court of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel did not take place as reported. The grave was afterwards opened and no body found in it.

FRAGMENTS.

"Calming thoughts of all, that coursing on, whate'er men's speculations, amid the changing schools, theologies, philosophies, amid the bawling presentations new and old, the round earth's silent vital laws, facts, modes, continue."

"If it shall ever happen to thee to be turned to outward things, in the desire to please some person, know that thou hast lost thy way of life. Let it be enough for thee in all things to be a philosopher. But if thou desire also to seem one, then seem so to thyself,—for this thou canst."

"If thou wouldst advance, be content to let people think thee senseless and foolish as regards external things. Wish not ever to seem wise, and if ever thou shalt find thyself accounted to be somebody, then mistrust thyself. For know that it is not easy to make a choice that shall agree both with outward things and with Nature, but it must needs be that he who is careful of the one shall neglect the other."

"Open yourself to the pain and pleasure of the world; laugh with the children, listen to the birds, learn from music and all beautiful things. Go to the bedsides of those who die in hospitals,—go into the dark alleys of the city, and do not merely give, but get to know what poverty means; go into the laboratories of vivisectors, and into the places where animals are killed for food, and realize that the torture of the innocent is an actual fact; face it all and feel it all, and recognize that the sin and shame of it are yours unless you fight against them ceaselessly."

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WOMAN'S WORK IN THE SERVICE OF HUMANITY.

BY MARGARET L. GUILD.

IN answer to a question, William Q. Judge once said to the writer that comparatively few women had found their power, that although all women had it and used it, it was more or less unconsciously and that "if a woman could find her power and use it consciously she would become a tremendous force in the world." That power he defined as "the holding, binding force."

This idea of the holding power of woman is not entirely a new one; yet, as given by Mr. Judge, it took on a broader, deeper aspect as a factor potent for the good of humanity. We are accustomed to thinking of the woman as the binding influence in the family. Yet as this influence has usually been exercised to bind the family together to the exclusion of all not of the same blood we have, not strangely, failed to see that this power which is especially woman's may be exercised not only in the midst and for the help of her own immediate circle, but in the service of all humanity, and surely the great human family stands in sorer need of being bound together than ever did a group of beings joined by ties of blood.

In the "Letters" Mr. Judge, speaking briefly of the question of sex, says that the "female principle"—which he carefully distinguishes from the souls using it—represents matter and tends to the *established order.* It is this quality which makes of the average woman a conservative, trying to hold things as they are, thus forming a necessary balance to man's tendency to change. This same quality, which now so often degenerates into intolerance, because it rules in the woman, would, if ruled by her, become the "holding, binding force" and capable of use for all mankind. The woman who is already convinced of her responsibility in this direction can most surely help on the desired end by working with other women and by giving active sympathy to women of all classes. For this force, which is hers and which rules the personality of most women so strongly, can never be conquered and harnessed to the service of humanity but by the heart.

Perhaps this broader use of woman's force has not always been possible; but surely it is so to-day. It is possible, for every mother, through the love her own children have drawn out in her, to learn to love and help childhood wherever she meets it: it is possible for every sister to realize that the needs of her own brothers and sisters are the needs of all those other brothers and sisters who go to make up the world. But, more than this, it is possible for her, and therefore her special service to humanity, to help to bind together not merely individuals but classes.

The greatest problem of to-day is not so much the wiping out of poverty and its attendant miseries, though that problem is hard enough and pressing enough; nor the obliteration of class distinctions, for these also have their lessons and uses; but the blotting out of the feelings of bitterness and contemptuous antagonism which exist between these classes.

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In this work every woman can engage, no matter what her other duties. To do this she need not lecture, nor write, nor go out into the public world —though if she have leisure and talent and opportunity in those directions she can do great good there—for it is in the home that the greatest and most far reaching part of the work can be accomplished. To do this the woman has only to enlarge the work she is already doing. She now gives to her children—born and unborn, by act and word, but still more by the continual silent influence of her own conviction, a sense of love for each other and of responsibility for each other's welfare, and the sensitive minds and hearts of these little ones can as readily be given the same feelings of love and responsibility for all mankind. Though they may never have to work themselves they can be taught to recognize the dignity of labor and to see in the "lower classes" souls like their own temporarily in a different environment and working bravely, even though unconsciously so, for the welfare of others.

This work among children is of immeasurable importance because of the vast difference it will make in the thought of the next generation. And there are many others, no longer children, to whom these lessons can be given by word and act and still more by the subtle power of strong conviction.

Our present modes of thought, from which it is so hard to free mankind, are the result of continued thinking in the direction of separateness, and can, therefore, best be corrected by continued thought in an opposite direction. This quiet steady working towards the binding together of humanity, towards the holding of all men in one common bond of brotherhood, though it may not show results in a day, or in years, must surely do so in time.

The greater freedom now accorded to woman, her, so-called, larger duties as a human being are liable to make her under-rate this work which lies most especially within her province and neglect her very special opportunity as a woman, thus bringing greater injury to herself and loss to humanity than can readily be measured.

Theosophy, showing us as it does, the human soul passing (how frequently is not to the present point) from one sex to another, also points out the corollary fact that each sex has a use and duty in the evolution of mankind and that the human being who fails to make the most of the special opportunities given by the special sex of any incarnation neglects the chief privilege of that lifetime.

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BUDDHA'S RENUNCIATION.

Being an original translation from the Sanskrit of *Ashvagosha's Buddha-Charita.*

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M.R.A.S., F.T.S.

III.

AND certain nights he remained there, bright as the lord of night, observing well their penances. Then considering the penances as vain, and leaving them, he set forth from the region of that place of penances. Then the folk of the hermitage set forth after him, their thoughts gone out to the splendor of his beauty; they went forth as the great masters do, following the departing law, when the land is overrun by baser men.

And he beheld them, astir with their hair bound up in top-knots, as is the wont of devotees, and clothed in the bark of trees; and meditating on their penances, he stood there, hard by a great, wide-spreading forest tree. And all the men of the hermitage, coming up, gathered around that most excellent of men, and stood there, near him. And their elder, paying all courtesy and honor, spake thus to him with voice modulated as in the holy chant:

"When thou camest, this hermitage became as though filled and completed; but if thou goest, it will be empty indeed. Therefore graciously refuse to leave it, lingering like the well-loved life in the body of one who longs to live. For close by is Mount Shailas, of the Himalay, where dwell masters of priestly birth, masters of royal birth, and masters of birth divine; and from their nearness, the penances of our devotees are multiplied. And there are holy refuges around us, that are very stairways to the doors of heaven. And there dwell masters divine and mighty masters, whose spirits are at one with the law, who are full of the spirit. And moreover this northern country is most fit for worship, since the law dwells here in its excellence. For it is not fitting for one who is awakened, to take even one step hence, toward the south.

"But if, in this wood of penance, thou hast beheld any remiss in holy rites, or falling short of the law, or failed from purity, and if therefore thou hast set thy mind to depart, then tell it, that thy dwelling-place may be made according to thy desire. For those who dwell here earnestly desire such a one as thee, for companion in their penances, since thou hast such a wealth of holiness. For to dwell with thee, who art like the king of the gods, will surely bring us a sunrise of godlike wisdom."

Then he, who was the chiefest in wisdom, thus addressed by the chief of the men of the hermitage, and standing in the midst of the devotees, —he who had promised to make an end of birth and death, spoke thus his hidden thought:

"Through these kindly affectionate thoughts of righteous men, fulfillers of the law, and saints, desiring to shew me hospitality, as to one of themselves, a great love and friendship is born in me; I am, as it were, washed clean altogether by these loving words, that find their way to my heart. My passion has faded altogether away, though I have but newly sought the

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law; and it grieves me that I must leave you, after ye have thus dealt with me, giving me shelter, and shewing me such strong affection; it grieves me, as though I had to leave my kinsmen, and men of my own blood.

"But this law of yours makes for heaven, while my longing desire is for the ceasing of birth and death. And I do not desire to dwell in this wood, for that the law of ceasing is apart from the activities of these penances. Yet it is from no lack of love, nor from any haughtiness towards others, that I go forth hence, from the forest; for ye all are like the mighty masters, standing firm in the law that has come down from the days of old."

Hearing the prince's word, very kindly, of firm purpose, very gentle, and luminous, and full of dignity, the men of the hermitage honored him with signal honor. And a certain man among them, who had passed through the rites of second birth, who was smeared with ashes, of great fervor, his locks bound in a topknot, his dress made of the bark of trees, fiery-eyed, keen-nosed, and holding a water-pot in his hand, spoke to him this word:

"Sage, this resolve of thine is noble, in that, being still young, thou hast seen the evil of life. For, judging between heaven and liberation, he whose mind is set on liberation is truly wise. For it is through passion that they seek the way to heaven, through penances, and sacrifices, and religious rites; but fighting passion as the chiefest foe, they who follow peace seek the way to freedom.

"Then if thy mind be set as thou hast said, let my lord go without delay to the refuge among the Vindhya mountains; for there dwells the Saint Arâdas, who has gained the intuition of the better way of freedom from desire. From him shalt thou hear the way of truth, and shalt even enter on it, if so be thy will. But as I see, this thought of thine will enter his mind also, stirring it with a great commotion. For beholding thy face, with nose well-formed, as of a well-born steed; with large, long eyes; full red lower lip; teeth keen and white,—this mouth of thine, and thy red tongue will drink up the ocean of the knowable, altogether. And that matchless profundity of thine, and thy brightness, and all thy well-marked gifts, will gain for thee a place as teacher of the world, such as was held by the masters, in the ages that are gone."

So the King's son made answer once more to the sages assembled there, and took leave of them, in gentle courtesy. And the men of the hermitage returned again to the forest of penances.

Meanwhile Chhanda, the guardian of the prince's steed, very despondent that his master had renounced all to dwell in the forest, strove greatly, along the way, to contain his grief, yet his tears fell, and ceased not. And the way that he had gone at the command of the prince, in a single night, with the self-same steed, he now retraced slowly, thinking all the while of his master's loss,—the self-same way, in eight full days. And yet the horse went swiftly, but there was no fire in him, and his heart was heavy; and for all that he was decked with bright adornments, he was as though shorn of his glory, when his prince was gone.

And turning his face back towards the wood of penances, he neighed pitifully, again and again; and though hunger was heavy on him, he tasted neither grass nor water as of old, along

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the way, nor found any pleasure in them. So they two made their way towards the city of Kapilavastu, robbed now of that mighty-souled well-wisher of the world; slowly they came towards the city, as though it were empty, like the sky robbed of the lord of day.

And the self-same garden of the palace, even though it shone with lotuses, and was adorned with fair waters and trees laden with flowers, was yet no fairer than the wilderness, for the glory was gone from the grass. And hindered, as it were, by the people of the city wandering in their way, with miserable minds, the fire gone out of them, their eyes all worn with tears, they two slowly entered the town, downcast and covered with dust. And seeing them, worn, and going onward in bodily weariness, because they had left the bull of the Shakya clan behind, the townspeople shed tears in the path, as when of old the chariot of Rama came back empty. And they spoke thus to Chhanda, full of grief, and shedding many tears:

"Where is the King's son, who should make great the glory of his race, stolen away by thee?"—thus asking, they followed him.

Thereupon he answered them in their love:

"I abandoned not the son of the lord of men; for weeping I was thrust aside by him, in the unpeopled wood, and his householder's robe as well."

Hearing this word of his, the people went away, saying: "Hard, in truth, is this decision;" nor kept they the grief-born drops within their eyes, and blaming within themselves their own greed of wealth. "So," said they, "let us too enter the forest whither has gone the prince's might; for we love not life without him, as the soul loves not the body, whose vigor is departed. This fair city without him, is a wilderness; and the wilderness, where he dwells, is a city. The city shines no more for us, now he is gone, as the sky shines not, when the rain-clouds bind it up in storms."

And the women, gathering round the latticed windows, cried out that the prince had come back again; but when they saw the riderless horse, they clung to the windows, weeping.

And at the time of the sacrifice, the lord of the people prayed beside the altar of the gods, making vows for the recovery of his son, his heart heavy with great grief. And there he performed whatever rites were deemed of efficacy. And there Chhanda, his eyes overflowing with bitter tears, taking the horse, entered the palace, downcast and full of grief,—the palace that was stricken as though its lord had been captured by the foe. And he went towards the King's apartments, searching for him with eyes full of tears. And the good steed Kanthaka neighed with a heavy neigh, as though telling the news of evil to the people.

Thereupon the birds, that dwelt among the houses, and the swift, strong steeds, that were near, sent forth a cry, echoing to the horse's cry, woe begone at the departure of the prince. And the people, deceived into too great exultation, hurrying towards the inner dwelling of the lord of the people, thought, from the neighing of the horse, that the prince had come again. And from that exultation, they fainted into grief, their eyes longing to behold the King's son once more. And the women came forth from the houses that sheltered them,

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as the lightning flashes forth from an autumn cloud. Their garments drooping, their robes and vestures stained with dust, their faces pale, their eyes heavy with weeping. They were faint and colorless, and without lustre, like the stars, at dawning, when the red day comes.

Their feet were stripped of the anklets of red gold; they wore no bracelets; their earrings were laid aside. Their well-rounded waists were decked with no bright girdles; their breasts were as though robbed of the pearl-chains that had adorned them. Thus they look forth at Chhanda and the steed, at Chhanda, desolate, his eyes all worn with tears; and their faces were pale, and they cried aloud, like kine lowing in the forest, when the leader of the herd is gone. Then full of lamentation, the monarch's chiefest spouse, majestic Gautami, who had lost her child, as a buffalo loses its calf, clasping her hands together, fell, like a gold-stemmed silk-cotton tree, with shivering leaves.

Yet others, their beauty dimmed, their arms and bodies chilled, robbed of all feeling by their grief, neither cried, nor wept, nor sighed, unconscious, standing like statues. Yet others, heavy-laden at the loss of their lord, sprinkled their breasts, no longer adorned with sandal, with the bright drops that fell from their eyes, as the mountain is sprinkled with opals. Their faces gleamed so with bright tears, that the palace shone with the gleaming of them, like a lake, at a time of the beginning of the rains, when every red lotus flower is bright with water drops. And with their fair-fingered hands, no longer hidden under their adornments, their heads covered in grief, they beat their breasts, with those lotus hands of theirs, as the climbing plants of the forest beat their stems, with branches moving in the wind. And striking thus their breasts with their fair hands, they were like streams when the lotuses that deck them are driven hither and thither by the storm-wind of the forest. And the blows that their hands inflicted on their breasts, their breasts inflicted equally on their soft hands. So their gentle hands and breasts pitilessly wounded each other in their pain.

Then indeed Yashodharâ, her eyes red with anger, with bitter sobbing and desolation, her bosom torn with sighs, her tears springing up from unfathomable grief, spoke thus:

"Where is my beloved gone, O Chhanda, leaving me thus in the night time, asleep and powerless to hold him? My heart is as vexed by thy coming back thus with the prince's steed, as it was when all three went away. This act of thine was ignoble, unloving, unfriendly, O base one; how then canst thou return to-day with lamentations? Cease from these tears, for thy heart must be glad, nor do thy tears consort well with such an act as thine. For through thy means,—who art his friend, his follower, his good companion and helper, his well wisher—is the prince gone forth to return no more. Rejoice, for thou hast done thy work well! Truly a man's keen enemy is better than a friend, dull, ignorant and awkward. At thy hands, who hast called thyself a friend, and through thy folly, has our house suffered dire eclipse. And these women here, how greatly are they to be pitied, that their bright adornments are set aside, the sockets of their eyes all red with weep-

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ing, as though widowed, and all their glory lost, though their lord stands firm as the earth or the Himalayan mountain. And the palaces in their rows seem to utter lamentation, their dovecotes like arms thrown up, while the doves moan incessantly; losing him, they have lost all that could console them.

"And Kanthaka, did not even he desire my destruction, since he has carried off my jewel, while the people slept, like some thief of gold? Kanthaka, brave steed that could withstand the fierce onslaught of arrows, much more a whip lash,—how could fear of the whip, then, compel him to rob me of my heart and happiness? Now base and ignoble, he fills the palace with his mournful neighings; but while he bore away my beloved, this evil steed was dumb. If he had neighed so that the people were awakened, or the noise of his hoofs, or the sound of his jaws had alarmed them, then this heavy grief had not fallen upon me."

Hearing the lamentations of the princess, her words choked by tears and sorrow, Chhanda made answer thus, his voice broken with tears, his head bent, his hands clasped in supplication:

"Nay, princess, lay not the blame on Kanthaka, nor put forth thy anger against me!—for we are indeed free from blame,—for that god amongst men departed like a god. For though I knew well the word of the King, I was as though compelled by a higher power, and so brought the swift steed to him quickly, and followed him unwearied on the way. And the good steed too, as he went, struck not the ground even with the edges of his hoofs, as though some bore him up, and fate kept close his jaws, so that he made no sound. And when the prince would leave the city, the gate flew open, of its own accord, and the dark night was lit up, as by the sun; so we can know of a surety that this was fate. And even after the king had set thousands of watchful guards in palace and city, deep sleep fell on them at that very hour, so we may know of a surety that this was fate. And when such a robe as they should wear, who dwell in hermitages, came down for him out of heaven, and the muslin head dress, that he cast away, was carried up instead, so we may know of a surety, that this was fate. Think not then, princess, that we two are guilty, in his departure, for we acted not freely, but as though compelled to follow a god."

And when the women heard this wondrous tale of how their prince went forth, their grief changed to marveling; but when they thought of him as dwelling in the forest, they broke out into lamentation again. And the queen mother Gautami, her eyes sorrow-filled, grief-torn like an eagle whose young are lost, was stricken with weakness, and cried out, weeping, thus:

"Those locks of his, beautiful, soft, dark, and firm-rooted, that a royal diadem should encircle, are not cast on the ground. Can a hero of mighty arms, of lion stride, his eye like a bull's, his voice like a drum or a storm-cloud,—can such a one become a forest-dweller? This land, indeed, is unworthy of this high doer of noble deeds, for he has left it; for the people's worthiness brings forth the King. And how can those soft feet of his, the toes well joined, the ankles hidden, soft as a blue lotus, a circle

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marked on either sole, how can they tread the stony forest ground? And his body, befitting well a palace, with its costly robes, sandal, and perfumes, how can that fair form withstand, in the forest, the force of frost and heat and rain? He who was gifted in birth, in virtue, and power, and force, and learning, in youth and beauty,—he who gave ever, nor asked again,—how can he now beg alms from others? He who, resting on a bright couch of gold, heard through the night the symphony of sweet music, how will he now rest on the bare earth, with but a cloth to guard him?"

And the women, hearing this sorrowful lamentation, linking their arms together, let their tears flow afresh, as the climbing plants, shaken by the wind, distil honey from their blossoms. Then Yashodhara fell to the earth, like a swan robbed of her mate, and, given over altogether to sorrow, spoke thus, her voice choked with sobs:

"If he desires now to follow a life of holiness, leaving me his consort, as a widow, what holiness is that, in which his spouse is left behind? Has he not heard of the great kings of old, his own forefathers, Mahasudarsha and others, how they went to the forest, taking their wives, too, that he thus seeks holiness, abandoning me? Can he not see that husband and wife are together consecrated in the sacrifice, that the Vedic rites purify both, that both are to reap the same holy fruit,—that he robs me of my part in his holy work? Surely it must be that this devotee of holiness, thinking that I was set against him in my heart, has fearlessly left me sorrowing, hoping thus to win the heavenly beauties of the gods. Yet what foolish thought is this of mine? For these women here have every beauty's charm, — yet through them he has gone to the forest, leaving behind his kingdom and my love. I long not so greatly for the joy of heaven, nor is that a hard task even for common men, who are resolved; but this one thing I desire, —that my beloved may not leave me here, or in the other world. But if I am not worthy to look on the face of my lord, shall our child Rahula never rest on his father's knee? Cruel, indeed, is that hero's heart for all his gentle beauty; for who with a heart could leave a prattling child, who would win the love even of an enemy? But my heart, too, must be hard as his, hard as stone or iron, that it breaks not now, when my lord has gone to the forest, shorn and orphaned of his royal glory, instead of the happiness that should be his lot."

So the princess, weak and wailing, wept and thought and wept again; and though of nature queenlike, yet now she forgot her pride and felt no shame. And seeing Yashodhara thus distraught with sorrow, and hearing her wild grief, as she cast herself on the earth, all her attendants wept too, their faces gleaming like rain-beaten lotuses.

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"EXTENSION OF PREVIOUS BELIEF."

BY MARY F. LANG.

"NO one," said Wm. Q. Judge, "was ever converted to Theosophy. Each one who really comes into it does so because it is only an extension of previous belief."

All real growth is from within, and the person who appeals to us is he who tells us what we already know. He may tell us much beside that is equally true, but it does not touch us, for the simple reason that we have not already found it out for ourselves, or we cannot relate it, in any fashion to what we do know.

A reason for the acceptance of any truth is always concerned, more or less closely with a reason for the rejection of something else. One person may reject the popoular conception of religion because of its entire divorcement from a scientific basis, and yet not be a materialist. Another may reject materialism because of an interior asseveration of immortality on the part of his own higher nature, and yet scorn equally both emotionalism, and creed or dogma.

To either of these, Theosophy presents a philosophy which is both scientific and religious, and being both is always reasonable.

The widely diversified points of view of the persons to whom Theosophy appeals, prove its many-sided character. The fact is, there is no possible line of thought which is wholly unrelated to Theosophy—none which does not find its extension in Theosophy: hence there can be no one who would not be influenced by its teachings, could these but be presented to his consideration in the right way. And the right way is the common sense way—the method we would adopt were we trying to convince some one of the wisdom of a given course—say in business. We would not expect, in an endeavor to effect a certain business association, to convert another person at once to our own view. We must necessarily first convince him that we are familiar with his position, before we can hope to show him the superiority of our own.

Two conditions then, are desirable in the equipment of one who essays the advocacy of the Wisdom-Religion; —first: a common-sense knowledge of Theosophy; second: a common-sense knowledge of himself.

For without the realization that Theosophy is always common-sense, one can make no appeal to the reason: and without a knowledge of man's real nature, one cannot inerrantly discern the point of contact (which also marks the line of extension) between the view of another and that of oneself. Lacking this knowledge, effort to benefit humanity must be directed in hit-or-miss fashion. That so much can be accomplished, apparently without it, proves the force of Theosophy itself. Allow this force to flow through an intelligent conscious instrument, and there is no possible limit to its influence.

What is common-sense knowledge of oneself? It is knowledge, the truth of which is affirmed by the higher nature, and attested by the reason. It is knowledge of one's real self, mental—psychic—spiritual: knowledge of the laws by which it is governed—not simply tabulation of phenomena. Any one not hopelessly im-

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bedded in preconceived notions of truth, must admit the fact of phenomena not to be accounted for by the operation of so-called physical law, nor apprehended by the physical senses.

But if there are phenomena, they must be governed by laws just as orderly and just as inflexible as the laws governing physical nature. Admit the principle of Unity and it is at once clear that there is no plane of consciousness in the Universe to which man is unrelated. He must then possess faculties (potentially, if not actually) which will enable him to perceive all that exists.

Granted the existence of phenomena of the inner planes, what good will it do us to understand the laws governing them?

Reflection shows us that by far the greater part of our troubles exist in the mind. We suffer because we desire and cannot obtain, because we overestimate this, or underestimate that, because we have certain preconceived ideas with which the circumstances of our life and environment do not harmonize. It is of no use for some one to tell us we are mistaken or deluded. We know that he is the one who is mistaken.

But suppose some one comes to us who, understanding fully the operations of the mind and the laws that govern thought, can teach us to establish causes which result in removing from our mental vision the illusions that give us so much unhappiness. We then see that that which appeared to us deplorable, is opportunity for growth—for working with the Law instead of against it—for developing harmony instead of friction. And that person will have given us something far better, and far more valuable and lasting than any material aid or change of environment, for he will have shown us how to attain tranquility of mind. We will have learned that we shall find happiness only when we are willing to relinquish our selfishness and that it comes not to us through others, nor from anything outside, but exists within ourselves.

It would be quite worth while to so thoroughly understand one's own nature and that of others, as to be able always to help them to that which is really desirable and best; to have the insight to comprehend the mental condition and the mental poverty—the mental darkness and the mental suffering of others, and to know how always to do the right thing for them—in short, to make no mistakes. A study of external nature alone will never lead to this.

Theosophy is profoundly religious. Postulating first, Unity, there follows necessarily the Divinity of Man. True religion, then, is the tracing of the link between man and Deity. It is knowledge, through interior conscious experience, of the Christ that is within each of us. And this is not only religion, but is also occultism.

The first moment of true religious experience in the life of any one, occurs when he realizes that he is something more than a wayward, physical body; when he becomes conscious of that which the Quakers call the "inner light." And this light is much nearer than we have realized. If there is the soul, and also the personality, there must exist some present relation between the two. Who can or ought to know more of the soul than the personality which it informs? Dare I take the word of any one else concerning my real Self?

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The question, then, is how to proceed, if we really desire to know more of our interior nature. If, for the guidance of the personality, we have the personal mind, and if this mind, imperfect and uncertain as it seems to be in its operation, is really (as undoubtedly it is) our highest persoual aspect, then it follows that only by its cultivation and better understanding will we be able to attain to a knowledge of that which is still more interior. By "knowledge" is meant inner consciousness; not imagination or speculation, but actual experience. If we believe fully that the light of the soul is within, and that the reason why that light is obscured is because of the density of the personality, our first effort must be to render the personal mind more porous to light—more pervious to the Higher Thought. We must clear away the rubbish of the personality, and we are connected with all this personal rubbish by thought. So long as thought is colored by Desire, is prompted and vitalized only by physical experience, it is clear that it cannot lift us away from the plane of material consciousness—cannot unveil to us anything that is within the personal life. For the personal life, we must remember, is an effect, the cause of which lies within.

If we really want to know more of the inner life, if we want our thought to be illumined by the light of the soul itself—we must think more about the soul, for we always know most concerning that of which we think most. "The soul becomes that which it dwells upon." If we are to find out our relations to inner planes, material interests must be relegated to their rightful place, for "no man can serve two masters."

It is only thus that the attainment of pure thought is possible, and by "pure" is meant uncolored by personal interest. Thought that has no taint of the personality must be spiritual in its nature; must bear an intimate relation to the inner life—the life of the soul. And when one is consciously the soul, "the eyes see intelligently and regard the world with a new insight."

Simplified, this means that one may learn to let the mind use the body. It does not require the operation of the Higher Mind—the soul—to keep house or to sell merchandise, or to practice a profession, yet it is only by the use of the Higher Mind that one can really know himself. When, through self-study and concentrated thought, we shall cut asunder the personal bondage, shall clear away from the brain-mind the terrestrial dust with which we are so familiar that we do not even notice it, we will have made it possible for the real mind to shine through, and then we will have found that the real mind is an aspect of the Soul itself.

There can then be no limit to one's power for good. The Kingdom of Heaven once found within oneself, the secret of helping others is discovered.

A complete understanding of self—a knowledge, through compassion, of the needs of others—an instant recognition through "soul-wisdom" of another's point of view, and of the means by which he can be led to higher levels—this is the religion of Theosophy.

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CEREMONY.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE S. R. L. M. A.

BY THE FOUNDER-DIRECTRESS, KATHERINE A. TINGLEY, AT POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY 23, 1897, ASSISTED BY MR. E. T. HARGROVE, MR. F. M. PIERCE, AND OTHERS.

SYNOPSIS OF REPORT.

AFTER a selection of music Mr. Hargrove said: "We have met to-day to take part in the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Temple for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. I simply wish to point out the solemnity of an occasion which in former ages brought people together from the ends of the earth. I would incidentally remark to the people of San Diego that it seems strange perhaps that Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, the Founder-Directress of this school, should have selected this spot, never having visited the west coast of America; should have pointed out the exact location where the building was to be erected, and should have come herself only after all the preliminary arrangements had been made under her direction. It should be clearly understood that this school is under her direct supervision; she is the Founder-Directress, and those of you who get to know her better will soon appreciate why this is so, and why she meets with such hearty support. I need simply say in conclusion, that this spot, beautiful, as it is, as a picture of nature, will be made still more beautiful when this building is erected —a building which will be worthy of the objects of the school and worthy of its neighboring city, San Diego."

The Foundress approached the stone, which had been raised, and placed a purple-covered box in the opening underneath; then laying the cement with a silver trowel, she said, while soft music was being played:

I dedicate this stone, a perfect square, a fitting emblem of the perfect work that will be done in this temple for the benefit of humanity and to the glory of the ancient sages.

The sacred word was sounded as the stone was slowly lowered into place.

Assistants then brought corn, wine and oil, in silver vessels, to Mrs. Tingley who scattered the corn and poured the wine and oil over the newly laid stone. Other assistants brought forward symbols of the four elements, which she in turn cast upon the stone, saying:

Earth, the emblem of man's body; air, the emblem of man's breath; water, the emblem of man's inner self; fire, the emblem of man's spiritual power.

Fire was lighted upon the stone by Mr. Hargrove, who repeated:

May these fires be lighted and may they burn forevermore.

The Beatitudes from the New Testament were then read by Rev. W. Williams, following which Mr. Hargrove read the following passage from the Bhagavad Gita:

"Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein

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infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass. The senses, moving toward their appropriate objects, are producers of heat and cold, pleasure and pain, which come and go and are brief and changeable; these do thou endure, O son of Bharata! For the wise man, whom these disturb not, and to whom pain and pleasure are the same, is fitted for immortality. Learn that He by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and that no one is able to effect the destruction of that Divine Spirit which is everlasting."

Quotations from the Sacred Scriptures of the World were then read by various assistants.

Proclus declares: "As the lesser mysteries are to be delivered before the greater, so also discipline must precede philosophy."

Hermes said: "As is the outer, so is the inner; as is the great, so is the small. There is but one eternal law, and he that worketh is one. Nothing is great, nothing is small in the divine economy."

St. Paul said: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you."

In the Upanishads we read: "There is one eternal thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts. He though one, fulfills the desires of many. The wise who perceive him within their Self, to them belongs eternal joy, eternal peace."

In the Bible we read: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna; I will give to him a white stone, and in that stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

In the Hebrew Scriptures we read: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

A Chinese sage has said: "Never will I seek nor receive individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout the universe."

In the Orphic Mysteries it was said that "When the eyes that are below are closed then the eyes that are above are opened."

The Chinese scriptures say: "Conquer your foe by force and you increase his enmity; conquer by love and you reap no after sorrow."

Confucius said: "I only hand on, I cannot create new things; I believe in the ancients, and therefore I love them."

In the Indian Scriptures we read: "There is no other object higher than the attainment of the knowledge of the Self."

Montanus says: "The soul is like a lyre and breaks into sweet music when swept by the breath of the Holy Spirit."

Zuñi prayer: "This day we have a Father, who from his ancient seat watches over us, holding us fast that we stumble not in the paths of our lives. If all goes well we shall meet, and the light of his face makes ours glad."

Emerson said: "The law of nature is to do the thing, and you shall have the power; they who do not the thing have not the power."

A noted teacher has said: "Scrupulously avoid all wicked actions,

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reverently perform all virtuous ones. This is the doctrine of all the teachers."

In the ancient Scriptures of Persia we read: "Profess good thoughts, good words and good deeds, and reject evil thoughts, evil words and evil deeds."

The Bible enjoins us to "mark the perfect man and behold him that is upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The Buddhist scriptures say: "Attack not the religions of other men, but seeking whatever may be beautiful in those religions, add that truth and that beauty to thine own, to the glory of thine own life, to the glory of thine own religion."

Miss Anne Bryce then read. "Preserve harmony in your own soul and it will flow out to all others, for its efects are more powerful than you understand, and more far-reaching. Sink all thought of self, all personal ambition, the small jealousies and suspicions which mar the heart's melodies, in love of the work and devotion to the cause. Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness; and losing yourself in that, forget these passing shadows. United, harmonious, your power is limitless; without these you can do nothing. See to it then that your tone in the great instrument be pure and clear, else discord will result. Behind all sin and suffering—shadows, these—lie the divine harmonies of reality. These seek and finding lose not."

Mrs. C. F. Wright.—"The divine harmony of the World-Soul surges through our hearts in mighty waves will we but listen. In hours of meditation seek it, listen to it, it fadeth never, and a power and peace will be yours unspeakable, divine. From this knowledge rises knowledge of things spiritual, the gift of tongues and the healing fire. This is the song of life in which all nature joins, for reaching the heart of nature we reach the heart of all and read therein the most sacred mysteries of the ancients. Fail not nor falter in the endeavor to hear those harmonies. Remember that the cries of suffering and pain which so plainly reach our ears are but the discords which make the music finer, discords only to the untrained ear, and some day the whole grand symphony will be yours, to listen to, hearing it first in your own heart and then in the heart of the whole world. O suffering, struggling humanity, whose eyes know only tears, whose ears hear only discord, dying and death, awake and listen! The inner voice echoes a harmony sublime. Cease your conflict for an instant's space and you will hear a promise of salvation. Peace and power are yours, peace divine and power all powerful, so your deliverance has come; the light shines out, the hour is at hand, nature calls aloud with all her voices: Humanity shall sweat and toil no more in vain, man's feet shall be set upon that path which leads to final liberation."

The Foundress then said: "You have witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the School for the Revival of Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. The objects of the school will later be described to you, and it remains for me to turn the thoughts of those present toward the future of the human race. Few can realize the vast significance of what has been done here to-day. In ancient times the founding of a temple was looked upon as of world-wide impor-

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tance. Kings and princes from far-distant countries attended the ceremonies of the foundation. Sages gathered from all parts of the world to lend their presence at such a time; for the building of a temple was rightly regarded as a benefit conferred upon all humanity.

"The future of this school will be closely associated with the future of the great American republic. While the school will be international in character, America will be its centre. This school will be a temple of living light, and illumine the dark places of the earth. And I appeal to all present to remember this day as one of great promise, for this new age must bring a blessing to all.

Through this school and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of spiritual life, and the laws of physical, moral and mental development. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become compassionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they attain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world. Rejoice with me, then, and may you all share in the blessings of this hour, and in the brightness of the future which contains so much of joy for all humanity."

At this point a chant was sung by those taking part in the ceremonies. Then a tone upon a bell was sounded, answered by others.

After the ceremony the American flag was unfurled to the breeze, and was shortly afterwards replaced by the purple and gold flag of the school. While this was being done exquisite music was played.

Mrs. Tingley and the Crusaders then took their seats upon the platform and further addresses were made by Mr. E. B. Rambo, of San Francisco, Mr. James Pryse, Mr. H. T. Patterson, President Hargrove, Mrs. Alice Cleather, of London, Rev. W. Williams, of Bradford, England, Dr. Wood, of Westerly, R. I., and Colonel Blackmer, of San Diego. As Colonel Blackmer's speech deals with the influence of the School on San Diego, we give it in full:

In estimating the influence that will come to our city and its people from the establishment of a school such as this in our midst we must look for it along three lines—the material, the intellectual and the spiritual. And first, what influence will it have upon the advancement and prosperity of our city? We may reasonably expect that it will bring to us an increase of population that will be in every way desirable.

These beautiful locations lying all about us, where nature has done so much to please the eye and where genial soil and balmy skies are so well adapted to supply our material wants, will in the not distant future be occupied as homes for a broad-minded, intelligent and progressive class of citizens whose influence in the material prosperity of our city will be both active and beneficent. They will be interested in all that pertains to our growth and prosperity, and add materially to our advancement in innumerable ways.

Furthermore, Point Loma and San Diego will be heralded from ocean to ocean by the cable under the sea with the message as it flies to other shores, until in every land and in every tongue the name and fame of our fair city shall be the shibboleth that will become a

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synonym of all that is beautiful, grand and ennobling.

Secondly, what of its intellectual influence? The faculty of the school to be established in the building of which we have this day laid the first foundation stone, will be men and women of intellectual ability and integrity, specially trained for this work, and here will be gathered the working tools for mental cultivation—books. Here will be stored the nucleus of a library that will in time grow to such proportions and along such lines that this will become the Mecca of students and thinkers from all lands; and our own people (and I feel warranted in saying that their number will not be few) will eagerly seek for true knowledge.

And, lastly, the influence it will exert upon the spiritual atmosphere of our fair city by the sea. Here I hope, trust and believe we shall reach the highest level in all our endeavor. It will be along this line that the most vital influence will come that shall be for the uplifting of the hopes and aspirations of us all. Human thought is the most potent factor in every undertaking. It transforms the wilderness into cultivated fields, builds towns and cities, spreads the white wings of commerce on the seas, and puts a girdle around the earth so that thought responds to thought and takes no note of space or time.

The thought of any people determines the line of their progress. If it is solely along material lines, material progress results; if turned toward intellectual pursuits, there is mental progress, and the mental development dominates the material. When the spiritual part of man's nature is stimulated into a healthy growth, the intellectual and material activities are lifted above the grosser phases of manifestation, and progress is made toward grander thoughts and nobler lives.

Such will be the influence of this school upon our city and its people. Here shall the sign of universal brotherhood be elevated, and the torch of fanaticism and destruction, should it ever approach us and our homes, will be quenched never to be rekindled, in the atmosphere of brotherly love that will henceforth and forever flow from this centre of spiritual life and force which we have this day consecrated.

POINT LOMA.

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THE GATE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE S. R. L. M. A. AND
A VIEW OF THE HILLSIDE AT POINT LOMA.

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IN DREAM OR WAKING?

BY VERA PETROVNA JELIHOVSKY.

NOT so many years ago a party of Russian lads and girls flocked together, from all the four corners of Paris, in order to "see in," as is the custom of their country, the real New Year, that is the thirteenth of January. Most of them were far from rich, working in the great city, for their daily bread, besides attending to their various studies. So no dancing was expected, no great spread of any kind. Simply, the hostess, a motherly old lady, and her husband—the "would be magnate" he was ironically nicknamed in indication of disappointments his bureaucratic career had suffered, years ago, before he had retired to Paris to grumble at his case and make the most of his scanty pension—had heartily bidden any lonely Russian youth to spend New Year's eve with them.

All present were unanimous in wishing to spend the evening in the most Russian way. They all were preparing to write down on a slip of paper and burn it to the last particle, too, all whilst the clock was still striking midnight, the wish their hearts most desired. But in the meantime, fortune telling and forfeit games were tried and did not succeed. Most probably, because of the absence of real child element, though the ages of all the guests put together would hardly amount to two hundred. So the pastimes degenerated into talk.

"I wonder," a young fellow said, "why the looking-glass oracles should be so utterly forgotten by our generation? And the setting of the supper table for the midnight apparitions of future brides and lovers, and the best of all, the bridge oracle.* In the midst of all the present crazes and fads, when people are ever ready both to believe and to disbelieve anything, the world-old oracles of antique Russia ought to have a place of honor, if only there was such a thing as consistency in this world."

"Well to my mind, it only means that Russia has still preserved some common sense," suggested another.

"Shows how much you know about the present state of affairs at home," exclaimed a future lady-doctor, a violent blush spreading all over her baby face. "Why! I can assure you that amongst the upper classes, in any city, there are more spiritualists, mediums, clairvoyants and such like bosh, than anywhere else."

"Oh, it's not this sort of thing I mean," persisted the first speaker. "I have no interest in hysterical anomalies. But take the example of our great great grandmothers and of all sorts of Palashkas and Malashkas, their faithful handmaids. Who more healthy, more normal than they? And yet what girl, in their times, did not stop nights in abandoned bath-houses and barns, where, in winter, frost reigned supreme, and all to call forth the apparition of the future lord of her days."

And at this he came to a sudden stop, his neighbor having given him a severe kick under the table.

"Why! What is the matter?" the poor fellow asked, utterly abashed.

"The matter is that Lila is present and so it is prohibited, under the penalty of law, to speak of bridges, looking-glasses and would be husbands, likewise."

"Oh, Anna! You need not speak like that. True, last year, when the impression was still so very vivid, I was so foolish as to go into a crying fit. I am ashamed of it. But, you know, that now. . ."

*On the eves of certain days girls place a saucerful of water in their bedrooms, with a chip or a stick laid across it. This is expected to bring about dreams with a bridge playing an important part in them. If there appears a man on the bridge, his features will be those of the girl's future husband; if none turns up, she will have to go through life single.

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And Lila Vianoff whose diminutive person was extremely attractive and pretty, stammered evidently at a loss for a word. Anna Karssoff, the energetic young person who had so unceremoniously interrupted the first speaker, came to her rescue.

"That now you are satisfied there will be no *he* coming after you and likewise no destruction of bridges?"

"Yes, may be," answered Lila, with a reticent smile, but there was no assurance in her voice. The general hum of many other voices soon drowned hers. The uninformed asked questions as to her adventure, the informed hastened to satisfy their curiosity, for the most part, speaking all at once and spoiling each other's effects.

After a while everybody present had heard all about it. Exactly a year ago Lila made up her mind it would be good fun to pry into the secrets of destiny by the means of two large mirrors facing each other, and two very bright lights, right and left of her, which repeatedly reflected in the glasses formed a perfect avenue of fire, lost in the distance. Gazing in one of the mirrors, Lila met with an adventure so horrible, that either talking or thinking of it made her very unhappy ever since.

"It was only a dream," the girl timidly observed, in the vain hope of averting the general attention from her unlucky pretty little self.

"A dream indeed! Who ever heard of a girl falling regularly sick on the strength of a foolish dream'?"

"Also, who ever heard of a girl smashing expensive mirrors all on the strength of a dream?"

"My smashing the looking glass is a pure fancy of Anna's," said Lila, "that would be altogether too sad for my finances. In my fright I merely upset the table, that's all."

However, the desire, on one side, to hear and, on the other, to narrate grew so clamorous, that Lila's remonstrances and timid little attempts to turn the talk into some other channel were soon hushed up. She had to subside, but she firmly refused to speak herself. So the second-hand narrative, constantly interrupted and commented upon, went on the best it could.

The two rows of fire into which the girl gazed, soon began to fascinate her, attracting her as if *drawing* her in. At times, she felt she was becoming merely a part of the wondrous space that shone and blazed before her weary eyes. At last, she forgot it was only the repeated reflection of two candles; she forgot the very existence of the mirrors. The fiery path, without beginning nor end, stretching far away into unknown worlds had absorbed her, had *sucked* her in.

Lila advanced on this path slowly and listlessly, like a conscious but powerless automaton. As she advanced the lights on the sides of her path grew dimmer and scarcer, and soon disappeared completely. She found herself in darkness, surrounded by a cold waste of snow, her heart shrinking with anguish, fear, and, at the same time intense expectation. She knew she had to get on; that there, far away, behind the veil of cold mists there lay a goal, a longed for object of her lonely wanderings.

She plunged deeper and deeper in the snowy desert, but, strange to say, not a limb of her body moved. She understood she was carried by some power far greater than her own will, a power she could neither control nor resist. But she did not wish to resist it. She knew somehow, that the power acted in accordance with an aim of greatest gravity, of life importance.

At last, she found herself on some promontory or mound, and at the foot of it she saw the rushing waters of some stream, trying to break from under the heavy coat of ice and snow. There also was a building there. But was it a mill, or a chapel, or a living house? She did not realize. Her eyes were riveted to

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the heavy arch of a stone bridge, and to a lonely figure of a man standing on it.

That was all.

But the instant Lila caught sight of the man, she recognized it was for him and for him alone she had crossed the long weary desert. In her heart was joy and rapture, for that man was no stranger. In the days gone by she had suffered for him, she had loved him, she had looked to him for guidance and help. She knew all that well now, and yet how was it she never gave him a thought for even so long? How was it they were separated such endless ages full of loneliness and sadness?

The eyes of the man were turned towards Lila, with an expression of such warm affection, of such loyal devotion, that her whole being went out to him and she ran to the bridge where he stood. Not passively or inertly this time, but with a conscious effort of all her will, with the power of woman's trust and love.

Lila already reached the bottom of the hillock, she stepped on the bridge. The man stretched his arms toward her. One second more and she would reach safety and happiness, protected by one stronger, wiser, better than she.

But what is this terrible noise, the clinking of swords and armor, and the clatter of horses' hoofs? Mounted men canter to the bridge, they tear the girl from the arms of the one she loves. Did the bridge cave in under the weight of the fighting, shouting, angry people? or was she pushed off it? For a moment she hung in the space, catching to something hard and stable, then her arms grew too weak to hold on any longer, her grip relaxed, the cold air whistled in her ears, and she abandoned herself to her fate.

"Needless to say," laughingly said Lila, trying to look altogether unconcerned and composed, "it was not the balustrade of a bridge I caught hold of, but my own dressing table. And, please, do dismiss the subject. The whole business was a dream and perfect nonsense. But I do not like to recall its sensations. It was horrible, unspeakably horrible, to be sucked in by this road of fire. I imagine a man sinking in quick-sands must experience something similar."

A group of medical students of both sexes went, at this, into a discussion about the reality of sensations produced by unreal things. The names of Charcot and Richet were pronounced, experiments over hysterical subjects at the Salpetrière were described.

But the youngest of the party, a delicate looking little girl, with dreamy eyes, persisted in clinging to the previous subject.

"Lila, do tell me," she said, "what was he like, this handsome stranger of yours? Did he also fall into the river? Do you think you would recognize him, were you to meet him in real life?"

"Meet him in real life? God forbid! Was such a calamity to befall me, I don't know what I should do. I would hate the man, I would run away from him, I would hide myself somewhere," half seriously, half in jest, answered the elder girl.

"Why, how inconsistent you are. Did not you wish to see your husband when starting the whole business?"

"Honestly I did not. I did it all for sport, intending to make fun of the credulity of others. But I tell you seriously, dear, were I to meet a man in the least reminding me of my dream, I would consider it pure deviltry. And nothing on earth would induce me to make a husband of such a man."

Both girls laughed. But Lila's nerves were so shaken with either the too vivid recollections, or with all the chaffing and laughter, of which she was the object for the last half hour, that she nearly jumped when a loud ring resounded in the ante-chamber.

(*To be continued.*)

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STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

RIGHT SPEECH.

Although words are one of the chief means for the communication of thought and the interchange of ideas, they are at the same time often the greatest barriers between people. The right use of words is a very important matter and one cannot be too careful in using them, but, after all, words are only a channel or means of expression of the ideas that lie behind. I do not think we understand sufficiently the distinction between the letter which killeth, and the spirit which giveth life. Often in our conversations and discussions we will stick over the meaning of a word and knowingly and wilfully refuse to understand another because of a single word. Yet if we think a moment we know that nearly everyone is in the habit of speaking more or less loosely and a word will sometimes be used with different meanings almost in the same sentence. As students we ought to consider these matters, and I think we have it in our power to overcome the fault in ourselves, learning to express ourselves more clearly and at the same time to understand others better. It is largely a matter of simple attention; not merely an intellectual attention, however, which concerns itself with forms, and is critical and analytical, but the attention of the heart with the larger tolerance and sympathetic hearing which regard the spirit rather than the letter. The soul has other ways of expressing itself besides speech or any of the powers of the outer man. But the finer vibrations will not be recognized nor will the spiritual understanding be opened unless the attention of the heart be given and we are able to detach ourselves from the outer form. I think that one of the necessary steps in this direction is simplicity and sincerity in speech. These are certainly not characteristic of the speech of to-day. I think we talk too much and allow ourselves but little opportunity to develop that silent speech of the heart which needs no words and which concerns itself with realities and not appearances.

OPPOSITION.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have often been much perplexed to find an explanation for the opposition which is invariably raised by some against any new plan of work that may be proposed. This has occurred so often in our branch that I sometimes wonder if ever we shall be able to attain to our ideal of Universal Brotherhood. There is nearly always some one who almost glories in raising objections to every new idea put forward, and who will not even give the matter a fair trial but condemns it immediately.

President, —— Branch, T. S. A.

The above is not an experience peculiar to any one Branch of the Society, but is common to many, and indeed, has been the experience of the Society as a whole since it was founded in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and others. I think the root of the whole matter is selfishness and vanity. Very often opposition to a new idea or plan is merely a cloak for opposition to the person who originates it. In fact, in nearly every case it arises from personal feeling and not from principle. This earth, and especially in this Kali Yug, or Iron Age, is the battle ground for the opposing

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forces of light and darkness. Every effort made towards a higher and nobler life arouses the opposing evil forces which may be dormant in our own natures and in the natures of those around us. Not until we have called forth the very highest powers in ourselves shall we be able to conquer our own lower selves and when we begin to work with Nature and take that higher step to become one with her, we shall have to face the greater opposition of all the evil powers seen and unseen.

Universal Brotherhood may seem far off, but a fuller realization of it is much nearer than is generally thought. The opposition we meet with should not discourage us, for it is often the index of the intensity of our own efforts towards good.

This is a time of fighting, and we cannot expect to find peace and calm on the battle field, but these exist always within our own hearts and we may find them there if we will but look for them.

Much of the opposition we have to meet is not wilful, but is rather the expression of an ungoverned personality and comes from those who have not learned to discriminate. They, however, will have to suffer for their ignorance. But it is sad to think of the Karma of those who wilfully and knowingly oppose the work, whether through personal ambition or from any other motive. The true way to meet opposition is to follow principle and duty and to keep our highest ideals ever before us. No opposition can stop the Theosophical Movement, and we can but look with pity upon those who, in their folly and conceit, pit their puny selves against the irresistible power that guides the Movement forward to a successful issue.

FUTURE ENVIRONMENT OF THE VIVISECTOR.

EDITOR UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.—Many people do not realize that they are capable of thinking. To them thoughts are mere intuitions, which are scarcely above those of the dumb animals. There are comparatively few human beings who think in the deeper sense of the word. Yet we all believe that man is a thinker, and many suppose that his thoughts are the causes of his bliss or misery.

Will there be a future state, where those who have been deprived of the opportunity of thinking here, by their work and their associations, may think uninterruptedly?

Theosophy teaches that the soul rests after death, and that the countless thoughts which could not be even entertained during life, are thought out on the soul plane.

Should this happen to the vivisector, one would suppose this condition to be anything but blissful. The thoughts which would crowd upon the disembodied experimental researcher would be of two classes: those which were the outcome of his vivisections, and those, even more speculative ones, which relate to what he might have done, had not his victim unluckily died.

If we believe that after all this stored up potentiality of thought has been exhausted, the soul is once more attracted to earth—to an environment which so nearly resembles itself that it can give it the further evolution it needs; shall we suppose that the soul of the vivisector will be drawn back to a vivisectional environment; or that the uninterrupted contemplation of its former experiments will have purified it from any desire to recommence them?

ANNA SARGENT TURNER,
Secretary New York State Anti-Vivisection Society, Saugerties, N. Y.

The above letter raises several questions of interest and value to students, and for that reason is printed in the Students' Column. Perhaps the most important question is the *particular* one in regard to the after state and future environment of the "Vivisector," and this may properly be considered first. Have we sufficient

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knowledge to enable us to state what will be the future environment in any given case, or what will be the particular result of any given act? I do not think so. Our lives are not simple but complex. What is apparently a simple act done with a single motive is almost without exception the result not of one simple cause, but a whole chain of causes, and if the motive be analyzed it will almost certainly be found to be very complex, with a host of modifying factors. This is a matter that can be tested every day by anyone. Let anyone, for instance, consider his desires which in most cases govern his motives, even where they are not entirely mistaken for them. He will find that his desires are not one, but many, pulling in many different directions, now one predominating, now another.

An illustration will perhaps make the matter clear. Consider a river, the destination of whose waters is the ocean. Speaking generally, we might say that a stick floating down the river would also ultimately reach the ocean, but we do not know into how many currents and eddies it might be drawn, or whether it might not even become stranded on the bank. Every eddy, every breeze—and these changing all the time—every turn in the river would have to be taken into account, in order to know the exact course and destination.

The illustration may not be a complete one, but it serves to show how the thousand and one eddies and strong currents of desire turn us from the broad stream of life which the soul would have us keep, and which would at last bring us into the ocean of infinitude.

A more complete illustration is afforded by the proposition known in *Mechanics* as the "polygon of forces," viz., that if any number of forces act on a particle, the resultant force may be determined, if the direction and intensity of all the forces be known. But unless *all* the forces be known the resultant cannot be determined, and it must be borne in mind that in the problem of life we have to deal with living and ever changing forces.

It must not be forgotten that the soul is dual in its nature, that while on the one hand it contacts matter and is involved in the material and sensuous world, it is still in essence divine, and so long as the divine nature is not wholly obscured, *i. e.*, so long as there remains one aspiration, or one spark of unselfishness or kindliness, just so long will there be promptings, however much misunderstood or even unnoticed, towards a higher and nobler life. This power of the soul, in which resides free-will, is the most important factor in life, and while we may unqualifiedly condemn vivisection, yet I do not think we are in a position to say that those who practice it are wholly depraved. Consequently, if the state after death be the outcome of the thoughts of the present life, it will—in the case of the vivisector—reflect not simply those thoughts connected with vivisection, but also whatever thoughts may have been good and noble. It was taught by the ancients that the soul passes through *several* states after death, some of which reflect the evil side of life, and others the good side. This will be discussed later.

Since in our present state of knowledge it is impossible for us to know all the factors that influence any one life, we cannot say that any particular

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environment will be the result of any given act or acts, but granting the general proposition that for every cause there is an equivalent effect, we may rest assured that every act and, in a greater degree, every motive, avowed or concealed, of the vivisector as of everyone else, will have its due result and become one of the modifying factors in succeeding lives, until complete harmony be attained. In the case of some the soul may be drawn back to almost identical surroundings; in the case of others the soul may have learned its lesson, and therefore will enter into a new environment. But, in any case, the soul is drawn to and enters just that environment which is the outcome of its past, and also provides the *most favorable* conditions for its future progress.

KARMA.

Who is wise
Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek
All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
And so constraining passions that they die
Famished; till all the sum of ended life—
The Karma—all that total of a soul
Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
The "Self" it wove—the woof of viewless time,
Crossed on the warp invincible of acts—
The outcome of him on the Universe,
Grows pure and sinless; either never more
Needing to find a body and a place,
Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
In new existence that the new toils prove
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
Thus "finishing the Path;" free from Earth's cheats;
Released from all the skandhas of the flesh;
Broken from ties — from Upadanas— saved
From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane
As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
Until—greater than kings, than gods more glad!—
The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed Nirvana—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes!

—*Light of Asia.*

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REVIEWS.

*The Philosophy of Plotinos.**—Too great praise could hardly be bestowed upon this scholarly contribution to Platonic literature. It is not only scholarly but keenly sympathetic, and the style is so admirably condensed and clear that although there are less than sixty pages of the text it gives a luminous exposition of Platonism, Aristotelianism, Stoicism, and the teachings of Hermês, as well as of the Philosophy of Plotinos, "the last great light of Greece." Unpretentious as the work is, it is the result of ripe scholarship; and students will find it of great value, while to those who are unacquainted with the philosophy of pagan Greece it will read like a revelation. Those students of Neo-theosophy especially who have for years been dallying with the elusive classifications found in Eastern writings will find many vexed problems solved by the lucid teachings of the great Greek Master, Ammonios Sakkas, as preserved in the writings of Plotinos, his favorite disciple.

A decided improvement could have been made, for the benefit of readers unacquainted with Greek, by transferring the Greek words from the text to the bottom of each page as foot-notes; but this is of small moment, as the author almost invariably translates the Greek terms used. On page 23, a misprint renders *Eidôlon Psuchês* "image of the body" instead of "image of the soul."

The author gives the following analysis of the psychology of Plotinos:

"Every human soul is the unity of the following seven elements:

(1.) *Ho Theos*, The God.

(2.) *Nous Koinos*, Universal Mind.

(3.) *Nous Idios*, Individual Mind.

(4.) *Logos*, *Dianoia*, Reason.

(5.) *To Aisthêtikon Meros*, The psychophysical mechanism of sensation.

(6.) *To Phutikon Meros*, Vegetable life.

(7.) *To Sôma*, the form, body, matter.

"In presenting this scheme of pyschology, we must remember that nowhere does Plotinos give us a complete exposition of it; but it may be proved satisfactorily that he holds it, since he always speaks of these particular faculties in a consistent manner. . . . We epitomize the universe, when incarnate, by having organs by which we can come into communication with every one of the Seven Realms of which the world consists. Therefore man is *Panta*, all; he is a *Kosmos noêtos*, an intelligible world. The soul is not an aggregate, like a house, but a unity revolving around a centre into which it can draw itself inwards. The soul ascends to the highest heights not by addition, or adding itself to God, but by immanent union with him. . . . In order to show forth the relation of the small universe to the large one, we must premise that each separate faculty of man, while bound by an indissoluble tie to the other faculties, exists in a universe of its own. The physical body dwells in a realm of dead matter; the vegetable soul in a realm of organic life in which organic life is possible, and so on."

The author then devotes a chapter to each of the Seven Realms; and treats of Reincarnation, Ethics, and Æsthetics in separate chapters. Although detached quotations fail to do justice to the work, which should be studied as a whole to be appreciated, the following will illustrate its admirable clearness of statement:

"The World-Soul pities us in our sorrows, and during the intervals between the incarnations the human souls are protected by her, rising to the height that is appropriate to their development in goodness. While incarnate, human souls can attain to be as blessed and powerful as the World-Soul, averting

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or minimizing the blows of fortune, and becoming the World-Soul's colleague in ruling her body. Thus the World-Soul and all human souls are equal, inasmuch as they are only different manners of working of the Universal Mind; different revelations of the same life—just as one light streams in many directions."

"The human soul is not an aggregate; it is an organic unity of which God is the highest phase. We develop by simplification of soul. To enter into oneself, is to enter into God. Only with the presupposition of such a psychology can the true meaning of the famous maxim ["know thyself"] appear. Plotinos claimed to have received the conception from tradition that was secret. Philo Judæus claimed the same origin for many of his dogmas. Thus, by the purification of virtue, we rise and are delivered from the bondage of the flesh and of the world and ascend to the life of god-like men and Gods, when in beatific vision we shall see God, *Phugê monou pros monon*, the flight of the Single to the Single, face to face."

Students of Theosophy will do well to procure the book and read it closely.

The Grail for Aug.-Sept.—This number is almost wholly filled by the report of the Third Annual Meeting of the T. S. in E. (England). None of the short articles it contains call for special comment. This is the last number of the *Grail* that will appear, as it is to be merged with the *Irish Theosophist* under the name of *The Internationalist*, with George W. Russell and Herbert Coryn as editors. There is a mild sort of humor in the name of the new conjoint magazine, seeing it is to be issued from Ireland; but if the Nemesis of misnomers has pursued the *Grail* from start to finish, let us hope that the new magazine will be recompensed for the incongruity by inheriting the good karma of the *Irish Theosophist* as to literary finish and readableness.—ARETAS.

*Brotherhood-Nature's Law; by Burcham Harding.**—This work is based upon *Lotus Circle Manual No. 1*, the outlines of the latter being filled out and elaborated; each of the twelve chapters is followed by a series of questions. Theosophists will find the book extremely useful for beginners' classes, for which it is especially adapted, filling a want long felt by workers. As it is free from all technical Theosophical terms, and contains nothing that would irritate sectarian Christians, however orthodox, it is therefore excellent propaganda material, and answers to the non-sectarian character of the Lotus Groups. It is of convenient size, containing about 120 pages, sold at a low price; and will prove a boon to workers everywhere.

Theosophia, the organ of the Swedish Theosophical Society, devotes the whole of its August number to a report of the European Convention held in Stockholm.

The Irish Theosophist for September.—With this number the "*I. T.*" closes its fifth year and its existence "as such," since it is hereafter to appear in a more cosmopolitan character as the *Internationalist*. It has "gone a-grailing," and we have a nervous dread lest its new cover, under the influence of the late *Isis-Grail*, may display the Greek-Egyptian Goddess *aneu tou peplou* or a nightmare of snakes, Egyptian tumblebugs, and other symbolical "varmints." But as the *I. T.* had its own sad experiences with such title-cover vagaries in its early days, the new dress it is to don will probably be free from such eccentricities.

In "The Fountains of Youth" Æ. mingles prose and verse after the style of the old Keltic bards, reviving many legends of the fire-fountains of semi-Atlantean Eiré. "The Founding of Emain Macha" is concluded, as also the study of Robert Browning, and a

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short passage by "Iko" completes the number.—ARETAS.

The Arena for October is a strong number, but devoted mainly to political and economic subjects. The article on "Hypnotism in its Scientific and Forensic Aspects," by Marion L. Dawson, is merely an example of a certain sort of twaddle that passes for "science" in these days. It is superficial to the last degree, basing inconsequent theories upon mistaken notions. Nearly every statement it makes about mesmeric phenomena is either inaccurate or untrue. "Suicide: Is It Worth While?" by Charles B. Newcomb, is a vigorous, cheery presentation of sound philosophy, showing how each man is master of his own destiny, and that all suffering comes from within, proceeding from the inharmonious condition of one's own soul. Says the writer: "The supreme folly of the suicide is in the delusion that by breaking the slate he can solve his problem or escape it. He may for a time attempt the rôle of truant from life's school, but, like the schoolboy, he only delays his task and complicates it."—ARETAS.

The Pacific Theosophist for September.—This number is not up to the usual standard, containing no articles that show originality of thought or treatment; yet it is interesting as light "reading matter." "Theosophy in the First and Nineteenth Centuries," by Rev. W. E. Copeland, is fluently written, and puts forward good ideas, but it is rather too sketchy for so important a subject, and many will question the statement that "neither the devout Jew nor the philosophic Greek could accept Theosophy in the first century . . . yet the Christians became learned, and Greek philosophy was replaced by Christian theosophy." Rather it was that the philosophers among both Jews and Greeks were Theosophists, while the ignorant mob pushed to the fore with their anthropomorphism and sarcolatry, and secured an æonian reign of superstition and bigotry. The brief sketch of "Theosophy and Christianity," by C. in the same number, is more convincing, but equally unsatisfactory from an historical standpoint. The "Branch Reports" show a creditable amouut of activity on the Pacific Coast.—ARETAS.

*Theosophy Briefly Explained,** "written and edited by various students," is another of the numerous attempts to produce a simple little book that will make Theosophy luminous to the unenlightened mind. But that book remains unwritten. The present attempt has nothing to commend it over the many pamphlets already published, and is greatly inferior to *Elementary Theosophy*. It is disorderly in its arrangement of topics, and the ideas advanced in it are not distinctly formulated. Nor is it written in a clear and earnest style; in fact its origin is more easily traced to the pastepot than to the pen. Yet it aspires to be an elementary text-book of Theosophy such as will never be written until some devoted Theosophist rises to the moral grandeur of locking himself in a bookless room and forgetting all about Parabrahm, the X-Ray and the submerged Atlantean continent, while he writes a book in Anglo-Saxon about what he *knows* and has *heard* concerning man and the universe.—ARETAS.

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MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

AUSTRALIA.—The Society in Sydney, N.S.W., has suffered a severe loss through the death of an old comrade and an earnest and devoted worker for Theosophy. Mrs. Elizabeth Minchen died suddenly on Sunday, August 15th. She had not been ill long and her death was quite unexpected by her friends. Mrs. Minchen was one of the oldest members in Australia and has worked year in and year out for Theosophy ever since the T. S. was inaugurated in Sydney. She will be greatly missed by many to whom she had endeared herself through her warm hearted sympathy and kindness.

Since moving into new headquarters there has been a great increase of interest in Theosophy on the part of the public with a larger attendance at all meetings, the open discussions on Sunday evenings being a great attraction. The Daily Press gives good reports of meetings.

NEW ZEALAND.—The centre of Theosophic activity is at AUCKLAND. The work of the Waitemata Centre has aroused much interest and meetings are well attended. A Taraniki paper has recently published a long article contributed by Mrs. St. Clair on the "Laying of the Foundation Stone of S. R. L. M. A. at Point Loma," and has asked for further articles on Theosophical activities in America. The Theosophical monthlies, and weekly paper, are kept on file in the Free Public Libraries at Auckland and at Devonport. The two Thames Centres are working well and harmoniously, the Lotus Groups especially doing excellent work. Rev. S. J. Neill's lectures are well attended.

ARYAN T. S., New York, has resumed active work for the coming season under most favorable auspices. Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, as President, is the right man in the right place. He has proved himself to be a great unifying force and has discovered much good material, among the members, for speakers and workers, that had not been utilized before. The Branch meetings on Tuesday evenings are now held exclusively for T. S. A. members and every member is expected to take some part in the proceedings. This plan is meeting with great success. Public meetings are held on Sunday evenings, the opening meeting of the season being on September 19th; D. N. Dunlop lectured to a well-filled hall upon "Elementary Theosophy" and was followed briefly by H. Crooke and H. T. Patterson. The Branch has already taken preliminary steps toward the holding of a Brotherhood Bazaar as outlined in a circular recently sent to all Branches.

As stated previously arrangements have been made for two THEOSOPHISTS' DAYS at the NASHVILLE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION. The dates assigned to Theosophy are October 17th and 18th and it is expected that Mrs. Tingley, E. A. Neresheimer, E. T. Hargrove, H. T. Patterson, D. N. Dunlop, Mrs. Mayer and Rev. W. Williams will be present from New York; Dr. J. D. Buck from Cincinnati, and A. B. Griggs, from Providence, besides many other speakers and members from other cities.

AUGUSTA T. S., Ga., has recently lost one of its most active members, Mr. P. Desrochers who now expects

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to reside near New York. Mr. Desrochers has been lately making a tour in the States and wherever possible visited the Branches and members, everywhere receiving a cordial welcome.

MANASA T. S. (Toledo, Ohio) moved on October 1st into larger headquarters at Room 61, Currier Hall, Madison Street. The first meeting in the new room was held October 5th. On the afternoon of Sunday, August 22d, Dr. J. D. Buck visited Toledo and spoke in the open air at Golden Rule Park upon the subject of Brotherhood. A large crowd gathered around him and listened attentively for an hour. In the evening he spoke to a large audience at the Unitarian Church upon "A Practical Philosophy."

Many of the Branches of the T. S. A. passed resolutions on the death of Edward B. Rambo expressing appreciation of his devotion and work in the service of humanity.

New Branches have recently been formed in Savannah, Georgia; Florence, Mass.; Ann Harbor, Mich. Mrs. A. S. Heath of Seattle, is visiting Nelson, B. C., and through her efforts has interested a number of people there.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors:

A circular letter headed "Sanskrit Revival," dated Oct. 13, 1897, has been sent to members T. S. in A. to which was attached a notice without date signed on the front page with my name.

I beg to state that the part over my name was originally issued on February 13, 1897, when I was requested by the author of the circular to introduce him to some of our American members.

Since then letters from different parts of the country have reached me to the effect that members thought the study of Sanskrit was a part of the Theosophical Society activities at Headquarters, and in consequence they have sacrificed other duties.

I was consulted recently as to the use of my name in connection with the circular of October 13, 1897, and I then declined this with the explanation that it was contrary to my duty to call attention to, or appeal to the members of the T. S. in A. on behalf of any enterprise of a personal nature.

The use of my name therefore on the notice which accompanied the circular dated October 13, 1897, was not authorized by me.

Respectfully,

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

President T. S. in A.

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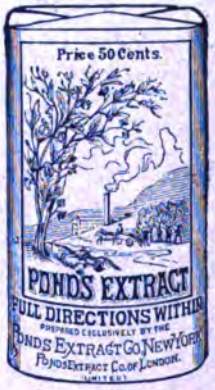

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FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF THE PATH BY
WM. Q. JUDGE

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD is a Magazine devoted to the promulgation of the principles of the Brotherhood of Humanity in the widest sense. It is an organ whose aim is to show that the Unity or Brotherhood of Mankind is an actual fact in nature. If this principle were better understood by the multitude or even by certain classes of Society there would be less strife and competition and more sympathy and co-operation.

The demonstration of these broad ideas from the Ethical, Scientific and Practical points of view will prove that there is much agreement between these systems on this topic, and that it is an underlying ground-work by means of which all Religions and all Philosophies agree also.

This magazine will endeavor to show the great similarity between the Religions of the world, in their fundamental beliefs and doctrines as also the value of studying other systems than our own.

A sound basis for ethics should be found.

Those who would assist the cause of Brotherhood should realize that it is of the first importance to discover as much as possible concerning the nature of man and man's relation to the world around him. The laws that govern his physical, mental, moral and spiritual being should be studied and investigated.

It is hoped that every sympathizer with the cause of brotherhood will endeavor to assist us in enlarging the circulation of this magazine. Subscribers will greatly oblige by sending us the names and addresses of individuals known to them as willing to investigate liberal ideas.

All writers who are interested in the above objects are invited to contribute articles.

It is in the hands of our readers to push the circulation of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD to an almost unlimited extent. **All profits arising from the publication of this magazine, or from the business conducted by the Theosophical Publishing Co., are devoted to propaganda of Brotherhood. All who assist us in this work are directly helping the great cause of humanity.**

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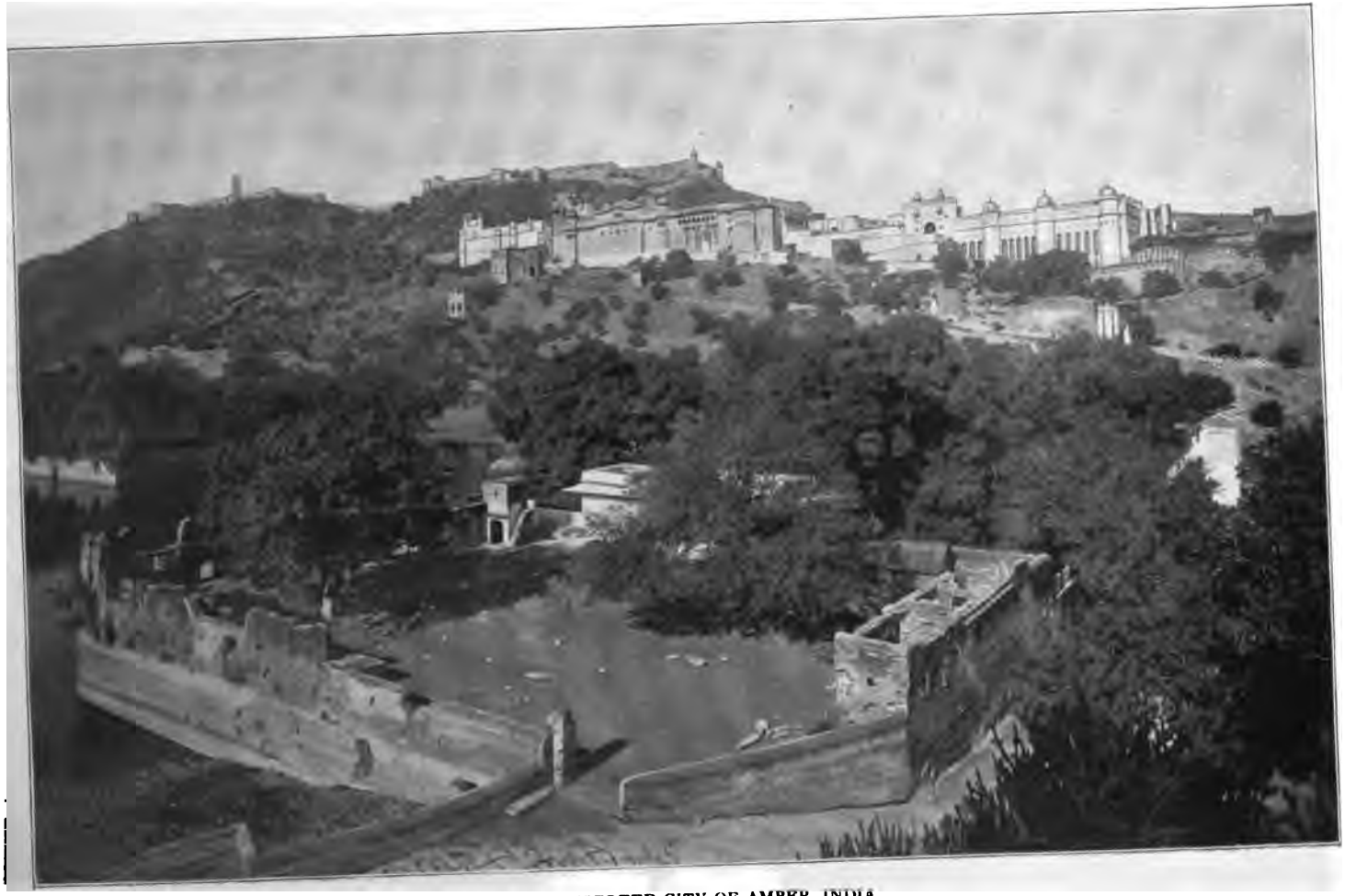

THE DESERTED CITY OF AMBER, INDIA.

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A U M

"Occultism is the science of life and the art of living."

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

VOL. XII. DECEMBER, 1897. No. 9.

THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

"Life is built up by the sacrifice of the individual to the whole. Each cell in the living body must sacrifice itself to the perfection of the whole; when it is otherwise, disease and death enforce the lesson."

IN the ranks of the workers for humanity there are many true hearts, many devoted souls, who through their very excess of devotion, misapplied, become unwise and work serious harm. Thus, in their zealousness for the cause and their desire to convince as many as possible of the truths of their position, they unconsciously make statements which are not only unauthorized, but have no foundation whatever.

We have all come across these brothers and sisters, and some of us have listened in pain at meetings in public places, to glib sentences about the work, from the lips of speakers who were quite unconscious that they were making statements not based on fact or any authority.

An example of this may be found in the statements which have been made concerning the S. R. L. M. A. Some persons have even gone so far as to say specifically what studies were to be pursued there; who the teachers would be, and what the requirements for admission would be, etc. Now, it is sad to have to chronicle that there are a few people who have been advertising the School in a manner which is the last thing in the world its Founder desires. And it may here be authoritatively stated, that the Founder of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity has given to no one information of any consequence. Those, therefore, who hear statements made concerning the School will know that they are without foundation and that, as its very name would indicate, knowledge about it will not be made public.

The overzealousness of the few sometimes works disaster on the many. In the past history of the theosophical movement good work has more than once been retarded or entirely prevented by the unguarded utterances of ill advised members. "Ignorance of the Law excuseth no one," and the harm which is unknowingly done, is harm, nevertheless. Now, we cannot deny that there is a class of people who revel in going about with only one mission in life, which is to disturb and destroy everything they cannot control. They seek to besmirch the good work and restrict the influence of those who are working unselfishly for the good of humanity.

Another class who would not wilfully destroy but who should be guarded against are those, who appearing indifferent to consequences, utilize at every opportunity the ideas of others in order to bring themselves into prominence and air the great knowledge they think they possess.

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The very fact that there are such people and that they will persist in getting in our way makes it all the more imperative that we should work steadily and persistently endeavoring to inspire others with a firm conviction that as they work unselfishly they evoke the helpful force and the real energy that can be utilized for the uplifting of humanity.

The world needs more impersonal men and women who will bend all their efforts to restore the divine ideals, so that out of the present disorder and unrest, perfect order and peace shall result.

Everything, no matter how small, counts when it is carried on in the right spirit and with pure motives. Let us not get into the habit of regarding things from the standpoint of expediency and compromise, nor feel we are bound to use one moment of our precious time in apologizing for being born. The world cannot be measured with a yard-stick, nor the minds of men with a tape measure.

What is our real mission in life? Are we to hug our philosophy and grudgingly deal out according to our whims small teaspoonsful at a time? We raise the question, having incidentally heard that recently in this city, a lecturer publicly declared "that it would fare badly with Christianity had its apostles left the word of God to serve tables." Think of it! at the end of this nineteenth century. With all the misery, despair, suffering and hopelessness that exist around us, that one presuming to teach Brotherhood should adopt such an attitude.

Has it fared so well with Christianity?

Did not the gentle, compassionate Nazarene the founder of Christianity "serve tables," heal the sick, comfort the oppressed and wash the feet of his disciples?

Is it not true if it had not been for the comparative few who did "serve tables" Christianity would probably have disappeared from the world long ago. Let us look around us, and out all over the world and see the great battle that is raging. Are not the wounded lying on every side? Should they not be cared for with loving and merciful hands? Are not their sufferings ours? And should we not exhaust every means in our power to help them?

Is this not the spirit of real Brotherhood? We might take time to reason about the cause of the battle and endeavor to avert calamities that might arise in the next century, but in the meantime the weak and wounded are dying without hope, and the suffering are enduring agonies untold. May *we* be delivered from becoming so absorbed in new theories, that we forget how to be natural and true in the highest sense. Can we wonder that under such circumstances people receive new theories with distrust?

Anyone with a grain of common sense who possesses a real love for his fellow men cannot fail to realize how important it is that we should be well equipped for our work, with our philosophy in one hand and philanthropy in the other. When the real spirit of the philosophy pulsates in unison with the hearts of men they cannot stand still, they must go out into the great broad world for their cause is the cause of Humanity. And so in time they will move into closer touch with the great hearts of compassion.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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"THE HELPER'S HAND."

BY ZORYAN.

THE high tide of civilization of this 19th century is only the prelude of an early twilight to the approaching day. Few are the real workers and only they have acquired a momentum of motion, while the masses, who benefitted by the results are yet at a standstill. They are not able to look ahead till they start to move themselves. And they imagine vainly that the time for enjoying the fruits of progress has come; that nature is conquered; the wide spaces are spanned by railroads and telegraphs, steam and electricity are set to work; the secrets of nature are investigated and society is in a perfect state. It is they who call the new pioneers dreamers and acquiesce in rest. Yet they have little reason to apply the term of dreamer to the Founder of the I. B. L.

No thin vapory dreams and no bare intellectuality are shaping this movement. No indistinct and personal emotionality is propelling it. The propelling force is the force of the heart which every child knows and every hero. For as a child obeys the first primeval forces of its soul and grows in bright harmony with the sunshine of the skies, and with the sunshine of its home, the hero is the same child healthily grown to manhood. He finds his sunshine in that harmony which pervades the totality of life, and the emotions which always run in some particular direction do only interfere with his work. His pulse beats exultantly with the pulse of the great shoreless divine life surrounding him everywhere. His interests are so wide that they touch and include the interests of all he loves, —and his love is as wide and quick as the lightning flashing from east to west.

If this is a dream, it is a dream of the Universal Life.

If it is a dream, it is a dream about very real things, for it includes every man, woman and child upon this suffering earth; it is a dream which every minute proves itself true in happy smiles, in rising hopes, in serene brightness of the mind and in the satisfaction of the heart.

And if there are any metaphysics in it they are only the threads between the one and all, the flashing rays of brotherhood, as it comes down as a white dove to spread its wings above the whole earth.

As the light of the sun is never visible till it strikes the surface of the air, or water, or this sweet earth, which it makes to blossom, so the metaphysics of the heart are never set at rest until they beam from human faces with that soul-radiance which makes civilizations grow. Nay! instead of running to the clouds, and some secluded places, they spread like glory of the daylight and penetrate into the deepest well and every corner of the human life and thought, and are as powerful as the Great Life itself.

Therefore, those who will help in this great work will live in open air and warmth of that great Sun of Life and those who'll play in harmony with the great music, will learn to understand it.

It is not a work of charity. It is the work of love. If you can not rejoice helping the meanest thing upon its upward path, your light is not upon it. Let your body do work among the bodies, and your soul among the souls. Thus all the vestures of the Self will be its channels. And remember that the Heart cannot receive any reward from the outside. The greater love and light and life, these are the rewards of the heart. It grows and unfolds its petals as a lotus flower, from its own germ divine, from that ocean of immortality, which is in every drop of life.

Therefore, for a compassionate heart every sufferer is a part of itself, and by no means outside. On the mirror of the

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lower person the images may come and fight among themselves, rejoice and suffer like some foreign pictures, like outward friends or enemies. But when the Heartlight touches the scene, it takes all pictures to itself, and they all weep or rejoice there, as in one great lucid diamond, as the integral parts of itself. Nothing outer then can be, reward.

You might call it the philosophy of children, or you might call it the philosophy of sages, but you see, the real, singing radiant life is here, so that if you wish to live and tear the gloomy veil of death which now oppresses human kind, though they foolishly look for it in the future, here is the chance to do it and grow in action.

The action will start at the beginning through the seven objects of the I. B. L. They are like the seven nerve centres appearing in the jelly-like substance of an embryo of the new cycle, which is dawning—and no matter how insignificant they may appear at the beginning, they are perfectly necessary to give an ever-growing instrument for the already existing heart and soul of humanity to manifest itself in the world.

Now let us discuss the objects one by one. (1) To help workingmen to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.

In order to do that, those dark clouds hanging above the modern age, should be as much as possible gradually removed and dispersed. The theological original sin has made just as much evil as the blighting materialistic beliefs. The masses are oppressed mentally even more than physically. This gloom should be removed. Light removes darkness. Now, what is light? We can touch people by mind, but we can make them see and feel only by the heart. For the hearts of people are suffering even still more. No! no amount of philosophy will ever be accepted generally if there is no heart beyond it.

The heart gives the ultimate sanction. Therefore we should learn to love people. Is it so difficult? More shall we help them, more shall we love them. They will become part of ourselves, part of our thought, so to say. Let us look ahead into that future, and it would be easy to love them even now, if we are not able to discern a divine spark, which condescended to burn in such primeval vehicles. Who then are we that we should shrink?

This is the beginning and foundation —the *sine qua non*. We shall be then the first touch of heaven to the unfortunate, and thus the hope shall be given, the first gloom dispersed and the first light brought in. Then the people will understand, that their salvation and their future are in their own hands.

Next, all theories discussed should start from this same radiant centre. Every question should be a ray of heart. Hope—a divine ray in time; brotherhood —a divine ray in space; justice—a divine ray in motion. To renounce them is to renounce life and to plunge into despair. And yet in the imagination of many these things are very indefinite and dreamy. Why is it so? Because people do not dare to live and do not dare to love eternally. Only eternal things we can love eternally and be serious about them. That means that we ourselves become self-conscious souls when we love souls.

Men should be awakened to the fact that they are souls, and their true dwelling place is the ideal and eternal world of Truth. Then only will hope, brotherhood and justice be of any value.

The heart should be shown as a power which is perfectly satisfied in the excellency of these things by such direct perception, that it even may rule the mind. And this is true nobility, which it is not difficult for the American mind to understand. When we have awakened to the reality of these things so far, and received so much happiness and light, it would be foolish not to proceed. People

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should be taught that only by experience can we learn that the heart is real. Theory may run ahead, but the experimental knowledge is the only true one.

After people understand that life is not an endless mockery, but something serious and real, they begin to rise on their feet. Life becomes worth living. And energy will be given to change the conditions to better.

Some people object to broad teachings and require details. They wonder what it will be, Capitalism, Socialism or even Anarchy. That shows a ridiculous and superficial understanding of the subject. The idea of brotherhood and tolerance is a good deal more important than any of the sociological isms. And an example of it is that this idea will stop all fighting between those isms. It is impossible to give to any of these isms a preference. They have to develop side by side without fighting and the political fanaticism desirous of reforming by force of one part of humanity by another is a form of narrowmindedness. Just as well to go and reform by force Dahomey or China. Evolution works best when it is free and unhampered. The vote of the majority is lawful, as Herbert Spencer has proven, only in those things which concern everybody, as war, tariff, monetary systems, etc. The American Constitution provides for that. But other things are local, not only geographically, but even sociologically. Every large society with its own self-government and by-laws is an example. It may spread over many states, but it is local in the sense of its peculiarities, which are perfectly unsuitable to other people. Many isms could exist as such societies. But no! they generally desire to make a political party and impose their ideas upon others, perfectly forgetting that their ideas do not concern everybody, and that only a very limited number of ideas can do so. This is as ridiculous as if somebody would propose to establish a state religion, because a majority wants it. But brotherhood and tolerance are happily guardians of freedom. They only can regulate the healthy growth of the modern nations, who are passing through a dangerous point in their evolution. And that is why we should leave all isms to themselves, but influence them to such a degree, that they would treat one another just as fraternally as individuals do. And this broad question is at present the most urgent one from the standpoint of true citizenship, which means less politics, and more private enterprise, tolerance and fraternal coöperation and help. The I. B. L. would have a very short existence if it engulfed itself in any political party. It was meant to have a brighter future, to stand as a messenger of light who is sent to work and move *actively* among those lost in a social whirl; but its movements will be angelic. No passion will touch it, no bitterness, no ambition, no desire of physical rule. This Angel will be in the world but not of the world. As says a poet: "Proceed O thou, an Angel with the radiant face! In thy hands there is no dagger crowned with the garlands of the mob, which pierced the breast of an enemy. There is a flash of another weapon. The Spirit conquers here only by a *divinely-human deed!* Thou art divine and above this earth, for thou hast gathered all sorrows of the world unto thee, for thou art divine love.

"And now thou dost return with the good message.

"Evil foams around thee, but thou dost not heed; thou throwest one more handful of light, and again it is brighter in the world; till thou wilt circle all lands and with the two-edged sword of light chase away from them the darkness of the death. Thus thou comest again!"

2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of the Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.

This object seems easier to accomplish.

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Who does not like children? The breeze of the fresh primeval forces of nature seems to blow through them from some far off diviner source. To see them playing in a group one would forget, which are his children and which are not. All are his children at such a moment, all are sunny bright beams of the same kind, some divine progeny, some rays of the eternal youth, from which the grown up people have wandered far away, driven by the relentless hand of the fate they had themselves created. And yet in their inner nature they feel this radiance themselves though they cannot manifest it with their darkened vehicles. But helping it in children and seeing it sparkling there they can enjoy it mentally by sympathy through their observation. O what wonderful chances nature gives even to a savage!

Now what makes out of a group of children a rosy garland, is that fraternal spirit they feel one to another. They do not care about the differences of creed, caste, sex, nation and color of skin. And to educate them on the broadest lines of the Universal Brotherhood is simply to keep their fires burning. Truly sometimes children show lots of the smoke, too, but it is faint and can be easily dispersed. Yet it is generally increased by trying to overcome smoke by smoke, by speaking to them too much about their faults and by refusing to give response to their sunshine, or giving a hypocritical response, while children have such sharp sense that they simply cannot be cheated on their own radiant plane, though they can not express their astonishment at those cold forms, to which so much is sacrificed. Now this second object of the League not only changes the old system, by renouncing the dead forms of the past and calling out to action the Spirit of Unity, but it prepares new workers for humanity and never will stop till all humanity is embraced. Helping the children we also help ourselves, for we actually sometimes learn more from them than we can teach them, though that can not be always expressed in words. We have here an illustration of a direct reward, which can be easily understood. Let this be as an illustration that this reward exists in the fields of the unselfish actions, and that if we see it in one place we can expect it in another, and that by profiting others we profit ourselves. Let those for whom it is difficult to love humanity at large start to love children, so in future they will learn easier to recognize the bright response in others. The bright dawn must come, but every ray of it must be conquered by ourselves, and let us hope that the bright, loving faces of the children will help us to begin it. Let us then give them a chance to help us; they are as many millions of ages old as we are, but because they remember it better, therefore our pride can just as well give itself up. By teaching us they become also the excellent workers in the grand total of forces striving to reach Unity and Brotherhood.

3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and assist them to a higher life.

Let us call them unfortunate sisters of ours, for when every bit of selfish passion is torn away, every woman is a sister. The name of the maiden is in Slavonic languages deva,—the same word as Sanscrit deva, and means radiant. It is of the same root as the word day. As men represent active part of life, so women do the shining part. Not because those two are separate, but because of the predominance of either. The law of cycles suits here also, for at one time an Ego needs to conquer and manifest new experiences, and at another time to weave them together into a shining robe of life. Therefore the life of woman is more inner and restful and harmonious and even nearer to spirit. Therefore it is no wonder that it smites every feeling heart with pain to see our sisters dragged

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to the outer edges of rough material experiences by the hard conditions and brutality of the age. To see those whose light made cheerful every corner of their home, whose silvery laugh was as if coming from some distant stars, whose fragrance was like incense before the Angel of eternal youth,—to see them cheated in their childish trust, to see them thought as the lowest servants of passion, to be ever kept under the lash of that worst slavery in the world, to see them driven down and down into poverty and degradation, with none to lift, with none even to send a helping thought, to see all this and not to help, and not to suffer with the insulted nature and its angels, and stand still with supreme contentment of the superiority of the miserable self,—to do all this is never to know what true love to this poor suffering humanity ever can be.

No! The Buddhas of compassion did not forget this point. Jesus did not forget Magdalene, neither did Gotama nor any other Messenger of the Fire-Mist. Let us then join in this great work in a right spirit.

4. To assist those who are or have been in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions of life.

When day has come its light is searching for every nook and corner, and tries to reach even the deepest well. When a wave of life strikes a planet at a manvantaric dawn, it dives even to the bottom of the seas, it surges even through the hardest stone. And the radiance of Brotherhood, the glory of the One Light, appears in the soul of men, it weaves itself in halos of a thousand garlands, it flashes in a thousand rays, till it fills all with its soft, suffused tender glow. Naught are before its penetration the prisons of the forms of custom, and naught are the prisons of the flesh and stone, and those worse prisons of human passions, hates and doubting darkness self-imposed. Through all this a heart will listen to the Heart, and it will not fail, when all else fails. For says a poet: "O you do not know, you sick, you poor, you ignorant, where is that divine lightning, the weapon of your future victory! It lives in your breast and is called Love, and it alone dissolves the mazes of the fate." The cowards say: The world is yet dark, the masses ignorant, the laws deficient, nothing could be done for the improvement of such depths. What a small experience! And thus the mazes of Karma grow, the unredeemed depths strike back, surge under feet, and many times tear the victory out of the hands. But there are a few who speak less by words, more by compassion, whose hearts are not directed to get reward, or to advance, but to help, to help, to help,—to help for the sake of Love, who know that in that Love their growth and their reward abide and nowhere else, who have lost themselves to find themselves in every brother, be he even a criminal without hope. These will do a real work, these will succeed, for the smallest words upon their lips will have a meaning and a most fleeting glance will be as a glance of the Eternal Mother.

5. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.

This is so self-evident, that no explanation seems to be necessary. Truly to say, there is no punishment beside self-punishment. That is the way the universal justice works. The wretch goes to drown himself in the water, the water comes not to drown the wretch. Once the wretch is in the water, the waves come and go, of course, and close over his head, but that self-conscious part of him which suffers, always descends wilfully, though not always remembers it after submersion. Even in cases of accidents, floods, earthquakes, if we suffer at all, we suffer because we thought of it. Mr. Judge wrote that all catastrophes are connected directly with mankind, and the Secret Doctrine says that we make bad Karma, whether we *do* evil or simply

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brood over mischief in our thoughts. They are certain to return and often in a very material shape. This being the case, the punishment by law is also the expression of uncharitable and hard feelings of the sufferer himself coming back to him. The judges and lawmakers are the channels of the force generated by evil-doers. They do it quite unconsciously, too, and as if propelled by some invisible hand, working through the customs of the country. Neither judges nor lawmakers feel any special revenge, though they may talk about the revenge of society, nor is there a very great necessity to protect the community by death of a culprit, other means being available. This illogical talk shows the great power of the fatal force working unflinchingly through unconscious channels, whose lack of discriminative power makes them easy tools. But once men will understand the ways of the Great Law, they will refuse to be channels of such bad Karma and will turn their labors into more worthy directions, perhaps into giving spiritual help to those whom they now suppose to kill, but in reality with whom they never will part through many a rebirth.

More merciful is Nature than the most ideal Gods created by human imagination, and more just is she. Her purposes run through eternities, and her ways and patterns are magnificently wide and liberal, even so much that there is left enough space for our own mistakes and foolishness, which in her wonderful hand she turns into our lessons. She is the magician which succeeds to make a truth out of a thousand lies, which makes beauty out of a thousand imperfections. Nothing is wasted in her hands, for she is the Great Mother, and out of her Unity the Universe was created, not by or from a something new, but directly out of her great substance by numberless divisions and reflections in those dividing films, so that every imperfection is a limited perfection and every lie is a limited Truth. All is her part and all will return to her, the just and the unjust, each in his own way.

For nothing is evil by its essence, only by its limitations. Would then those limitations be increased by the shadow of death between us and those whose sin and whose shame is ours, and whose Karma is inextricably interwoven with our Karma. Thus, omitting quite a grave aspect, that the liberated phantom of the soul of the criminal may prove more dangerous after death, and omitting the circumstance that mistakes are often made and innocent people killed, and that in the hands of political or fanatical persecutors frightful red excesses are committed,—the fact alone that we have cold sympathy excludes the possibilities of our divine essence to meet bravely our Karma throughout the world and by destruction of our limitations to return to the Universal Life.

6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship.

And well Americans might do it, who are a mixture of so many races. But the confusion of national ideas in other countries has not yet passed. The great improvement was made in Europe in this century, which can be called a century of awakening of the nations. France is liberated, Italy united, Germany consolidated, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania freed, Hungary raising its head, Ireland awakening to the great culture of its past, Poland to the great ideals born of suffering,—Russia opening her eyes like a baby-giant, smiling brightly to the morning,—and how much friendship was born from mutual aid and sympathy! International fairs and congresses led to international societies; the nations started to work together, first in science, then made feeble attempts at political concerts, then in social questions.

The time when a nation regarded every

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other nation as a savage one is securely past, although the old feeling yet atavistically smoulders, and can be taken advantage of by political adventurers in moments of passion. Yet the Angel of international thought and intelligence seems to punish quickly any narrow jingoism, if not by actual force, then by just criticism. The light of the West is even so strong that it reacts on India, till she will also awaken. The movement went even as far as Japan and even China, in its outer form. And even so-called primitive races, which are in reality remnants of the grand old races, are being reached and their mental growth is regarded with sympathy. Attempts are made to protect the African races from slavery, and in America it was done at a great sacrifice. The good forces are at work already, the I. B. L gathers them into one centre, gives them ever moving life, gives them mind and constant care. The undertaking is stupendous, and who knows how much literature, poetry and art will win by the taking up of new ideals. Only those ideals will live which dare to claim a real life,—and mediæval romanticism which deserted the orphan earth and went to live in idle dreams, will return as something else, as an awakened hero of bones and blood, who, as a knight in a fable will free from the chains of sleep and dreaming the princess of the human force, the force of heart, whence only a true awakening can arise.

There are colors which only can be got by combining all other colors, and there are the glories which can be obtained only by the joined light of the glories of the civilization of every nation of this earth. For every nation has a spiritual mission to perform, a new understanding of life to develop, a new idea, a new color, a new psychic essence. And for whom is all this? Not for themselves, but to share with all humanity.

Every notion is a revelation in itself for those who sympathize with it. It seems as if a new space was opened, new truth learnt, a new tone sounded, and some old unknown longing of the heart is now known anew and satisfied. Who knows how many ages of the past blow their fragrant wind of reminiscence to the wondering soul, who loved so much, who did so much? If that is so, why should we care, that old shadows may be also brought by breezes,—and why should we not awake ourselves so much as to regard them like something of the nature of the theatrical curtains, beyond which are they who charm our soul, that it weeps or smiles for joy? And so it looks, when so many wars, oppressions, jealousies are forgotten and forgiven in the blue distance of history, and the ancient charm remains and smites the heart through the blue air with pain, reminding of home-sickness, and with the joy of hope immortal that the true essence is never dead, for it descended and will descend again from that eternal generation, where none is born—"gens æterna, in qua nemo nascitur."

7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and generally to extend aid, help and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

This object has to do with occasional chronic cases, which, nevertheless happen so often in the world at large, that they require nearly constant care.

And the care shall be given by those who understand what Universal Brotherhood means, and that it does not exclude a single human being in its scope. The previous six objects include a good deal, but this one rounds all. It includes alike rich and poor, old and young, men and women, virtuous and vicious, friends and enemies, cultured and savages. The humanity of earth has to prepare to be a vehicle of Celestial Humanity, which is mystically One. Therefore its vehicle should learn to be an organism. Now a normal organism has no dead or neglected parts,—and it is connected

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throughout. The awful significance of a lack of it is illustrated by a thing which sometimes happens to a squid, whose brain consists of eight brains, each connected with others by a nerve thread and each lying at the base of one of its eight gigantic feet. It happens sometimes, that the thread is broken and that some of the brains are disconnected for a time, till it restores itself. The movements of the feet become disconnected also, and the feet fight between themselves, or even get eaten by the mouth of the same body.

This animal illustrates volumes of philosophy. It was built by a long process of evolution out of a *colony* of animals, which grew into unity physically, and it may relapse into a state which is quite barbaric for it in its consequences. And yet the entity is one. Humanity is also one, and yet . . . therefore, if humanity is destined to grow into an organism, to what may amount the talks about the survival of the fittest, and so on? Just as well talk about the survival of the fittest fingers on the hand. O let us free ourselves from these terrible dreams of modern science! "Sursum corda!" The sun is bright, the life is beautiful, the future is smiling and inviting, and one preserves the many in its embrace. If you *think* so, then you will *be* so, and matter will obey. Do not be afraid of matter. It is a mirror only of your mind of past and present. The future you shall make yourself. And you are doubting yet. You ask, where are those nerve threads to carry the life of all my brother men into my head, that you might see it and believe? Tell me then where are the nerve-threads between the phagoeytes of your own blood and a small inflamed wound of yours? And know, they feel the message; look how they haste, how they climb through the smallest holes in the blood vessels, how bravely they meet every microbe entering your wound and fight with them to the bitterest end. You see it? Then think! "Sapienti sat."

Now the floods, famines, wars, . . . they all correspond to wounds in the human body. Let us hear, call and hasten, otherwise the smallest things, which feel the pain and trembling of the whole body, just as they do the light and joy, will make us blush with shame.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

From a Northern Star-Group to a Southern.

Welcome Brazilian brother—thy ample place is ready;
A loving hand—a smile from the north—a sunny instant hail!
(Let the future care for itself, when it reveals its troubles, impedimentas,
Ours, ours the present throe, the democratic aim, the acceptance and the faith;)
To thee to-day our reaching arm, our turning neck—to thee from us the expectant eye,
Thou cluster free! thou lustrous one! thou, learning well,
The true lesson of a nation's light in the sky,
(More shining than the Cross, more than the crown)
The height to be superb, humanity.—*Walt Whitman.*

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RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VII.—TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

(*Continued.*)

It would seem that women are more largely swayed by destiny than ourselves. . . They are still nearer to God, and yield themselves with less reserve to the pure workings of the mystery. . . They lead us close to the gates of our being. . . Do I not know that the most beautiful of thoughts dare not raise their heads when the mysteries confront them? . . It is we who do not understand, for that we never rise above the earth-level of our intellect. . . She will never cross the threshold of that gate; and she awaits us within, where are the fountain-heads. . . For what has been said of the mystics applies above all to women, since it is they who have preserved the sense of the mystical in our earth to this day.—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

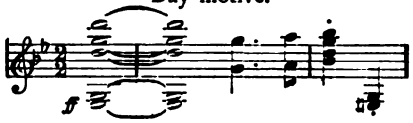
In the Kingdom of Harmony there is no beginning and no end; just as the objectless and self-devouring fervor of the soul, all ignorant of its source, is nothing but itself, nothing but longing, yearning, tossing, pining—and *dying out, i. e.*, dying without having assuaged itself in any "object"; thus dying without death, and therefore everlasting falling back upon itself.—WAGNER'S *Artwork of the Future*, 1849.

IN a drama concerned so much with soul-events as this we have but little to do with Time and Space. We therefore find here no definite lapse of time indicated between Acts I and II. From subsequent events it is evident that Isolde is resting after the voyage prior to the celebration of the nuptials with King Marke. Since that memorable landing she and Tristan have been apart; but Isolde has never departed from her resolve to win Tristan from the Day and "take him hence to the Night" of the inner life, and so she seizes the opportunity for a meeting when the royal party are absent on a night hunt.

The scene is in the garden outside her apartments and the Act is divided into three parts: Isolde's expectancy; the great scene between Isolde and Tristan; and the surprise by Marke and his hunting-party.

The wonderful music of the first scene has been sufficiently described by Mr. Neresheimer in the August number of *Theosophy*, and therefore I will only call attention to the theme which breaks like a shrill and menacing cry on the shimmering silence of the summer evening. It is the motive of that terrible Day, from the torment and illusion of which the soul is yearning to flee.

Day-motive.



But the soul that aspires to the higher life always has an enemy in the shape of its own lower nature, which arises at the portal and seeks to bar its progress. In Tristan's case this foe is Melot, a fellow-knight, who pretends to be his friend but is really jealous of him. While Isolde is waiting for Tristan, Braugaene warns her of this danger: "Thinkest thou," she urges, "because thou art blind the world has no eyes for thee?" She knows that Isolde is not of this world and does not see with its eyes, and so she tries to show her that Melot planned the night-hunt, whose faint horn-echoes can be heard, in order to entrap them unawares.

But Isolde, with wider vision, knows that this seeming enemy will prove a friend by hastening their final release. She hints to Braugaene of a greater power behind these works of friend and foe which moulds them all in the end for good:

Frau Minne, knew'st thou not?
Of her Magic saw'st not the sign?
The Queen with heart
Of matchless height,
Who brings by Will
The worlds to light;
Life and Death
Are left in her sway

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To be woven of sweetness and woe;
While to love she lets hatred grow.

This "Frau Minne" is the great Love-Spirit of the Universe herself, the Universal Mother, in whom now Isolde declares her absolute faith and trust.

The signal for Tristan is to be the extinguishing of a torch, the symbol of "daylight's glare," which stands at the gate; and, telling Braugaene to depart and keep watch, Isolde puts it out with the words:

Frau Minne bids
Me make it Night
. . .
The torch—
Though to it my life were bound,—
Let *laughter*,
As I slake it, be the Sound!

Have we not heard of this "laughter" before in the *Ring of the Nibelung* associated with "love" and "death" when Brynhild greets Siegfried on her awaking?

Tristan quickly answers to the signal and the first words of greeting tell us—if we need the assurance—that they have not met since Day tore them asunder on the ship: "Dare I to dream it? . . . Is it no trick? Is it no tale?" But the first joyful transports over they speedily soar into higher realms of consciousness where their speech is that of the Mysteries:

Past the search
Of sense uplifted!
Light beyond
The reach of leaven!
Flight from earth
To farthest heaven.
. . .
Forever only one
Till World and Will be done!

And then together they review the mistakes of the past. Isolde tells Tristan it was "the Day that lied in him" when he came to Erin to woo her for Marke and "doom his true-love to death." For death indeed it would be to her to be chained to the Day of Marke; and Tristan truly answers: "In the Day's bedazzliug shine, how were Isolde mine?" Then he goes on to tell of the inner vision which had come to him in the midst of earthly fame:

What, in the chaste night, there,
Lay waiting deeply hidden;
What without knowledge or thought,
In the darkness my heart had conceived;
A picture that my eyes
Had never dared to behold,
Struck by the day's bright beams
Lay glittering in my sight.

It was "Day's false glare," as Isolde shows him, which blinded his inner vision then; but now he is being gently led by her, step by step, as "head" is led by "heart." It is the central scene of an allegory of initiation where the innermost mysteries are being gradually unfolded to the soul's gaze. The supreme moment is close at hand as Tristan proclaims that,

He who, loving, beholds Death's Night,
To whom she trusts her secret deep—
For him Day's falsehoods, fame and honour,
Power and gain, so radiantly fair,
Are woven in vain like the sunbeam's dust.
Amid the Day's vain dreams
One only longing remains,
The yearning for silent Night. . . .

A motive is now heard which seems to be expressive of the throwing off of all earthly desire, and the supreme bliss of Union with the All. This motive appears again with magnificent effect later in this Act and also at the end of the drama, in Isolde's transfiguration, to her last words: "In the World's yet one all swallowing Soul—to drown—go down—to nameless Night—last delight!" Its entry, therefore, at this point, should be noted:

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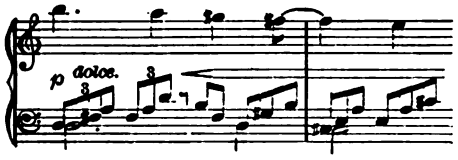
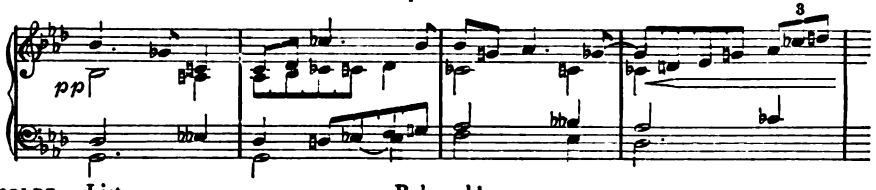
World-Union Motive.



Immediately there follows the first great climax with the perception of this truth—the first glimpse of the Unity of Being :—

Sleep-motive.



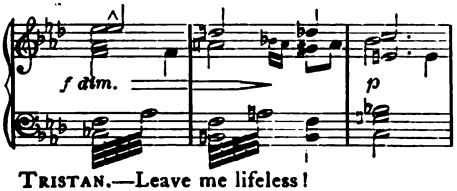
ISOLDE.—List, Beloved!

Deep in our hearts the Sun is hid,
The stars of Joy light laughing up.

And I myself—am now the World!

As they sink back in deep absorption of this wondrous vision, Braugaene,

Death-motive.



TRISTAN.—Leave me lifeless!

hidden in her watch-tower, is heard warning them that "Night is now at speed." Isolde hears her, and gently whispers "List belovéd," while a motive of great peace and restfulness appears.

It is derived from the motive of Death-defiance and is followed by a new form of the Death-motive to Tristan's answer, "Leave me lifeless!"

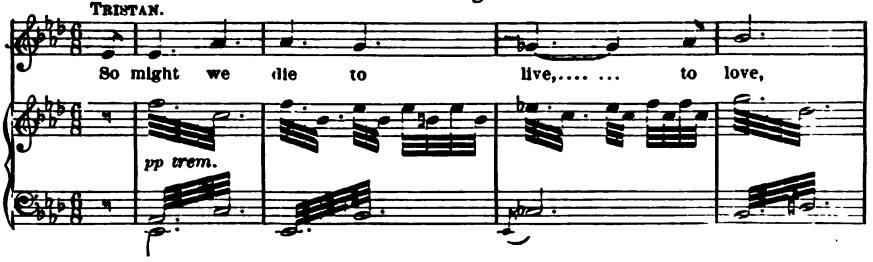
Finding Tristan is still firm in his death-resolve, Isolde leads him yet a step further. He has felt his oneness with all humanity and now he must understand the mystery of his own new birth, as something higher than his present self, through this mystical love-death.

"But our love," she asks, "is not its name Tristan *and* Isolde?" Did Tristan go *alone* to death that bond would be disturbed. So the second truth flashes on him: they will "die to *live*, to love, ever united" in a "*nameless*" (*namenlos*) state in which they will be "surrendered wholly each to each."

As Tristan makes this further advance the motive of the Death-song appears in which Isolde presently joins:

Again comes the warning voice, "Already Night gives way to Day"; but the soul is now past all fear of illusion, and with imposing mien Isolde's fiat goes forth: "Henceforth ever let Night protect us." The second climax is reached and together they burst forth with the song:

Death-Song.



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O endless Night, blissful Night,

. . .

Fervently longed-for Death-in-Love.

. . .

Thou, Isolde—Tristan, I,
No more Tristan, nor Isolde;
Nameless, ever undivided. . . .

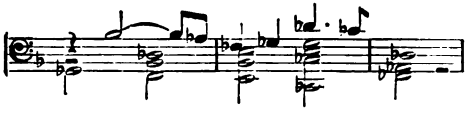
And the music! How can it be described? Once more the theme of the Death-song appears combined with a soaring theme of ecstasy, and the whole is worked up with ever more superhuman power until the supreme height is reached with the re-entry of the all embracing World-Union motive to the words, "Ceaseless, whole, and single soul."

On the last word of the song a shriek is heard from Braugaene and Kurvenal rushes in with drawn sword, crying: "Save thyself, Tristan." He is followed by Marke, Melot and others. How Tristan now regards them is seen by his ejaculation: "The barren Day, for the last time!" Morning is dawning as the echoes of the great song of bliss die away and Melot triumphantly asks Marke if he has not accused Tristan truly. Now comes the greatest pain for Tristan and he sees how deep a wrong he did to Marke in winning Isolde for him. The good and noble-hearted King is torn with grief at the faithlessness of his friend, which he cannot understand: "Oh, where shall truth be found, now Tristan is untrue?" And as, in broken voice, he tells how, left widowed and childless, he loved Tristan so that never more he wished to wed, the unhappy knight sinks his head in greater and greater grief. Marke's words about the princess whom Tristan would fain woo for him are significant:*

Her, my desire ne'er dared approach,
Before whom passion awestruck sank.
Who, so noble, fair and holy,
Bathed my soul in hallowed calm . . .

But what comes out most strongly is the pathos of his inability to fathom "the undiscovered, dark and dread mysterious cause" of it all. Upright and noble, this royal figure is yet but the expression of the best that the outer world of Day can offer. The Mysteries are a closed book to him. All this finds a concrete expression in the Marke-motive:

Marke-motive.



How thoroughly everyone who has entered at all into the realm of Occultism can sympathize both with Marke and Tristan! How well they know the truth of Tristan's words as he raises his eyes with sympathy to his heartbroken friend:

O king, in truth I cannot tell thee,—
And none there is that e'er can give thee
answer.

But the music tells us, for it sounds the first Tristan-Isolde motive, which passes into the peaceful Slumber-motive as Tristan turns to Isolde and asks her if she will now follow him to the land where the sun never shines. Isolde replies:

When Tristan falsely wooed
Isolde followed him then . . .
Thou takest me now to thine own
To show me thy heritage;
How should I shun the land
That encircles all the world?

The World-Union motive sounds again as Tristan bends down and kisses her softly on the forehead. Melot starts forward in fury and Tristan, drawing his sword, reproaches Melot for his treachery, and then attacks him. As Melot points his sword at him, Tristan lets his own guard fall and sinks wounded into his faithful Kurvenal's arms, while Marke

* These words of Marke's are clear evidence that Isolde is still to him an object of distant veneration, nor is there a word in his speech of rebuke to her. I accentuate this point here and elsewhere because it is commonly stated by critics that Isolde is already wedded to Marke. Only those who have studied all the versions can realize how Wagner has purified the story from the objectionable and unnecessary incidents introduced by other poets, and has brought out the true occult meaning of the legend.

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holds Melot back from completing his fell work.

Thus the second act closes with a deed on Tristan's part which shows too great an eagerness to flee from the results of his mistakes ere he has worked them out. Regardless of what Isolde has just taught him, he has invited death at Melot's hands instead of fully facing his responsibilities and trusting to the Law to appoint the time when "Tristan *and* Isolde" shall be released from Day and given for Aye to the Night. And in the third Act we shall see how Isolde has still to sojourn in the world of Appearances while Tristan passes through a period of suffering and atonement.

(*To be continued.*)

PHILOSOPHIC MORALITY.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

IN the Platonic Dialogue on true Sanctity, entitled "Euthyphron" the concept is brought into vivid relief, that virtue or holiness must be intrinsic and in conformity with a just principle. None are superior to it or beyond in this world or any other. Even the partisan gods of Olympus, some arrayed on one side and some in opposition, must abide that test. It would not do, therefore, to set forth that as holy which was pleasing to them, when there were two rival factions. They must love it because it is intrinsically holy, but it is not holy because they love it. This distinction will apply equally well to some modern instances. There are those who approve any act if some individual to whom they give allegiance shall do it, even though objectionable in itself. But goodness is above every god, leader, or favorite person, and belongs solely to the Absolute One.

Religious worship must be subjected to the same criterion. If it is of advantage to the Divinity, and we are to derive benefit from it as an equivalent, it is a matter of traffic—so much service and so much payment. It may not be doubted that there is a certain utility in worship, but it is not after this manner. True worship is a venerating of the right. There can be nothing really learned, nothing really known of the superior truth, except the knowledge is reverently sought and entertained.

There is no better way to excellence, the great teacher of the Akademeia affirms, than to endeavor to be good, rather than to seem so. In this consists the whole of genuine ethics. Morality is the sway of a superior aim. Everything which is founded on appearances, which is apprehended only by observation and sensuous perception, is transient and temporary; and it must wane and perish when the cause which gave it existence shall cease to afford it life and vigor. But when we seek to do that which is right we are reaching forward, as with antennæ toward the enduring, the permanent, the ever-subsisting. The secret of the moral sense and feeling is the presentiment of eternity. Most appropriate, therefore, was the maxim of Kant: "Act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings."

The supreme purpose of our life in this world and condition of existence, is discipline. Every experience that we undergo, every event that occurs, has direct relation to that end. In this matter, likewise, each individual must minister to himself. We have, each of us, our own lesson to learn, and cannot derive much instruction, or even benefit from what another has done or suffered. It is hardly more befitting to adopt for ourselves the experience of others than it would be to wear their clothes. The ethics which should govern our action

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will not be found set forth in a code. Good men, says Emerson, will not obey the laws too well. Indeed, nothing tends more to bring confusion and death into arts and morals, than this blind imposing upon one period or individual soul, the experience of another person or former age. We may, perhaps, do very well with general notions, bnt certainly not with specific personal conclusions. The snail that entered the shell of the oyster found it a wretched dwelling, though it possessed a precious pearl; and the swallow gathering food for the winter after the example of the provident ant was the reverse of wise.

The right-thinking person will be the law for himself. Our varied experiences have for their end the developing of this condition in us. The ancient sages taught accordingly that manners or ethics are certain qualities or principles which long habit and practice have impressed upon what they denominate the sensuous and irrational part of the mental nature. Moral virtue does not consist in the uprooting or suppressing of the passions and affections. This is not possible or even desirable. Indeed if they should really be rooted up from our being, the understanding itself would lose its vigor, become torpid, and perhaps even perish outright. It is their province, like that of the fire in the furnace, to impart energy to the whole mental machinery. Meanwhile the understanding takes note, and acting by the inspiration of the superior intellect, directs how that energy shall be employed. Human beings act according to their impulses, and the true morality consists in the bringing of these into good order and the disposing of them to laudable purposes.

Casuists have affirmed that our first sense of duty was derived from the conception of what is due to ourselves. This is instinctive in every living being. Even the ethics of the New Testament are founded upon this precept: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it is likewise declared that "he that loves another has fulfilled all law." We are able to define what is just to others by our apperception of what is right for ourselves.

These premises, it will be apprehended, will establish selfishness as the measure of moral virtue, and even as its basis. This is by no means so unreasonable as it may seem. Selfishness in its proper place and function is necessary and orderly. It is the first of our natural propensities. The babe that we admire and often praise as the emblem of innocence, is hardly less than absolutely selfish. It regards everything around it as its own by right, and every person as its servant. It knows no higher motive than its own enjoyment.

By no art of reasoning can we show this to be immoral. It is not necessary for any one to plead that it is right, because the child was born so. We can perceive it easily enough by considering it intelligently. The highest good that a person can accomplish is to be measured by the highest usefulness of which he is capable. In the case of the babe, its utility, so far as others are concerned, is only possible and in prospect. All that it can perform well is summed up in eating and growing. This is really the state which is usually denominated "selfish" and yet we perceive that it is necessary to the ulterior purpose of becoming useful.

Perhaps we ought to give a philosophic definition to evil itself. We may have been too prone to restrict our concepts of the operations of the universe to the limits of our own back yard. What seems like an infringing of order in our brief vision may be a perfect harmony in the purview of the higher wisdom. In the objectifying of the world of nature as the work or projected outcome from the Divine, it must of necessity be distinct, imperfect, limited and inferior. We apprehend this to be true of every created

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being. If it could be otherwise, then mankind and all the universe would be, not simply divine in origin and relative quality, but they would also be very God, and coördinate Deity.

Hence, therefore, imperfection and evil are unavoidable in all derived existence. Yet they are full of utility. They certainly enable us to obtain the necessary experience and discipline for becoming more worthy. In this way they are beneficial, and a part of the Divine purpose. The child that never stumbled never learned to walk. The errors of the man of business are his monitors to direct him in the way of prosperity. Our own sins and misdoings are essential in an analogous way to our correction and future good conduct. The individual, however, who chooses to continue in these faults and evil conditions, thereby thwarts their beneficial objects. His shortcomings become turpitude. All such, turning their back to the Right, will be certain to "eat the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

The sense of individual right which is commonly designated as selfish, will be found capable of exaltation and expansion till it shall attain the rank and dimension of the widest benevolence. From the consciousness of what is due or belonging to ourselves proceeds the intelligent apprehending of what is proper and right for another. The child, when he comes into contact with playmates will soon learn that every one of them has personal rights with which others may not interfere. It may be only an imperfect conception, nevertheless it is a discipline and will exalt his view of things above the altitude of unmixed selfishness. When in riper years the attraction of sex is superadded, the field and opportunity are afforded for completer and nobler development. It may be objected that the individual too generally aspires to possess the object of regard without due consideration of the wishes and well being of the other. In this view, the new emotion will be but a new form of the radical selfish impulse.

Indeed, it is not possible or even desirable that the earlier nature should be superseded. However high the head may reach toward the sky, the feet of necessity must rest upon the earth. Even the eagle must come down from its loftiest flights to solace its wants. The noblest human soul has like need of earthly repose and aliment, without which it will cease its aspirations to the higher life and thought. Eros, the ancient sages affirm, drew forth the divine order from chaos. The attraction of the sexes inspires a desire of pleasing, which is in itself a tendency toward self-abnegation. In due time the relations of household, neighborhood and society proceed from this root and perform their office of extending individual aims to universal ends. Selfishness must then be relegated to the background, or it will become manifested as a monster of arrested growth and deformity.

In its primary office as impelling us to maintain ourselves in normal health it is permissible, and in the helpless and immature it is entirely laudable. But the person of adult years who shall remain in this rudimentary moral condition, whether living in a wilderness or among the most cultured, is for all that, only a savage. Civilization in its genuine sense, is the art of living together; and it is vitally dependent upon the just regard of every individual for the rights of the others. Whoever promulgates and lives by the maxim that "everyone must shift for himself," has not yet passed beyond the confines of uncivilized life. However rich, cultured or scholarly, he has yet to learn the simple alphabet of morality.

Perhaps we shall find the Pauline ethics, as set forth in the New Testament, our best exposition of moral virtue. It is an indispensable condition of a morality that is to be efficient, says

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Jacobi, that one shall believe in a higher order of things of which the common and visible is an heterogeneous part that must assimilate itself to the higher: both to constitute but a single realm. Paul has declared all superior virtue to consist in charity, or paternal love for the neighbor, and utterly ignores self-seeking. "No one of us lives for himself," he declares; "and no one dies for himself, but does so for God." Writing to his Corinthian disciples, he extols the various spiritual attainments, and then having included them in one summary, he avers that charity infinitely surpasses them all. He then depicts in glowing terms its superior quality:

"It is forbearing, it is gentle;
It is never jealous, it never boasts,
It is not swelling with pride,
It acts not indecorously,
It seeks not wealth for itself,
It is not embittered, nor imputes ill motive,
It has no delight in wrong-doing,
But rejoices in the truth."

Thus with true philosophic ken, he mentions the various spiritual endowments as incident to the lower grades of development, and cast into the dark by charity. "When I was a babe," he says, "I prattled, thought and reasoned as one; but when I became man, I set the things of babyhood aside." Whoever seeks the general good, the best interests of others, with all his heart, making all advantage to himself a subordinate matter, has passed the term of childhood, and is adult man in full measure and development.

It will be perceived that philosophic morality is not a creature of codes, books or teachers. It is always inseparable from personal freedom. It is character and substantial worth as distinguished from factitious reputation and artificial propriety of conduct. The person who keeps all the precepts of the law is not complete till he yields himself and his great possessions to his brethren. The cross of the life eternal may not be taken and borne in the hand while one grasps eagerly the sublunary good.

We thus trace the moral quality in our nature from its incipient manifestation as a duty which we owe, to its culmination as a principle by which we are to live. It fades from view as a system enforced by rules and maxims, from being lost in the greater light of its apotheosis as an emanation from a diviner source. We are taught by our experience of results to shun evil and wrong-doing as certain to involve us in peril; and now the higher illumination reveals them as a turning aside from the right way, and sinning against the Divine. Our highest duty is to perfect ourselves in every department of our nature by the living of a perfect life—or as Plato expresses it, becoming like God as far as this is possible—holy, just and wise.

Such is the aim of all philosophy, and it is attained by whomever in earnestness and sincerity pursues the way of justice and fraternal charity.

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THE MYSTICAL TEMPLE OF KING SOLOMON.

BY REV. W. COPELAND.

IT is probably well known to the outside world as well as to members of the Mystic Craft, that the Mysteries of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons are based on the building of King Solomon's Temple. In the published lectures much is said of this Temple, its dimensions, plans and the process of building. As the name Masons indicated the order is one of builders, but what they propose to build is not so generally known. We are taught that the most wonderful building ever erected in ancient times was the temple at Jerusalem, built under the direction of Solomon, king of Israel.

The name Sol-Om-On is very suggestive, being a combination of three names for Deity taken from the Latin, the Hindu, and the Egyptian languages, or rather a combination of three names for the Sun, which to all the early races was the visible representation of the invisible God, and this combination suggests the thought that reference is made to a mythical personage representing that Great Light of Masonry which once sufficed to illumine the mind of the faithful craftsmen, making all things plain. We may then have some doubts as to whether King Solomon of the Mysteries is the same as the wise monarch of Israel.

Many Masonic writers claim that the Order of Free Masons had its origin during the Middle Ages among the operative Masons and that the change was from operative to speculative masonry; indeed we have been given the place and the time when the change was made, the place being a certain tavern in London. We know that during the Middle Ages, the various handicrafts were organized into Guilds, into which, in some cases, there was a regular initiation service. That these Guilds had a large membership and were possessed of great wealth, the magnificent Guild Halls in England and on the continent bear witness. And among these Guilds or leagues of workingmen including masters, journeymen and apprentices, the Masons were certainly not the least important. In the intervals between the incessant wars and even during the wars, stone castles, palaces and cathedrals were erected, requiring the labor of skilled Masons, so that the guild of Masons became one of the most powerful, their work being so important and in such demand, that the secrets of the craft would be most carefully guarded.

I do not agree with this theory of the origin of Free Masonry for I find much in the symbols and glyphs of the order, which makes me certain that speculative preceded operative Masonry and that long before the age when Operative Masons were formed into a Guild, there were large and powerful fraternities of Speculative Builders. The order of evolution is from within without, from the one absolute point the centre of all things to the periphery where manifestation begins, from the thought in the Divine Mind to that crystallization of the Divine thought which we call the Universe. The grand mistake of modern times is to suppose that out of nothing something can be made, that from matter spirit can be evolved more than was first involved, that no spiritual builders exist. To be sure spirit is nothing and precedes matter which is something, but this is not the sense in which the word nothing is used; that means as commonly accepted absolute emptiness, which cannot be for we have been told truly by Science that Nature abhors a vacuum.

But granting that Masons were first an operative Guild, we have to go farther back than to the Middle Ages. The beautiful temples of Greece, the solemn and

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impressive buildings of India and Egypt require a guild of builders as well as the cathedrals of Europe. And we are told that Atlantis, buried long ago beneath the Atlantic Ocean, rejoiced in costly and grand temples of most elaborate architecture, surpassing anything ever seen in modern times.

Masonic Tradition and Masonic teaching dates the beginning of Free Masonry from the building of King Solomon's temple. In Jewish history this was an important event, and as Christianity is an outgrowth of Judaism, it has become to Christendom also very important. To make of this temple one of the wonders of the world, we are told that strangers from Tyre were introduced among the Jewish workmen, who were entirely incompetent to carry out the plan supposed to be revealed to Solomon by Jehovah, the details of which he drew on a trestle board and gave to the master in charge of the work, that this workman Hiram Abiff might prepare working plans for the craft. Several reasons make this seem unlikely the most important being that the Jewish temple supposed to have been built by Solomon according to the dimensions given either in the Bible or Masonic tradition was no wonder as compared with the temples of Greece, Egypt and India. Should it be built to-day, 103 feet long, 206 feet high and 35 or 50 feet wide (the dimensions given in the Bible) it would attract attention only for its awkwardness and lack of symmetry.

Further studying the details of the Egyptian temples, of those built by the prehistoric people of America, so much alike as to demand an Atlantis from which colonies could have gone both east and west, their cyclopean and symmetrical structure required a far greater knowledge of mechanics than the temple at Jerusalem. Studying the temples of Greece, the beauty and harmony of design is far greater than is displayed in Solomon's temple. One, on examining the Cathedral of Cologne might almost believe that a supernatural architect had been employed, which supposition is by no means needed to account for the temple fabled to have been built by King Solomon and which was indeed much inferior to that built at Jerusalem by King Herod.

Then there is much in the ceremonies connected with Free Masonry which takes us back to very ancient times. Of this much can be spoken of among the brethren but enough is known to the public to warrant the assertion that Masonry reaches back to prehistoric times.

In a Lodge Room properly built the most elevated platform is in the East, the next in the West, the next in the South and none in the North. Sun worshippers always looked on the North as the abode of evil, where darkness prevailed. There is much in the initiation service which plainly refers to sun worship and to the motion of the earth round the Sun, a motion known to the wise men of the East and to dwellers on the American continent long before the time of Solomon.

The search for the Master's Word of which we hear so much, takes us back to a very remote period and to certain teachings once very carefully concealed. Sound in the form of words was always conceived to be of the greatest importance.

In the book of Genesis we read as the first act of Manifestation or Evolution, "The Elohim" said "Let there be light and there was light." Silence was broken by a divine sound followed by that vibration which we call "light." Among the people of the Orient great power has always been supposed to reside in spoken words, and certain combinations of words or mantrams are believed to possess magical power, as the famous sentence "Om Mani padme hum," and the pater noster as given by Jesus to his disciples. In the New Testament, as well as in other sacred books, we hear much of the Word of God, not referring to the Bible

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but to certain divine sounds. Jesus said that he worked wonders by the name of his father and the Apostles did the same by the name of Jesus. Once in the year the High Priest entered the Holy of Holies at Jerusalem and pronounced at low breath the true name of God (Jahveh, male, female potency) never used by the Jews. All of these allusions to the word refer to the sacred Omnific Word whispered by the Hierophant or Master of Ceremonies in the ear of the candidate, who after a sleep of three days was brought to life and light.

Another indication of the great antiquity of Free Masonry is the frequent recurrence of the number seven, not referring to the seven days of the week, but to the ancient doctrine of the sevenfold nature of man, because of which we have a week of seven days. Seven seems to be the number which belongs to this age of manifestation. We read of seven colors in the rainbow, the imperial standard of the Incas of Peru, seven notes in the scale, seven labors of magic, seven upper spheres, seven orifices in the head, seven layers of the skin, seven divisions to the eye, seven ancient Rishi's, seven branches to the candlestick in the temple, seven Archangels, the Greek poet sings "Seven sounding letters sing the praise of me, Th' Immortal God, Th' Almighty Deity," seven fires burned before the altar of Mithra. In man are seven kingdoms joined: mineral, vegetal, animal, intellectual, Astral, Spiritual and Celestial.

Seven steps in masonry enter the Holy of Holies in groups of three and five. In the centre of the Lodge Room stands an altar four square with three lights, the Masonic Apron is four square with a triangular bib, referring to the square of the animal man, the first Adam and the triangle of the Spiritual or second Adam, of which the Pyramid found in all parts of the world is an enduring symbol, appearing (the Pyramid) long before the time of Solomon in Egypt, India and America, dating back to the time when Atlantis was a great continent, on which dwelt many skilled builders.

What means the circle with the point in the centre used by Astrology as symbol for the sun? This figure, found on all Masonic Charts is also found on the temples of India, Egypt and America, and always means the same thing, the finite coming forth from the infinite, the first stirring of life in the Universe. The first sound which breaks the silence before there is either motion or form. This most sacred symbol referring to the Supreme One, to the Great Architect of the Universe is found in all the mysteries and especially refers to the circle of manifestation which is the visible Universe proceeding from the Absolute or unmanifested God. Another emblem of this grand evolution is the compasses worn by every Mason, and being the instrument used to describe the circle, represents Cosmic Evolution or the manifestation of Deity.

One of the most ancient of symbols long antedating Christianity is the cross, which tells of the great mystery of manifestation, for the cross is the cube unfolded, the altar represents the cube or unmanifested God, the cross the manifestation of God, which is always a sacrifice of the higher to raise the lower; or the descent of spirit into matter, to redeem it and then lift it on high, thus teaching the divinity and necessarily the immortality of man. This cross appears in many forms, now as the Latin, then as the Greek, now as the letter T, then as the Swastica; among masons it is the carpenter's square. The square and compasses, then, are a compound symbol expressing the whole mystery of the Universe, teaching that man really is both animal and God, teaching the union of spirit and matter and the final divinizing of matter, when man has finally been seated in the chair of King Solomon.

The Cable Tow figured on Masonic

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charts and of such importance to the brothers reminds of the famous triple cord of Brahmin Sanyasi's, the string on which certain Lamas place their Yy stone with which they would not part for all the fabled wealth of King Solomon; it also reminds of the Sutratma or thread on which the Orientals teach, that the various lives of man are strung and which through many changing personalities ever preserves the individuality.

All brothers will remember the peculiar way in which the substitute for the missing word was given, but probably few know that in very ancient times the seal word was communicated in precisely the same way, taking us back to a time when in the Great Pyramid at Ghizeh the candidate for a knowledge of the mysteries was conducted through the chambers and galleries so peculiarly constructed, or through more confusing passages in underground temples, and then after having slept for three days and three nights in the Sarcophagus was raised from a dead level to a living perpendicular.

Masonry is found in all parts of the world among nations professing many religions, and only among Jews, Christians and Mohammedans do we hear anything about King Solomon's temple, yet everywhere the ritual is similar to that in Christian countries, so that a Mason can make himself known in any part of the world. Indeed that great light in Masonry, the Hebrew Bible, is replaced in other lands by the book held sacred in those countries.

From the earliest times in all religions, early Christianity among the rest, there have been secret societies which initiated the worthy into the Mysteries, using much the same symbolism which prevails among Masons. Of some we have only vague rumors, of others a complete knowledge. For the purpose of such initiation it is now believed by careful students that some of the pyramids were constructed symbolizing as they do that most sacred part of the mysteries, the seven-fold nature of man, rising toward God and implying the final divinizing of the whole man when God should rule through all the kingdoms and man should be raised to the true life—at one with God.

The purpose of all these mysteries was the same, to build a perfect character. This was the temple of Solomon, not that erected at Jerusalem, but to be built by every one deemed worthy to receive the knowledge which should correctly guide him. The building of the Temple of King Solomon is the symbolical representation of the gradual attainment of divine wisdom; the development of the spiritual from the earthly; the manifestation of the power and splendor of the spirit in the physical world, through the wisdom and genius of the builder, who, when he has become fully possessed of this secret wisdom, is a mightier than King Solomon himself. "He who is Lord of Self is Lord of all the world." When the ideal character is developed, then is the temple builded, without the sound of hammer or any tool of iron being heard in the house while it is in the process of building.

Freedom, Fraternity, and Equality are the corner stones of Free Masonry, because of which Masons have been hated the world over by kings and priests, because of which they have done much for humanity. In the Masonic Lodge as in the Christian Ecclesia of the first centuries, noble and peasant, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, sit side by side, even the Master being on a level with his brothers except when presiding over his lodge.

Rightness is the most important factor in house building, and, righteousness of most importance in character building. The plumb is used by the Operative Mason to test the rightness of the walls which he is erecting, and the speculative Mason must also try his life to see whether he is building plumb, so

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that he can endure all tests whether from the sun of prosperity or the storms of adversity. His character must be builded square, and he must ever stand erect, facing the rising sun of truth.

Perhaps nothing is more necessary in character building than the due restraint of the passions and appetites and the general habit of doing all things in moderation. Masonry ever teaches its members to circumscribe their appetites and passions within due bounds, so that instead of being a promoter of licentiousness, Masonry teaches its members to practice virtue and seeks the reformation of those brothers who yield to their lower nature.

Belief in God, not in Jehovah or a God of any name, not in this God or that God, but in a supreme power making for righeousness ; in an holy one, superior to man, whose wisdom, order and beauty is visible on every side, is necessary to a perfect character, and every Masonic Lodge gives plain evidence of such belief.

The one thing for which people are everywhere seeking is some knowledge of a future life. Perhaps the Mason now, no more than others, has any knowledge, though the Great Lodge of Masters, from whose teachings Masonry originated did possess such knowledge, and in due time in this country, with the true word, it shall be given again. But even in the Lodges of to-day the brothers symbolically, have died to the earth and the lower man, have been regenerated and raised from a dead level to a living perpendicular. More important than a life beyond the grave is a raising from the animal sensual life now, for that higher life once realized on the earth, the divine man made ruler, the Christ principle, or Christos, elected master ; "the light which lighteth every man, who cometh into the world" made to burn brightly, come what will, the union with Strength, Wisdom and beauty, the true God, can never be lost. The Master's word received, the divine sonship acknowledged, and man walks a God on earth. Masonry attempts the same grand work, then, which was done in the ancient lodges long before history was written and it long antedates King Solomon.

Masonry by its tolerance of all creeds, by its vigorous battle for civil and religious freedom, by its exalted morality, by its brotherhood exemplified even on the battle field, by its symbolic teaching of immortality, has been a strong aid in diffusing light and opposing materialism. It deserves well of all men for it demands of its members that they build these temples of Solomon, so that when called upon they may meet the Supreme Inspector at the East Gate of the Temple with their feet forming the angle of a perfect square, and their bodies erect, facing the Sun of Righteousness, which, rising in the Holy of Holies, sheds its glorious light into the dark cavern, illumining the whole man, and flooding him with unspeakable strength, wisdom and beauty.

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THE KINDERGARTEN OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MARIE A. J. WATSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION OR THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS INDEBTED TO THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY FOR ITS CONTENTS. HOW TO PREPARE THE MIND FOR A NEW PHASE OF TRUTH.

MY object is to reach the enlightened among those who call themselves Christians, or in other words, the followers of Christ. They erroneously believe that Theosophy is opposed to Christianity. Theosophy is opposed to bigotry, or materialistic priestcraft, that is a blot upon the real teachings of Jesus. There is abundance of evidence, if one is sufficiently interested to search therefor, that the teachings of Jesus and early Christains were indebted to the Esoteric Philosophy, or the very ancient, original Wisdom Religion.

The development of Greek Philosophy culminated in Plato, and declined with the Macedonian conquest, was again revived with Ptolemy at Alexandria. By their writings, Plato and many of the neo-Platonists prove themselves to have been initiated in the Secret Doctrine, or Wisdom Religion, or Theosophy, which are at all times and everywhere the same. Here is a statement by none less than the illustrious St. Augustine, one of the early Church Fathers: "What is now called the Christian Religion existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the human race until Christ came; but the true religion which already existed, began to be called Christian." So at the outset the reader must not let prejudice, early habits of thought, egotism or indifference bar the way to a broader, riper and later-day concept of truth.

If the farmer intends to plant, he prepares his soil by plowing the old ground; weeds and rubbish are uprooted, the soil enriched, and then comes the planting of seed. So if we desire a richer crop of Truth, we must put the mind soil in a receptive condition, freeing it likewise from the weeds and rubbish of egotism, the selfish thought that we know all that is worth knowing. This uprooting of old egotism makes room for new ideas, and these ideas mnst first be sown ere we can realize the blossom or the fruit. So this mental plowing is necessary before listening to new forms of truth, then we will not be so ready to condemn that which appears new; and simply because it is new to us label it absurd, preposterous or untrue. Let us not put ourselves in the position of the man, who was so bigoted and dense, that the judge who examined him, as a witness, remarked: "You are entitled to great credit, sir; you must have taken infinite pains with yourself, for no man could naturally be so stupid!" This, however, must be understood—that these teachings do not condemn any religious system of thought; the aim is to point out the truths underlying all religions, and to help the reader to a better understanding of his own.

Surely every one who has a mind above the brute should wish to know something of his origin, his life and future destiny in a way that appeals to his reason and to justice. Is he satisfied with the irrational or barren teachings of the general church, where fear dominates the ignorant on one side; and, on the other, instead of a religion of deeds, there is a jealous defence of theological dogma, and a perfunctory profession of creeds and performance of rites. Such bask in lazy indifference, for if they know more concerning the mysteries of *Being*, more will be required of them, and they complacently tell you that they do not con-

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cern themselves about such things, for it will come out all right, if Evolution is true, we must evolve somehow, and there's all eternity to work in. True, every word; but how is evolution to be carried on unless we, the objects of evolution, also become the subjects? or in other words, evolution is only possible as each individual makes personal effort. We cannot by some wholesale process become passively evolved; each individual must work with the definite aim to begin with himself, to push himself, if ever so little, upward and onward. So only is humanity uplifted. What is it in man that seems to take for granted that somehow we will evolve, that we must progress, and yet, in mockery, keeps him chained to old habits of thought, old vices and tedious sins? thinking perchance that somehow he will get out of ignorance into knowledge, as though some outside force could push him along. It is the *lower mind* of man which in a vague and general sense catches the knowledge from its own higher mind, which is endeavoring to impress this truth upon the brain mind. This higher mind principle overshadows the lower, and the lower perforce must reach out, or upward, as a taper to a gas jet, that it in turn may light up the obscure chamber of the human soul. It is the voice of the lower mind that speaks to us in the selfish, indifferent way, and cheats us into the belief that somehow we will come out all right, and finally strangles the Divine voice within, that is ever pleading to be heard.

It is certain that many most devout and earnest men remain within the pale of the Church, because they cannot see what it is to be put in its place; so they are compelled to preach that doctrine of compromise which is the chief cornerstone of all Churches, for they are well aware that any attempt to preach social reform upon the lines of Christ's moral teachings, would be to undermine the foundations of society from which the Church draws its sustenance. Theosophy is not resurrected Buddhism; it is not opposed to the inner teachings of the Bible; it does not ask you to leave your Church, it asks you to take *new life* into your Church; it asks you to pledge yourself in the service of humanity against human wrongs, against oppression. It asks you to pledge yourself to certain responsibilities, and to do this in belief of the Christ principle within ourselves, that it may become active in us and in all humanity. Theosophy favors no particular cult, ology or ism; but it endeavors to kindle within the souls of men, the eternal living fire of Truth and Love, and to keep it blazing on the hearth-stone of Universal Brotherhood.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES IN MAN, NATURE, AND THE UNIVERSE.—IS THIS AN ARBITRARY NUMBER?

We have all been taught that man is composed of body, soul and spirit. So far we are in perfect harmony with the Wisdom Religion; but if we pursue our study a little further we shall learn what is the body, soul, and something concerning spirit.

The English word "principles" was chosen because it best expresses the meaning in the original teaching. We say a tree is composed of so many elements, root, trunk, bark, twig, branch and leaf. The word element does not express all that is needed to define man. Principle best expresses the idea to be conveyed. Why is the number seven proclaimed? First, we see in nature the number seven expressed in the seven colors of the prism; the seven notes in the musical scale; the snowflake looked at under a microscope shows six points, and its centre makes seven; science says the whole body of man is changed in its atoms every seven years; the child is held irresponsible for wrong doing until the age of seven; the fœtus is

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fully formed at seven months; and there are chemical experiments where the substance or matter combining always forms three, four, or seven; man has seven senses, (five of which only are active on the physical plane—the others are to be developed),—and there are still other reasons, but which need not be touched upon in this elementary work.

The earnest student will find all that he desires in the way of study, if he cares to pursue this subject further, in more advanced works. The number three, or the trinity figure in all religions—the three in one or one in three—is symbolically expressed in the Wisdom Religion, by the triangle, which corresponds to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, or to Spirit, Matter, and Mind, the connecting link between the two. Matter on the four lower planes, both in man and nature is symbolically expressed by the Square or four; and the three and four make the seven. "At the dawn of life on our earth, the intelligent forces in nature are brought into being in seven classes, on seven planes of consciousness, and each plane has again its seven aspects or grades." The various forces ruling these planes are the builders, and correspond to the "Principalities, Powers, or Heavenly Hosts" of the Bible. Divine Thought impresses at the outset the whole plan of Evolution for all the Kingdoms throughout Nature and then is withdrawn into Darkness or Silence. This is the "Brooding o'er the Deep" again of the Bible. The details of the vast scheme is worked out through the ages by the slow processes of involution and evolution. All things exist in the Divine Idea, and are worked out or expanded from plane to plane, and when we see on the objective plane the seven expressed, so on the subjective planes the seven must also exist. "As it is above, so below" is an axiom of this Doctrine, and as we see a tree, a man or a mountain with our physical sense, so also could we see these on other planes were our inner senses developed or opened, and it is the object of Evolution that man shall develop these latent senses, so as to become conscious on these various planes, and thus learn to know the causes as well as the effects throughout nature. A plane is simply a state of the mind, a condition. Man is a complex being; necessarily so, having come up through a long line of experience through the ages, and within man himself lies the possibility to develop his inner nature which corresponds to the various planes in the world around him. In dreams our consciousness, or mind, functions on other planes; objects appear as real to us then as when we are awake and functioning on the physical plane; and when a person is absent minded, or abstracted, what is this but that the mind is absent from the physical plane? This will suffice to show that a man does live on these various planes, and that he should study and analyze himself to learn to know himself.

The trinity may also correspond to Intelligence, Will, and Desire. These three principles combined and active are the cause of all manifestation or Life. This trinity, however, is not the Absolute, or God as understood by Christians. That power is forever concealed and mysterious, and which no man can comprehend. It is the desire principle in man which brings him into the material world, the desire for life or experience. Man is here to educate matter; to refine and spiritualize matter; to make it subservient to his will; to regenerate matter. How can he do this unless he knows matter thoroughly? every grade of it. Man has through the course of evolution already learned to govern matter to a great degree. He sees, hears, smells, feels, talks and thinks through his house of matter; or, in other words, he controls his body thus far. Does he for a moment suppose his work is finished? Only one half of his task is accomplished until the full septenary, or perfect man is developed.

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All religions teach that man is a spark of the Divine Life; but Theosophy teaches that this spark has to *win for itself immortality*. Nothing can be lost in the Universe; that is, the *essence* of all things is immortal; but if there is no recognition of this fact by the thing itself there can be no immortality for it. That does not mean that when John Smith dies there is no immortality for the ego or higher thinking principle representing John Smith; but if this mind principle has not been able to impress the instrument, John Smith, with this truth there can be no immortality for the personality called John Smith. Or to put it in another form, if the three higher principles in man, his trinity, has failed to illuminate or enlighten the four lower principles which compose the animal or natural man, and consists of the gross physical body, the astral body, the desire principle, and the life principle or vitality, the force which holds these lower principles together—there can be no immortality for that personality, for it is this lower portion which dies or changes; like a man putting off his garments at night when he goes to sleep, so likewise does the higher portion of man, his trinity, put off the lower principles when all the experience that can be had through them is accomplished; the ego then withdraws into a period of rest until again attracted to earth life, and as the man upon awakening from his last night's rest takes up his life and continues therein, so does the ego after its period of rest is ended, seek the old haunts, finds the place and family which is most congenial to its tastes, and is born again into the environment which is best adapted to its needs; the same desires which actuated it in the previous life dominate it now, each earth life giving fresh opportunity to gain experience, and to convert that experience into wisdom if it will.

NORDAU AND DEGENERACY.

BY J. D. BUCK, M.D., F.T. S., DEAN OF PULTE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

THE Law of cycles has been often noted and frequently commented on in Theosophical literature. It is embodied in the second of the three fundamental postulates of the *Secret Doctrine*. Without a knowledge of this law the fluctuating tides of time and the ever changing panorama of events are without coherence or sequence; nature is at cross-purposes with herself; and both progress and decay, evolution and atavism, mere fortuitous impulses reducible to no order, apprehensible under no known law. As is a single day in the life of an individual, so is an epoch in the life of humanity. It matters not how barren or how eventful the day or the epoch may be, it is but a part of the connected whole, and can never be correctly measured by itself. All history, whether of nations, or of epochs, and even all geological changes in the transformation of the earth must be thus considered, and it is from observations of such changes, extending over long periods of time, that the law of cycles has been deduced.

There is thus to be observed not only continual changes and unending diversity, but order and law governing all changes and a sequence not otherwise discerned. We are apt to look upon present conditions as indicative of a final consummation, and thus to predicate triumph or pending catastrophe as the inevitable result. The pathway of progress, or the signs of degeneracy, seem, to the short-sighted observer, to lead unfailingly to a *cul-de-sac*, from which there is no path of exit. Events are thus either magnified or dwarfed out of all

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proportion to their real significance; their lesson and meaning lost, and all human conduct being thus influenced, judgment biased, and knowledge obscured, confusion and bewilderment must result. To correctly apprehend passing events in the light of the past, is to furnish a sure foundation for forecasting the future. It is thus that the prophetic spirit is born and nourished by knowledge derived by observation and reflection.

The present epoch is unique in the history of man, simply because written history is so meagre and so unreliable. If, however we regard its characteristics and events, its nature and manifest tendencies as part of a connected whole, a few links in a measureless chain, and as in no sense a culmination tending to catastrophe or consummation of any sort we may be able to understand and to utilize its lessons and its opportunities.

What Max Nordau designates as the "*fin de siècle*" and "the Dusk of the Nations," and probes so mercilessly, and generally so unerringly with the practiced hand of the pathologist, is the hyperæsthesia resulting from the sudden rush of invention, and the change of pace in the mental activity of the world. He substantiates his diagnosis beyond all controversy; hysteria, and almost universal emotionalism as the result of exhaustion. As to "degeneracy" being an adequate term by which to designate the ego-mania and moral insanity which he so clearly depicts as the result of exhaustion, opinions may differ. The Mysticism, Symbolism, Naturalism, etc., which he so critically examines and describes are indisputably pathological states, generally recognized by physicians for the demented and the insane. Vital exhaustion, giving rise to emotional and moral insanity, is clearly discerned, and the prognosis, and treatment recommended by Nordau, are in every way commendable. He has put the stigma of leprosy upon the ego-mania and eroto-mania of certain writers of recent times, who have unblushingly paraded their own diseases under the *pseudonyms* of their heroes and heroines, and divested these writers of all pretence to motive other than the insane impulse of parading their moral turpitude in print.

The service which Nordau has thus so faithfully and courageously rendered to society will long be remembered and more and more appreciated as time passes. The unwholesome tendencies which Nordau discerns; by their origin, nature and results, belong, it is true, to the present age, and in a marked degree. But the reason lies far deeper than he has pointed out. Nordau is here a physician investigating disease, rather than a philosopher concerned with the broad sweep of human evolution, and he necessarily confines himself to the legitimate sphere of his subject. The breadth of information evinced in his work and the canons of criticism in literature and in art which he lays down will not easily be ignored or turned aside.

There is, however, a further meaning to the emotionalism of the present epoch, and while its diseased and irrational forms threaten to engulf society in a reign cf licentiousness and madness, debauchery and crime, there is also a healthier and more rational side to the whole problem. Just as there could be no counterfeit without true coin, so the normal organ and function underlies and pre-exists before any pathological manifestation can arise. In other words, pathology always presupposes physiology. Nordau may seem to condemn "mysticism," "symbolism," "egoism" and "naturalism" *in toto*, because of such glaring abuses as it is his function to lay bare; and it might be better to leave them untouched, were it possible, than to risk the misuse and misinterpretation which his treatment renders inevitable. And this brings us back to the meaning of the cycle, the epoch in which we live.

The immense increase in general activity already referred to, and the mental

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strain and nervous exhaustion consequent thereto, are by no means apprehended as degeneracy. These results are unquestionably disease, but they form the exception in an almost universal advancement of the present humanity; an expansion of consciousness, and an awakening as from sleep of the sensibilities of the soul. Not only the range but the quality and intensity of conscious activity has greatly and rapidly increased. It is as though the soul in man were approaching the surface of things, penetrating with greater force and subtlety the avenues of sense, trying its powers, and recognizing its possibilities. The boundaries of creed have been overthrown; traditional restraint defied; and, scorning dictation or restraint, the soul, long fettered and narcotized, cries—Room, and Space! Make way! Make way. That here is delirum and anarchy is undeniable. That it is, in a certain measure, a reaction, a normal rebound from previous dogmatism, mental tyranny, and ecclesiastical dominion, is equally certain.

We may imagine all the diseased manifestations so graphically portrayed by Nordau removed, but we can not imagine the present range of consciousness and qualities of action as being circumscribed by the ideals and aims, by the conventionalities and restraints, of even two decades ago. Old things have passed away, have disappeared like a dissolving view, and the men and women of the present generation cannot if they would return to the bibs and nursery lore of twenty years ago. If the *fin-de-siecle* that Nordau describes be a disease, the breath of the new age that is surely dawning should be an inspiration and lead to a genuine rejuvenescence. In order that this may come to pass, the moral obligation which Nordau clearly defines as Altruism, must be generally recognized, and emotionalism controlled.

That there is an immense increase everywhere of the sentiment of equity and fraternity is undeniable. That this sentiment is strange and in its intensity often overpowering is both natural and inevitable. That higher ideals, really born of an influx of the spiritual element in man, should thus move him to emotion, is not in itself a sign of disease, and that the broader view of ethics, the increased sensitiveness to moral obligations, together with the breaking away from traditional restraint should go beyond the bounds of reason or prudence might have been expected.

Nothing can so aid in restoring a normal equilibrium as the recognition of the real origin, nature and meaning of the epoch in which we are involved. The indifference and rigid conservatism of the past faces the enthusiasm and liberalism of the present, and old traditions are but a valley of dry bones, scorned no less by the latter, than monumented by the former; and meanwhile the cycle advances with widening sweep toward the twentieth century.

It is the emotional nature of man that is thus involved, and both science and philosophy agree in assigning to it an immense potency for good or for evil. It is capable of both diseased and healthy action. Emotion must be subordinate to reason, and judgment and will. It is in the realm of feeling and emotion that the recognition of all principles of ethics takes rise, but the exercise of these principles and the building of character depend on the judgment and the will. It is thus that the building of individual character, and the exercise of moral obligations having their roots in the emotional life of man must be subordinated to higher control or be defeated in the conflict of daily experiences. A healthy sentiment may readily degenerate into maudling sentimentality; and engrafted as it is on the emotional nature of man, may serve only to excite the pelvic ganglia and lead to licentiousness, insanity, and degeneracy as shown in so many cases of neuro-pathology.

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These principles have all been traversed and defined in theosophical literature. The meaning of concentration and its normal relation to the emotional life of man has often been pointed out, on the basis of the science of psychology, so that the normal growth and higher evolution of the individual might occur simultaneously with the highest offices performed by the individual for the whole of humanity. It has been clearly shown that the evolution of the individual to higher planes of consciousness is possible in no other way.

The present epoch has, moreover, been clearly characterized in its philosophical and cyclic relations to the whole trend of human evolution, and it has been shown that with the opening spiritual perceptions of the present generation and the needs of a guiding light in shaping its course, there has come the inspiration and peace of higher intelligences untrammeled by the dangerous and often degrading obscessions of the séance room on the one hand, and dogmatic domination on the other.

That the great majority even amongst intelligent persons, neither recognize as yet the spirit of the age nor the forces that are shaping it toward future results, need not be matters of surprise. As the need of such aid becomes more and more apparent the recognition is sure to follow.

With the mad rush of emotionalism and the spread of licentiousness and insanity on the one hand, there is the steady awakening of serene compassion, and the exercise of devotion on the other; and these may in the long run be found to be, at least with the thoughtful and sincere, as "contagious" as disease. Much that Nordau regards as "degeneracy" may eventually be found to be retarded evolution, or lack of development. The higher faculties in man are the last to develop; and modern science has hardly yet discerned that there are spiritual faculties latent in man as much above the intellect as the intellect and judgment are above the emotions. Health implies the subordination of the lower to the higher, according to an orderly sequence. The order of evolution is determined by natural law. The conquest of the lower, and the achievement of dominion falls to man's share. It is the conquest and sovereignty of his individual kingdom. This kingdom won from nature by conquest of self can only permanently endure when its behests are for the good of all, and when it is synchronous with universal life and at one with universal nature. The final consummation may be in the far distant future, but as an ideal and aim, giving meaning to life, it may be brought within the apprehension of a child, and the educational systems of the future will be based upon it.

J. D. Buck.

"The disciple who undertakes the task, secretly hoping for fame or success, to appear as a teacher and apostle before the world, fails even before his task is attempted, and his hidden hypocrisy poisons his own soul and the souls of those he teaches."

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DR. ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY AND DR. H. A. W. CORYN,

President and Vice-President of the Theosophical Society in England.

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HENRY GEORGE.

PERHAPS never before in the known history of the human race has there been so much attention paid to the imperative necessity of seeking a solution to the problems of life. On all sides theories were advanced which, it is claimed by their supporters, if carried out would prove a panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir.

Whether it be true or not that a solution is to be attained through legislation and the change of outer conditions—as advocated by most of these theories—or whether it will be reached only through the realization of Brotherhood in the heart and life of the individual in spite of outer conditions need not be discussed here. But it will be generally conceded that the touchstone of all these theories is the extent to which they tend to a realization of Brotherhood without any distinctions whatever.

There have been in all times those who have worked for Brotherhood, who have felt in their hearts the unity and solidarity of the human race and sought to realize it in their relations with their fellow men. Henry George's theories may or may not be feasible, they may or may not contain a solution of the economic problem, but be that as it may, the name of Henry George stands high among those who in this 19th century have sought the betterment of the race and the amelioration of the wrongs and injustices of life.

A few days after Henry George's death I was conversing with a friend, a Theosophist, who said: "The last time I had a talk with Henry George was in '94 on the train from Hamilton, Canada, to Albany, N. Y. He was, as always, ready to talk on the single tax as a panacea of all the ills of humanity, such he believed it. He seemed to have reached a conclusion that all other theories than those he advocated were theories only, not reducible to practice. He so regarded Theosophy, of which he had read something and expressed impatience with what he called its visionary ideas, especially that of Reincarnation. However he asked me to give him a fuller explanation of Reincarnation and listened most attentively and sympathetically and finally said: 'Yes, there seems to be a great worth there but it is too late in life for me to advocate it even if so disposed. I have devoted my life to an attempt to give men a practical solution of their economic errors.' To this I replied: 'But, Mr. George, you do not expect to see their realization during your life and you are therefore working for those unborn, though if reincarnation be true you will yet see the fruition of your labors.' He then said: 'No, my ideas will not be established in my day, although I once hoped so, I am working as you say for posterity.'

"Just before we reached Albany, where we separated, he said with a sort of regret that if only he could come to look upon reincarnation as a tenable theory, how much it would help in the work of reform.

"I also met Mr. George in '93, when he was invited to attend the dinner of a club of prominent New England manufacturers and capitalists. This he declined at first and on renewal of the invitation he expressed himself in no measured terms that nothing would induce him to furnish entertainment for the after-dinner hour of well-fed landlords. However on a further representation that he would have a really interested audience he accepted and the sequel was that his clear and logical presentation of his views aroused these conservative men to put to him serious and interested queries, his replies to which swept away many grave misunderstandings. I have often reflected since that

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could Henry George have had such audiences throughout the country he would very quickly have disarmed the prejudice of the so-called conservative property owners and so hastened the day when we should have had intelligent legislation based upon his theories."

Henry George was a lover of humanity, he saw the miseries and the injustices of life and he concentrated all his energy and intellect to the cause of economic justice and right. The strong undercurrent of his life and the ideal which he pictured for humanity is best told in the following remarkable passage in "Progress and Poverty," in which his recognition of the undying soul finds such lofty and beautiful expression:

"Passing into higher forms of desire, that which slumbered in the plant and fitfully stirred in the beast awakes in the man. The eyes of the mind are opened and he longs to know. He braves the scorching heat of the desert and the icy blasts of the polar sea, but not for food; he watches all night, but it is to trace the circling of the eternal stars. He adds toil to toil to gratify a hunger no animal has felt, to assuage a thirst no beast can know.

"Out upon nature, in upon himself, back through the mists that shroud the past, forward into the darkness that overhangs the future, turns the restless desire that arises when the animal wants slumber in satisfaction. Beneath things he seeks the law; he would know how the globe was forged and the stars were hung, and traces to their sources the springs of life. And then, as the man develops his noble nature, there arises the desire higher yet—the passion of passions, the hope of hopes—the desire that he, even he, may somehow aid in making life better and brighter, in destroying want and sin, sorrow and shame. He masters and curbs the animal; he turns his back upon the feast and renounces the place of power; he leaves it to others to accumulate wealth, to gratify pleasant tastes, to bask themselves in the warm sunshine of the brief day. He works for those he never saw and never can see. . . . He toils in the advance, where it is cold, and there is little cheer from men, and the stones are sharp and the brambles thick. Amid the scoffs of the present and the sneers that stab like knives, he builds for the future; he cuts the trail that progressive humanity may hereafter broaden into a railroad. Into higher, grander spheres desire mounts and beckons, and a star that rises in the east leads him on. Lo! the pulses of the man throb with the yearnings of the god,—he would aid in the process of the suns."

J. H. F.

GRAND IS THE SEEN.

Grand is the Seen—the light, to me—grand are the sky and stars,
Grand is the earth, and grand are lasting time and space,
And grand their laws, so multiform, puzzling, evolutionary;
But grander far the unseen soul of me, comprehending, endowing all those,
Lighting the light, the sky and stars, delving the earth, sailing the sea,
(What were all those, indeed, without thee, unseen soul? of what amount without thee?)
More evolutionary, vast, puzzling, O my soul!
More multiform far—more thou than they.—*Walt Whitman.*

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THE LARGER WOMANHOOD—STUDIES FROM THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

BY C. M. N.

"The light of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky."

ALL nature, physical, spiritual and mental, is subject to the great law of evolution. It is an eternal law of the universe. Being eternal, with ages of past and ages of future, its action is not hurried, and seen from the finite standpoint of our brief day it seems to move not at all, except when some great crisis, the close of some greater or lesser cycle, comes under our notice. Then, seeing not the cause but noting the effect, we stand spellbound, feeling that such a crisis surely never came before. We tremble for results and torture ourselves with anxious fears, while underneath all this ferment and strife the steady wheel of law moves on with never swerving justice.

It seems to many of us that the present is a critical time for womanhood. A period in the evolution of the female portion of humanity fraught with grave dangers and beset with nameless fears. Such times of awakening and transition must come to all. It lies with us to use their opportunities for good, to hasten our own evolution and make ourselves strong to bear our part nobly in the greater crises which come to humanity as a whole, or to cling to past traditions and habits until the force of evolution tears us away and flings us out, all unprepared, upon untried seas to be driven with every wind of thought, a helpless wreck.

Through all the ages of the past, woman as a whole, has grown as the flower grows, has learned as the child learns. Her whole thought has been centred in her home. Her whole courage and strength drawn from the creeds her priest has taught her. Her whole dependence placed upon the men of her household. Beauty and purity of body and character; loyalty to husband and to home and loving self-sacrifice for her children, these, the foundation stones still of every good woman's character, these in the ages past, made up the *sum* of virtues and the *end* of all aims for a good woman's life. And in the ages past that was enough and she who accomplished it filled up the even measure of all her duties. I could stand with uncovered head and reverent eves bent down and worship, with Lord Buddha, she who could truly say with Sujata:

"My heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup, which hardly moists the fields.
It is enough for me to feel Life's sun
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.
Pleasant my days pass, filled with household cares
From sunrise when I wake to praise the Gods
And give forth grain, and trim the pulsi plant,
And set my handmaids to their task: till noon
When my Lord lays his head upon my lap
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan:
And so to supper time, at quiet eve,
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.
. . . . . But for me,
What good I see, I humbly seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Thus, in Sujata's life, are we given a glimpse of perfect womanhood in that state of woman's evolution. A woman who knew that doing all her duties of the present, she could trust the future to "come well." As such I reverence her. But, what will come and must come for the womanhood of the ages past, has come, and it lies with us to prove by our lives that it "Shall come well."

Truly, Lord Buddha spoke wisdom when he said:

"The light of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky."

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Through all the long morning of our existence we have grown as tender plants, sheltered from the too fierce sun, gathering with increasing experience, increasing strength for that time when womanhood should spread broad leaves in other suns and lift in later lives crowned heads to the sky.

The law of evolution and the unerring wheel of Karmic justice has brought that time to us and laid the choice before us. Shall we spread broad leaves as stately lilies, filled with Heaven's dew, breathing fragrance and purity, or as noxious thistles, gaudy to look upon but stinging all who touch? Will we make our crown our glory or our shame? The choice is ours, Sisters, and it must be made. Have we brought from the ages past the strength, purity and wisdom of a Sujata, or have we come with empty heart and brain, to give back but a meaningless, sounding rattle, under the stress and force of a mighty crisis?

There is a strong, deep meaning in the unrest and disquiet of the womanhood of our race. It is no freak, no fancy, but the inevitable result of the growth that must come to all humanity. The heart that once was little has grown larger with the ages, and has learned to look beyond the household to the wide world and feel, in some measure, the brotherhood of man. But we have learned our lessons ill, and made but false show of growth, if in looking to these larger lessons, we must forget those old sweet lessons of the long ago. It is only as we learn to "do our whole duty by every duty" that we truly grow. The throwing aside of one set of duties to take up another which pleases our fancy better, or looks in our eyes larger, is but mere childish restlessness. It is a sign of weakness not a sign of strength. The crown of womanhood, the end and aim of all our evolution is that our view of life may be broadened and our knowledge of opportunities for good deeds enlarged and that, seeing much of good, we should still "humbly seek to do."

The fierce heat of knowledge, the breaking up of familiar habits and the passing of old creeds sets up a turmoil in our lives from which some froth and scum must rise and as a result we have the term of scorn "the new woman" and the oft just condemnation of her way.

My Sisters, the new woman is but the evolution of the old. All this ridicule and all this censure comes from the actions of those of us who in the stress of trial have swung beyond the mark. Those of us, who having learned the lessons of the past imperfectly could not clearly see the import of the present time nor measure with true judgment the influence of to-day's deeds upon tomorrow's opportunities. They are in grave error, who, having seen a little light, go forth and cry, "Behold, I will show you the way. Woman shall be free, she will tread in her brother's Path." My Sisters, no one was ever bound, save in chains of their own forging. Life by life we have set up causes that have brought us back again and again to womanhood that we might learn its lessons well. It is no inferior state. The violet is as welcome and fills as well its place as does the lordly oak. It is true that, filling well our place, we shall grow to continually widening uses. But it is a process of growth and only comes from well-done duty. Each one's duty in its place is best. The glory of our life consists in living it with high purpose, not in living the life of some one else, be it man, angel or God.

They also are in error who turn with lack of charity from those who, having a little knowledge, in self-pride, or excess of zeal, put it to bad use. Perhaps in their pride of independence they need a strong, sure, sisterly hand of help, more than does the timid sister who fears to step an inch outside the path her mother trod and sees an evil lurking

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in the shadow of each new advance toward knowledge and equality of the sexes.

Rightly used this new awakening may be made a mighty power for purity and good. It is our duty to keep some little spots, of clear, strong womanhood, kindly, true and tranquil, shining out like gems in all the froth and ferment of change to cheer those wise, brave, clear-eyed sisters whose silver voice sounds through all the rattle and din of changing conditions, calling ever to a higher life of purity and purpose and striving to lead us to such wealth of knowledge and strength that we may realize the true dignity of womanhood. That holding in our hands the balance of power in the coming social crisis, we may see clearly to use it well; may know that from the homes of a nation comes its moral strength or weakness, as from the heart the mouth speaketh.

THE FLAG OF THE SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY AT POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CAL., WITH THE CORNER STONE IN CLOSE PROXIMITY.

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GOTAMA THE BUDDHA, A SKETCH OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

IF Biography be as defined by a certain writer, philosophy exemplified, then the life of Gotama the Buddha, whose name is revered and whose teachings have moulded and fashioned the religious life and character of untold millions, is well calculated to impart instructive lessons which practised and woven into the tissues of our daily lives, cannot fail to manifest themselves in acts and deeds of unselfishness and devotion to the service of humanity. In his life we find portrayed the ideal of a character worthy of imitation, and in its records of trial and suffering, its stern conflicts of self-interest and duty, in its aspirations and endeavors after a higher and diviner life of self-abnegation, also in its struggles for success and victory over the world within; we may discern obscurely—vaguely it may be, the dim outlines and course of our own pilgrimage on the great highway of human destiny. It may appear somewhat strange that so little is known of his real life, that we are so ignorant of the character of his teachings which have exercised such a widespread influence; that in this age of universal knowledge and inquiry, we are so little acquainted with the acts and achievements of a life like that of Gotama. This has certainly not been owing to lack of interest in the records that have been handed down respecting him, but is rather the result and outcome of that spirit of pharisaism which in its haughty egotism and narrow-minded intolerance, refuses to believe and cannot recognize that anything good can come out of Nazareth, or exist out of itself. It will not, however, always be so. This supercilious and fatuous bigotry is doomed to pass away and when the circle of humanity expands and embraces the world, then will the life and teachings of Gotama the Buddha receive their due meed of attention, his name be held in reverence and enrolled in the noble band of the Christs and Saviours, whose mission has been the emancipation of human nature from the thraldom of error and ignorance, the unfoldment of higher and loftier ideals and the leading it onward and upward to the attainment and realization of a higher and diviner life, the only true goal of happiness.

The biography of Gotama like that of many others, is replete and fraught with marvellous legends and supernatural incidents, the growth and accretion of centuries, as to render it somewhat difficult to separate the true from the false, to distinguish between what is fact and fiction so essentially necessary in forming a just estimate of his character and a right conception of him as a Buddha or enlightened teacher. Ignoring these wondrous stories, this much may be affirmed, that there is a strange and remarkable parallelism between many of the incidents and circumstances of his life, and that of the great prophet of Nazareth, a coincidence of fact and teaching which will some time have to be explained and accounted for by those who are looked up to and regarded as defenders of the Christian faith.

About 2500 years ago, in the city of Kapilavastu, situated 100 miles northwest of Benares, reigned a scion of the great solar race of kings named Suddhodana, renowned and honored alike by all for his princely virtues and loftiness of character. He belonged to the warrior caste and was wedded to a princess endowed with the highest and choicest gifts of intelligence and piety. Her exceeding beauty was such, that the name of Maya

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or the Vision had been given her as being one of those creatures of light and loveliness beheld only in visions. One night in a dream she saw a brilliant star falling from heaven, which descending upon her, entered into her body on the right side. Suddenly awakening out of her sleep, she at once informed her husband of the vision, who somewhat alarmed and unable to divine what it foreboded, summoned at once all the court sages, soothsayers and astrologers, as also his Brahman priests, and demanded from them the meaning of a portent so strange and extraordinary. After due and serious deliberation, they declared that it signified that the queen would give birth to a child of supernatural wisdom and who would become an universal monarch. Great preparations were made against the arrival into the world of the young prince.

In one of the royal pleasure gardens to the northeast of Kapilavastu and under a satin tree exhaling exquisite perfumes, Maya was delivered of her first-born, who was at once submitted to the inspection of the wise men and priests. These all declared that on his body were found all the marks characteristic of a great sovereign, and predicted for him a glorious future. No sooner was he born than the arrival was announced of a sage and holy hermit renowned for his piety and severe austerities. Warned of the Prince's birth through a dream, he proceeded at once to leave his hermitage and on arriving where he lay, took him up in his arms, as the aged Simeon did the young child Jesus, and gazing in wonderment and ecstasy declared: "This child is destined to become a mighty monarch whose sovereignty shall extend throughout the world; but if he shall chance to behold an old man, a lifeless corpse or a Bikshu or religious mendicant, nothing will prevent him renouncing earthly splendor and renown and becoming a Buddha, a Saviour of mankind." Seven days after Gotama's birth, Maya his mother, died, and the young prince was confided to Prajapati his aunt, who watched over and took the greatest care of the infant prince. As he grew up to boyhood, the most learned and famous men in the realm were chosen as his teachers. The child grew up a most beautiful and accomplished boy, and by docility in learning and attention to his studies, soon manifested evidences of an erudition and knowledge that greatly surprised his masters. He was always asking the most curious and abstruse questions, and when he saw them puzzled and perplexed, would himself give them the answer. It is stated that one of them named Vismavitra, renowned for his wisdom and extensive learning, declared that the boy already knew more than what he himself had acquired through a long life of study. He was in fact a puzzle and an enigma they could not solve or explain. The truth was that the boy's Higher Self, even at that early period of his life, had begun to operate within him. The intuitive faculty had already commenced to unfold itself by which he was able at times to read the great book of Nature and decipher her secret writing. At fitful moments dim gleamings and flashings of a higher realm of knowledge unknown to his teachers, illumined his mind. The past with all its stores of wisdom and learning, became revealed to his wondering gaze. Anon he stood in the presence of great sages, or sat at the feet of beings of noble mien and majestic intelligence, those sceptred sovereigns of the mind whose names though unknown and their works buried in oblivion, yet have their lofty ideas and teachings floated down on Time's stream and now form part of the ocean of human life and thought. Under such teachings his childhood passed away, and as he grew in years he increased like his Hebrew after-type, in wisdom and in favor of all men, who regarded and respected him as a paragon of all princely virtues. In him

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the poor, the suffering and unfortunate found a gracious friend, whose purse and help was always available, whilst by his words of kindness and sympathy he excited towards himself feelings amounting almost to reverence. By his agreeable and pleasing manner, he won the hearts of the noble and wealthy; and proud of him as their leader, there was not a common soldier who would not for his sake have faced death with ready willingness. Yet for all this popularity, amidst such circumstances tending to excite within him exalted notions of self; though placed on the pinnacle of earthly grandeur, Gotama lost not that mental balance so essential in the preservation of character. With that clear, keen intellect which read human nature like a book, this truth did not escape him: that all was not gold that glitters and that things were not what they seemed.

Gorgeous robes of nobles and emblazoned coronets of stately courtiers could not hide from his piercing gaze, the feelings of bitter animosity and selfish ambition that filled their minds, causing them to plot and counterplot against each other for positions of eminence. Seeing all this, knowing all this, many a time, weary at heart and pained at witnessing such wretched exhibitions of human weakness, he would leave the gaiety and festivities of court life and betake himself to the lone solitudes of the neighboring forests, subject to thoughts and feelings he could neither express in words nor define. There for hours, he would sit in lonely musing and lost in revery, meditating upon the great problems of life and death and the mysteries of Being. In this manner, far from the madding crowd, remote from the din aud noise and turmoil of city life and the wild revelries and excitement of the court, Gotama began to be conscious of a blank within, the absence, the yearning after an indefinable something without which, he felt that life must become a burden. At times he felt vibrating within himself the still, sad music of humanity thrilling his soul with a feeling of ineffable compassion. Now he felt

"A presence that disturbed him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit which impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

At other times he caught the accents of a speech he could not comprehend, and heard tones of a language he could not understand. At rare moments his spirit seemed to go forth roaming the illimitable universe in quest of a something he knew not what and returned filled with the agonizing sense of a great want. All these, the first dawnings, the dim flashings forth, the fitful shadowings forth of a higher and more spiritual life endeavoring to overcome and break down his lower nature, he could not understand and therefore filled with unrest and sadness he gave up himself to a life of revery, so much so, as to run the risk of becoming a confirmed recluse, a visionary dreamer. His father expostulated with him again and again, endeavoring to impress upon him a sense of his princely duties and the folly of sacrificing the solid realities and pleasures of a kingdom, for the unsubstantialities and airy nothings of a hermit's imagination. All, however, was of no avail. The prince listened in respectful silence and lived on as usual a lone student. Well for him, had there been some sympathetic friend, one who knew, who could have initiated him in the philosophy of the higher life, who could have guided him and raised him out of the Slough of Despond and mel-

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ancholy into which he had fallen. It would have saved him after years of mental anguish and suffering; but there was no one to look to as a teacher and therefore he had to drag on an existence of gloom and sadness. Becoming really alarmed, his father consulted the courtiers as to the best expedient to reclaim him from his hermit life. Many were suggested and tried but they failed to produce any effect, until some one more worldly wise than the rest, at last proposed marriage should be tried. It was he thought, just the thing to bring back the young prince to his senses and excite within him, an interest in the pleasures and enjoyments of life. The monarch hastened at once to the prince's apartment and broached the subject to him, who consented to the project rather than cause his father pain by refusing.

Search was at once made amongst neighboring courts for a suitable princess, one who should be worthy of the prince. The choice fell upon Gopa, the daughter of Dandapana, one of his royal neighbors. Gopa was a maiden, possessed of rare personal beauty, and a charm which won for her the admiration of everyone; she was what the French term, highly spirituelle in mind and character. Wherever she went she was a centre of light and joy to those around her. Her words, nay, the very tones of her voice, attracted all hearts towards her as she moved in her father's court a creature of radiant light and beauty. It was an auspicious day, when amidst the plaudits and blessings of untold thousands of spectators, the young couple were united together in marriage. General feasting and entertainments were the order of the day. Both high and low, the rich and poor alike throughout the realm rejoiced together over their young prince's nuptials. As Gopa in all her incomparable beauty which needed not the adornment and splendor of jewels to add to her charms, stood for the first time in presence of her future lord, she recognized in him her ideal of a prince. She felt herself impressed with the greatness of his majestic intellect. She saw and divined at once what no one else had discovered, the existence of that great blank, of that chasm of unrest and sadness, and she mentally resolved that she would fill it with her own light and life; and Gotama, as he gazed upon that face so fair and beautiful, and looked into those eyes of light and love wherein were reflected the rays of a pure soul, seemed to recognize what was necessary to his future happiness. He felt he had at last found his Sandalphon or twin soul, and starting as one awaking out of a dream, or like a soul called back again to life from out of the shadowy halls of Death, he felt a thrill of joyous delight to which he had long been a stranger, and, embracing the Princess on that morning, two souls, the complement of each other, became blended together for weal or woe, to form one joyous and harmonious existence. The change in Gotama was wonderful and gratifying to everyone, especially to his aged father, who loaded him with honors and presented him with three sumptuous palaces with magnificent parks and gardens, filled with leafy bowers and shady groves, resonant with the songs of birds of every clime. Once more he became the darling of the nation, and as years rolled by, the birth of a son added a deeper fringe of happiness to his life. And there, as he stands on the marble terrace of his palace along with Gopa by his side watching his boy's playful gambols and listening to the music of his prattling voice, the horizon of the future lies stretching out before him bright and radiant, with no dark speck and undimmed even with the smallest shadow of a cloud. There we must leave him for the present, but ere doing so, we would gather up as a commentary upon this sketch of Gotama's early life, some of the lessons arising out of it, and which we trust will be received with kindly acceptance and appreciation.

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The great spirit of the universe, the over-soul, the Higher Self, call it by whatever name we will, has, if we only knew it, spoken and will continue to speak unto us all, telling us as it did Gotama, "That things are not what they seem," that the shows and pageantries of the world are fleeting and evanescent illusions in which it is unwise to trust for happiness. If we ignore it, disregarding its counsel, we put back the clock of our Destiny and protract and lengthen out for centuries, it may be, life's pilgrimage; but giving heed to its tones, it will impart knowledge not to be found in books and endow us with a wisdom more priceless than rubies—a wisdom which raising us above the things of time and sense, will cause us to look not so much at the things that are seen, as at the things unseen; and listening to this still small voice within us, the time will at last come when it shall speak "Let There be Light," and then will dawn within us the light of a higher and diviner existence, which, bringing with it a peace and calm that all the tempests and storms of earthlife cannot ruffle nor disturb, toning down every passionate feeling, banishing and driving out of our natures all selfishness; restraining and holding back the hard unkind word, filling us with a Love that beareth all things, suffereth all things, shall cause us to become living centres and founts of joy to wife and children and friends who will learn to love us not for what we may have, but for what we are in ourselves, and thus become better able to discharge our allotted part in the regeneration and upraising of Humanity.

(*To be continued.*)

NEGLECTED FACTORS IN THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

BY PENTAUR.

II.

THE factors so far considered, in the previous article, were (1) the essential divine nature of man and the importance of awakening the soul as the first step in true education, and (2) that the soul is immortal and lives many lives on earth. This latter *neglected* factor of itself shows the futility of all education which has not as its object the awakening of the soul and the calling forth of the soul's powers, for manifestly that which is the soul's heritage from life to life is character and not the mental ability and scholarship in the arts and sciences which pass current for education to-day. Surely this needs no argument, for we have only to consider in what, in our final analysis of any man, we place our confidence and trust; it is not in his "culture" but in his character, which is the expression of the man himself, and which he cannot escape from or go behind; whereas culture and scholarship are no more than the cut of his mental habiliments. We have neglected the essentials for the sake of the appearances until the modern world is little more than one vast sham. We do indeed need to study the "Philosophy of Clothes" and meditate upon the Eternal Yea and Everlasting Nay. The problem of education is paramount; we can expect no amelioration of the troubles of life until we have solved this problem, which is the key to all others. And although we consider the problem of education with especial reference to the young, yet it will be clear that it concerns ourselves also, and perhaps in a much greater degree than may be ordinarily understood, and for this reason that according to the conditions which we, men and women of to-day, furnish for the coming generation do we help or retard the unfoldment of the powers of those souls re-born into this world.

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The present state of the economic and social world to-day shows the necessity of our facing this problem of education and of our applying it each to himself individually. In the previous article I referred to life as the great educator, and life and nature are both long-suffering and patient, and mankind, collectively and individually, is given opportunity after opportunity to enter upon this true education and learn the difference between the outer show and the eternal verity. There is however a breaking point in nature and in the social organism as well as in the individual life, and if the comparatively gentle hints are not heeded, the more forcible and soul-compelling methods of nature must be endured. There is a deep lesson to be learned from all the social revolutions of the past and from nature's cataclysmic throes which overwhelm nations and continents. The lesson is this: That man must learn to face himself, he must learn what is his true self, what are its needs and what its relations to life and nature. If he persistently refuse to learn from the everyday experiences of life, spread over many lives it may be, nature will one day take things as it were in her own hands and stripping him naked force him to see himself as he is.

To-day we stand face to face with conditions more strained, more ominous, than ever before known in history. If the storm breaks and if, as indeed may be, Nature's bounds are passed, adding natural convulsions to social, then indeed the test of a man will be character, self-knowledge, reliance on self—the divine inner self. In the face of Nature and in time of revolution form, conventionality, scholarship, are all swept aside; that which stands is the soul, clad in its one vesture, the outcome of all its lives—character.

Need more be said as to the true purpose of education than that it is to know one's inmost self and to unfold the powers of that self, not to dress that self in gay apparel of accomplishment and scholarship but to be as one really is in essence,—to be divine?

But let us return to the children, though not forgetting that we are children too. How may we help them to come to a knowledge of themselves?

Perhaps the first and the most important step to be taken is to teach children something of their moral make-up, of far greater importance than any study of physiology. I do not mean that psychology as ordinarily understood is to be taught—a psychology with the *psyche* left out—but the basis of true psychology, the recognition of the higher and the lower nature.

This is not a difficult matter if approached in the right way. Young children very quickly grasp the idea of their real selves being good, noble and kind, and that when they are naughty and unkind it is because their real selves have gone away for a time. Furthermore, they very quickly understand that their real selves ought not to have gone away, but should have stayed to take care of their voice, and hands, and feet, and so they learn the first great lesson of responsibility and self-reliance. We need only to look around us to-day to see that there is a woeful lack of the sense of responsibility to self. To-day the greatest of all the commandments, the cornerstone of modern ethics—as practised in the world, all the preaching to the contrary notwithstanding—is "thou shalt not be found out," and the standard of right is that which *seems* right in our neighbor's eyes. Why is this? No clearer evidence is needed of the neglect of one of the essentials of education.

It is not responsibility to God, nor to a teacher, but to one's higher self that we need to realize. It cannot be understood, however, without the knowledge of the dual nature of man, the higher and the lower, the higher being the real inner man, the soul; the lower, with its

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passions and desires and all the physical powers, being the instrument and, properly, the servant of the higher. This can be taught, it can be inculcated in the minds of the young and by appealing to and awakening the soul in this way the inner perception of right and wrong—the so-called conscience—is awakened, the intuitive faculty is called into action and the whole life irradiated. The intuitive faculty is a natural one to the child state; all that is needed is that it shall be fostered and called into action. Can you not imagine how the whole nature of a child would glow when he discovers that he can appeal to himself, to his own higher nature, for guidance; when he finds that there is this something, the intuition, which is knowledge. What a re-discovery it must be to a child when he comes to realize this! What a discovery it has been to many an older child, to grown men and women, to realize, however dimly, the divinity of man! How a boy delights to use his strength which he feels in his muscles! How much more wonderful is the revelation of himself to himself when he feels the awe of the divine within his own heart!

The awakening of the intuition removes the barriers from the mind, it takes away all fear, all lack of confidence. The child, young or old, finds a foothold, his eyes are opened, he sees a way before him and enters upon life, whether in school or out in the world, with a hope, nay, a certainty, that overcomes all obstacles. The intuition becomes as the voice of another self than this every-day personality, it is indeed the voice of that inner self, the soul in whom resides the "knowing" faculty,—that knowledge which Plato says is "recollection"—and who has been so many times over the pathway of life. Ah, if but the lower personal self would lean upon that inner self, the lessons of life would soon be learned and possibilities of future progress would open out surpassing our most vivid imagination.

It may be the opinion of some that this would result in priggishness and goody-goodyness, but that is because we, with how few exceptions, are insincere in our own lives, and those who have felt the inner life of the soul hide it and fear to show their hearts to another. But true holiness of life is not a forced condition, it is natural; indeed, unless it is natural and spontaneous, it cannot be "holiness" in the highest and deepest sense.

The influence of music is well known to all, and many a child, shy and retiring, afraid to express itself in any way, has under the influence of music burst into singing, forgetting all save the joy which the music has called forth in the heart. A child may not be able to sing by himself, but will forget all fear and bashfulness in a class of happy children singing in chorus. This is all because children instinctively lean on their inner natures, and the music stealing into their hearts and awakening them on a higher plane gives strength and confidence.

How easy it would be to help the children, and to educate along the right lines if once the right atmosphere were provided. For it is the mental and more especially the moral atmosphere which, like the music, draws forth the powers of the soul. Children are more influenced by the hidden and unexpressed thought of their parents and teachers than by the spoken word. A teacher whose mind may be well-trained, stored with knowledge (or is it only information?) whose outer life may appear irreproachable, but whose inner nature has not been awakened, will fail in the true purpose of education. And however able he may be mentally, however brilliant his achievements as a scholar, yet should his inner life be not moral he will not only fail to educate, but his inner life will affect the inner life of all the children with whom he comes in contact.

Teachers, as a class, deserve high and just commendation for their work and

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the uprightness of their lives, but the fact just stated must be faced. It is one of the greatest obstacles to be encountered. It is so easy in these days of conventionality and the worship paid to the god of appearances, to conceal the motive and the inner desires and there is no way of overcoming this save through the efforts of parents, teachers, and the whole community, individually purifying each his own life, and recognizing the divine promptings of the higher self endeavoring to express these in act.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE GENIUS OF THE COLLECTIVE MASSES."

BY SARAH F. GORDON.

THE Source of Genius is the Unknown Silence pervading unfathomable Space.

The ancient seers preferred in their Wisdom the silent acknowledgment of the all-pervading Infinite, and left this Being nameless, inconceivable, fathomless, illimitable, in other words, sacred from contact with life, unpolluted by any approach. All great thinkers realize the impossibility of postulating the Infinite being. To their minds, vision is obscured by a veil which is indefinite, partaking of the Great Unknown, and to that extent pervasive. The seer perceives this veil as ever present darkness or shadow, by which alone the resplendent Light can be visible. Therefore shadow is ever present. "The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee, Thou Silent One." This shadow, the seer names Voice, Word, Logos, Eternal Law, Life. This film or emanation, shadow, is ever in motion born from the inherent energy pervading it. From this film or mist all things spring, the subjective or imperceptible and the objective or perceptible. We perceive all energy or life is dual in its nature, an outbreathing or going forward from its source and an inbreathing or contracting or return. This is vibratory or undulatory motion. It is through vibration all form is evolved and it is through Vibration all form is resolved into its primary elements. Thus bringing about evolution and involution, manifest in sound, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc. Life is manifested in man that he may again assimilate into the Great Unknown. It is the inherent potency of the divine utterance that constructs and destroys, rebuilds and remodels. The above explanation of the process of creation may seem rather misty and vague. It cannot be otherwise, for infinite power of expression and reception is not the property of the thinker, while energizing. He is but germinating and requires the suitable soil, the eternal depths of space in which to mould and bring forth into the light of day the plan dimly foreshadowed in his mind. When the thinker realizes this, he is becoming spiritual, in close touch with the infinite source of life.

This Eternal Motion or Vibration compels every varied activity in an infinite variety of forms. No such thing is conceivable as isolation, perfect individuality. It is in union or combination that progress is attainable. If each atom flew off on its own tangent caused by the outbreathing from the inner cause of its being, it would be lost in the immensity of space; therefore it is drawn by its inbreathing to the central source of all, according to the law of its being, which is a continual outbreathing followed by an inbreathing, or an expanding and consequent contracting which keeps it in its orbit. This is carried on in an infinitesimal manner with each form as well as in the immensity of large combina-

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tions of forms or atoms. The same law governs all.

Man can see only in part, as he is limited by the line of vision between the perceptible and the imperceptible at this instant of time. "The key-note determines the vibration."

All forms or groups of atoms so called, are combinations of infinitesimal atoms ever moving. No permanent crystallization is possible.

Unity in diversity is the law. The jelly-like protoplasm contains within its environment the universe, and cannot be comprehended by the mineral, the plant, the animal, man or even archangel. Only the inconceivable spirit knows it, and will not impart this mystery only so far as it becomes it. Life implies the outbreathing and inbreathing of the Great Breath. Separating, again uniting, are the dual factors of Life. This process man perceives in his reasoning, discriminating faculties when in disintegrating old formulas, he is ever synthesizing or building a new form to be in turn torn in pieces by the inevitable law of life, which demands infinite variety of conception in new forms for the awakening consciousness of the past.

Man is but a copy of the Universe, a big atom composed of an innumerable group of infinitesimal atoms, all instinct with Divine Life pulsating and ever throbbing for utterance. No man is separate from other men. All are linked with invisible ties by the Great Unknown. Each man is but a certain combination of a variety of ideas seeking expression through him, the synthesizer or centre of that particular group at that instant of time, viz., the present moment. He represents the result of Karma of past efforts, of which the present is the fruitage. He is ever advancing along the lines of inward progress to the depths of the hidden, and more and more absorbed by it and becoming the Great Unknown. Hence, when man so concentrates all the powers of his being that he rises superior to his limitations caused by the past and consciously wills to pierce the dark veil or shadow, he is rapidly electrifying all the atoms of his combination by rousing the latent power in each. Consequently there is war in the camp and suffering and apparent disaster ensue, with tearing of old combinations and breaking of shells as the result.

These back ideals reassert themselves, and the present ideals constantly force the mastery. Hence, the weariness, the danger brought on by this new order of things. He is in agony and longs to be free, being overcome with the grossness of the past.

The Divine Fire is but working and breaking the old crystallization and revealing the hidden Flame in the consumption of the shell, and scattering it to the four winds. The shock is good. He is becoming spiritual. He is approaching the Flame. Then will emanate from the man (purified by suffering, the great revealer) higher, finer emanations to other men. He is losing himself in the Divine, and becoming a Saviour or co-worker, the Christos or Christ, Great Soul. He sacrifices what he has gained to others, for his emanations are rapidly absorbed by others struggling as he was and he must share or exchange by taking their griefs as his. He breathes in with his life energy these diseased germs which react on him, and he must still energize. Struggle and suffering never cease in conscious life, but it can be alleviated only by helping others in a true spirit of non-separateness. In other words, by consciously losing one's belief in the permanency of the "*I*" being the present *form* of man which is ever changing.

The true principle of non-separateness is the consciousness that all are forms of the "I," or "Self," filling an appropriate sphere of the Divine Ideal, and, as such, consciously working in all creations of the Divine Father-Mother of us all. No favorite Son, but the nearer the

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heart, the more required of him. The Lost Prodigal Son in the Christian Bible received the Father's love as well as the so-called favorite son; for, had he not been in the shadow, and now brought to the resplendent light of his presence. He found from bitter experience while wandering from Him in doubt and unbelief that the Light still shines, hidden though it may be by our wilful gropings. The selfseeker will be reclaimed. It is but a misty step on Life's Path which has befogged his mind in his earthly pilgrimage. He will be united to the Father at last, when he cries and energizes in the depths of his soul, "Father, Father, Help my unbelief, and give me Light from Heaven, which alone can lead me to the higher realms near Thyself."

Thus by conscious withdrawal of man to the citadel of his strength, his inner fount, the Divinity, he can partake of all states of consciousness or life, for they interpenetrate, and he becomes the Master or Great Soul.

Evil is but transient, a passing shadow through which the Light of Truth is revealed more or less from the hidden depths of the Great Unknown, Dark Fire of Truth, which feeds the Flame, and can never be reached by the seeker till he is absorbed by the Flame. As has been truly said of old: "It is beyond you because when you reach it, you have lost yourself. It is unattainable, because it forever recedes. You will enter the Light, but you will never touch the Flame (because then you have lost yourself)."

Now, let us apply this philosophy to what is called practical life at the present time.

The mass of people can feel and not express clearly. They are overshadowed by the veil of illusion; hence need a prophet for their mouthpiece. Who shall this prophet be? Who shall competently express their silent aspirations? I answer, the man of heart, and he is a man of genius. Why? Because he does not voice alone his past deeds, but listens to and obeys the Voice of the Silence, by uniting the sensitiveness of the personality or *apparent* "*I*" or *self*, with the potent energy of the life-giving force, the *True Self* or "*I*" which blesses all life by its strength and true compassion. In such a genius contradictions of consciousness unite. He is the accepted hero of all ages and races, because in him the raees recognize themselves. Such a seer loves the masses blinded and betrayed so often by their leaders. He does not despise their blind gropings and stammering words, eager questionings and bitter complaints. He does not withhold his sympathy and loving thought because his efforts fall unheeded, amid apparent ruin and destruction. He knows the end will be accomplished; that eternal justice, love and liberty will be the goal, though long and dreary the road may appear, if the eyes are persistently cast down instead of uplifted to the everlasting hope.

Such a genius or seer can accomplish what is called sudden changes, can create such an atmosphere of etheric pressure as to burst the bonds of matter or its sheaths and elevate in a mass whole races of people from the slough of despair; not by relieving specially their terrestrial condition, but by so infusing their lot with the Universal, electrifying power of Divine compassion and Brotherly kindness, that no sheath can be insensible to its effects, and peace will gradually settle upon the disturbed vehicle, that it will vibrate in harmony to the Divine influx. This it is to be in touch with the Supreme. "Consecrate then all thy deeds to the Supreme"; says an ancient sage.

The collective masses of the people represent the soil, ever responsive to the genius of Divine Love. They represent the innocence and simplicity of the race. The spirit of self-sacrifice is more pre-

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valent there than in the developed self conscious individual, the cultivated egotist, because they have the combined aspects more diffusive. They are nearer conscious Nature. The feuds among common people have their origin in the needs of existence. The same instinct which impels the seeking for life and failing to obtain the material sustenance, is ever impelling to another form of life, which causes restlessness and constant motion, the constant play of the forces which awakens intuition on higher planes unconsciously and brings about the desired result without recognizing the unknown cause. "To the unenlightened is revealed the mysteries as well as to the enlightened," said Buddha. The eternal recompense comes in to every one for the unsatisfied desire. "Still the outward agitation, and listen to the Voice of the Silence," is the advice to those who can read the mysteries. This is the stuff of which come believers, teachers, martyrs. Its most dangerous enemy is that crystallized organization, whether church, sect, party or society, which, in formulating the beliefs of the few, read into its interpretations, the theoretical errors of mind, thus dogmatizing or imposing upon all, the crystallized beliefs of the few, adapted to the present comfort of the few. The light of conscience, the divine right of judgment is within each, and can never be imposed upon another. The Light of the Inner man must unite to the Light in each in a spirit of toleration as diffusive as the sun, in order that the race may progress, even if the atoms composing that race suffer and enjoy. Mutual suffering, mutual joy comes to each alike as he is capacitated to receive. "Open wide the windows and let the Light stream in and out to all!" The seer or initiate understands and is free, careless of so-called past or future; acts in the ever present. To lead the life of the Light in its fullness is to enjoy the present surroundings whatever they may be. Not to accentuate physical, moral or intellectual development by despising either channel. Have free access to all, but be absorbed in neither, else you die or choke the avenues of communication and the synthesis of life on this terrestrial globe is checked. This communication with all that lives will enhance the possibilities of a true form of life which never ceases, whatever the environment, and blesses all within its radii.

This gospel is hard to accept and practice. It is easier grasped by the masses than by the classes, because it is the instinctive law of being unpolluted by any vehicle of limitation. It is conscious law and is active in the people or race though not self-conscious of it. When self-consciousness is aroused in the people by intense desire unifying them in one central idea on any plane of thought, then self-propagation will be manifest, and a breath will destroy the present order like the dynamo. This is where the value of heeding the masses becomes significant. Occasionally a genius flashes from out their ranks who overturns dynasties, as it were in a moment. If these masses then were affected so intently by the God within as to universally manifest in one direction, viz., to burst the bonds of matter or limitation, then pralaya would be the result. All are changed in the twinkling of an eye. Query. Do such pralayas come to a universe on a large scale as come to lesser ones? If so, none can predict the cycle of pralaya to his particular universe within the knowledge imparted by the universal source of all universes, which comes like flashes of electricity to illuminate the earth and break up the sheaths constantly crystallizing on its surface. This constant upheaval and scattering is Heaven's law of eternal vibration in order to bring forth infinite manifestation, for all forms are transient. Why cling, then, so persistently to it, fair mortal? It is but the Immortal Spirit

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that uses the form and throws it aside when it wills. Death is dissolution of form, but the immortal soul continues to live and is again enclosed in form or vesture according to its character. Dissolution or disintegration of form and rebirth or reappearance of a new form is life. This does not imply an annihilation of character or personality, but an ever-increasing illumination of personality by an abandonment of that which separates it from all that lives. It is the passing of ignorance or latent partial truth into the full vision of truth resplendent, which constitutes Life Eternal.

It behooves us, then, to heed the cry of the infant mass, our brothers in distress. The intuitive power latent in the people is already recognized by well informed thinkers. As thought becomes powerful in action among the people who imbibe mental nourishment through the pores, the inevitable action will follow in due time. What shall be the nature of this action which we all anticipate at present, for the signs are in the air, it is difficult to prognosticate. Let us be as patient as possible, the seeds are sown, the fruit will be gathered, and what shall the harvest be? Hold yourselves in readiness to await the result with calmness and resignation.

In all convulsions of nations, it has been observed there follows a tendency to mysticism. The patriotic fever of a nation, while seeking to preserve its own from the encroachments of the foreign invader, must not deteriorate into the class system as set over against the mass. The people have ever been lovers of home and country till driven by internal dissensions to seek an outlet for this force.

Now, a storm is brewing at present, that threatens an upheaval of present social conditions. It is a transitional period, evidently.

The domination of wealth or capital is felt more and more by the laboring classes so-called. The so-called advantages to the masses claimed by the capitalists in the increase of railroads and facilities for comfort in the homes of the working classes, and the freedom of education and schools, longer hours for rest, etc., are offset by the argument of contrast perpetually presented by the ever fluctuating conditions of the people dependent upon material power. The increase of taxes, so much greater in proportion to the labor in physical directions to labor in mental manipulation of forces, makes the advantages offset the disadvantages and the unskillful gradually are falling behind; hence, a class system. The misery is increasing. Then the hatred of present uncomfortable conditions, whatever the cause, makes the masses desire a change, brought about by the ideal uppermost. Some doggedly submit, some resort to duplicity, or even open warfare, and others withdraw from the strife to their inner selves and seek consolation in mysticism or in sectarianism.

This mysticism has its hold upon the people in awakening a desire for a better form of life than the present, which is evanescent. Here is the dawn of a new order, which comes only when outward transient pleasure is unattainable by ordinary means. Seers are developed to aid the masses in their upward striving, and, in proportion to the misery, hope in the future is awakened and the fear of calamities so woefully anticipated is lulled into peacefulness and the uncomfortableness of the present vanishes to make way for the dawn of the new dispensation. Thus history repeats itself in all nations. The period of rise in material progress is at the expense of the Inner Light. The waning of material progress is accompanied by increasing spiritual energy. The rise in material civilization is always accompanied by a corresponding withdrawal of energy from interior planes, and is the intense manifestation of intuition caused by training it in the material direction, and

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consequent loss of spontaneity in action by the crystallization of force; and is followed invariably at its height by a waning of material civilization accompanied by an overflow of the spiritual energy in the material universe and a consequent greater opportunity of spiritual insight becoming universally diffused in that race. It is the transitional period which fluctuates in the balance before the withdrawal of the refining process converting the gross physical into the supersensuous condition of the higher sphere and is the crucial test. But the intuition pushes on and bursts the bonds of matter and proceeds on its cyclic journey back to the source of universal diffuseness accompanied by the aroma of its earthly pilgrimage. Hence, the apparent decline of nations. It is only their form and not their spirit that disintegrates, and is ever creating, preserving and destroying. It calls into being other nations and comes forth again in a so-called new nation; for instance America is an example of an old race reborn.

According to the records of Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, from which I will now quote: "America is an example of not only being well known by all civilized nations thousands of years ago, as is today England; but it has been proved to exert a civilizing influence over the population of Asia, Africa and Europe. We meet with its mark on Japan, Islands of the Pacific, Hindustan, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece and Equatorial Africa.

"The Ancient Mayas, the descendants of which, now living in Yucatan, Central America, testify to the fact. Their language, MS. and sculptured architecture, lately examined (through Dr. Le Plongeon in his seven years' residence and intimate communion with the natives) reveals startling and convincing proofs of America's influence on language, science and acts in the dim past. The Maya language explains many things in the Christian Bible hitherto unknown, showing that modern nations are awakening to the fact that history is only repeating itself."

The same old, old story of a race reaching a great height of civilization, internal dissensions consequent thereto, resulting in a weakening and downfall of the race; again rising plus the experience acquired, and therefore guarded in its onward evolution to a still more advanced type.

That America, once occupied by a civilized race known to all the East, will heed her past and stem the tide of selfish aggrandizement in her onward march to the development of a new race is the duty for present Americans to strive to make possible.

Let me say right here that a long and interesting talk on the Maya civilization in connection with the modern civilization of America and the formation of a new race might be indulged in at some future time. This is a fruitful field of research as it opens up vistas of ever-widening expanse of thought in the realms of psychological study.

What were the evolutions of mind that served as bases for the fabric of the various religions and philosophies which have existed and still do exist among mankind, is the favorite theme of the advanced thinker and may truly be said to bring about the spirit of toleration among the sons of men in showing them their common origin and destiny.

Pleasure and pain are only caused by allowing our mind to be swayed by the vibration of the matter in which we function. Peace is only temporary, apparent resting; then struggle we must to higher planes of consciousness. To expect flesh and blood to be proof against all wavering is inconceivable. These are but temporary vehicles through which the soul is ever vibrating and building a finer condition or vehicle of spirit. All the people among whom we struggle are living threads, quivering nerves—vibrating like electric wires, but

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held by invisible hands and attuned to the Divine Harmony of Life Immortal.

Eternal Vibration is the Life of the Soul. Prayer or aspiration is but the "Soul's form of energizing, thereby reaching higher realms of Life Eternal."

As has been said by one of old: "Live then, in the Eternal, for you are Eternal, the Invisible, Silent, Deathless Pilgrim, ever in the Present. No Past, no Future, to crush or anticipate, but the Everlasting Now is yours."

FREEDOM.

It is not only true that most people misunderstand freedom, but I sometimes think I have not yet met one person who rightly understood it. The whole universe is absolute Law.

Freedom only opens entire activity and license *under the law.*

To the degraded and undeveloped and even to too many others—the thought of freedom is a thought of escape from law—which, of course, is impossible. More precious than all worldly riches is Freedom—freedom from the painful constipation and poor narrowness of ecclesiasticism—freedom in manners, habiliments, furniture, from the silliness and tyranny of local fashions—entire freedom from party rings and mere conventions in politics—and better than all, a general freedom of one's-self from the tyrannic domination of vices, habits, appetites, under which nearly every man of us (often the greatest brawler for freedom) is enslaved.

Can we attain such enfranchisement—the true Democracy, and the height of it? While we are from birth to death the subjects of irresistible law, enclosing every movement and minute, we yet escape, by a paradox, into true free will. Strange as it may seem, we only attain to freedom by a knowledge of, and implicit obedience to, Law. Great—unspeakably great—is the Will; the free Soul of man; at its greatest, understanding and obeying the laws, it can then, and then only, maintain true liberty. For there is to the highest that law as absolute as any—more absolute than any—the Law of Liberty.

The shallow, as intimated, consider liberty a release from all law, from every constraint. The wise see in it, on the contrary, the potent Law of Laws, namely, the fusion and combination of the conscious will or partial individual with those universal, eternal, unconscious ones, which run through all Time, pervade history, prove immortality, give moral purpose to the entire objective world, and the last dignity to human life.—*Walt Whitman.*

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REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR'S THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

BY E. A. NERESHEIMER, PRESIDENT T. S. IN A.

THE close of another year is soon at hand, and with it we are approaching the end of the century when an important cycle terminates. Balance sheets are struck on such occasions year after year and from them we glean the results of our endeavors.

It gives me pleasure to recount some of the magnificent results achieved by the Theosophical Society in America during the past year for the information of members who may have lost sight of one or the other of the activities the aggregate of which has determined its present position as a great factor in the regenerative efforts to uplift humanity to its true dignity.

The aspect which the T. S. presents to-day to the public mind is vastly different than what it was when those heroes, H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, twenty-two years ago, first presented the truths of humanities inheritance and possible developments to the world. The position is changed from that of obscurity to that of marked prominence. The ideas permeate literature, the pulpit and educational institutions to such a large extent that the source of them is almost lost sight of. The invaluable gain in the advancement of the thought of the day in this direction is undoubtedly due to the underlying truths of these ideas, and to the wise administration of the organization and the untiring efforts of its members.

The liberal and respectful treatment by the press is evidence of the widespread interest which the movement commands.

The increase in membership during the last year was greater than in any other year in the history of the Society, likewise the number of branches have increased and their individual organization is vastly more efficient than heretofore.

The greatest and most far-reaching effort ever put forward by the Society was the Crusade of American Theosophists around the world, which was headed by Katherine A. Tingley, the successor to H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and successfully and grandly completed in February of this year. The marvellous increase in membership and number of Branches which was the most visible result of the Crusade is—strange to say—the least important as compared with the far-reaching connection which was made with foreign nations, obscure tribes and organizations with whom was found a point of contact which had long waited for the touch of a masterhand to bind them together on the very ideals of human Brotherhood. Thus a beginning has been made by creating international ties, a cable tow of spiritual force has been spread abroad the strength of which will outlast the ages.

Closely following the return of the Crusade to America was the laying of the foundation of the corner-stone, and accompanying ceremony, of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, California. One hundred and ninety-six acres of land had been purchased on a magnificent site overlooking the ocean. The sacred mysteries of antiquity will be revived under the guidance of the Founder at that school and moral and spiritual education will be given to fitted pupils by instructing them in an understanding of the laws of universal nature and justice and particularly the laws governing their own being.

The greatest convention of the Society was held at Madison Square Garden,

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New York City, on April 26, 1897, with many delegates present from foreign countries and audiences by thousands.

The work of the children which is now so promising received its impetus there. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer, a lady who is eminently fitted for that highly important position was appointed by Mrs. Tingley superintendent of that work. A very great increase in numbers and in interest can be recorded which fills us with hope for the future.

In September the International Brotherhood League was founded by Mrs. Tingley with the broadest possible objects. This work was eagerly taken up by all the Branches throughout the world as it was immediately recognized as affording an opportunity for the practical application of the teachings of Universal Brotherhood. Many students realized at once that here was a chance to sow seeds broadcast of the philosophic basis which they had imbibed during the period in which the Theosophical Society went through its cycle of development.

During the Summer a home for tenement house children was established in the vicinity of New York, there a large number of children were cared for and some of the broadest teachings of right living were inculcated. At the end of the season a drama was performed by the children which was a forerunner to the performances to be presented in the course of time to the public which shall teach some of the purest and grandest truths of their own lives.

Before closing this brief review I should mention that the Theosophical Society in America has not been without its enemies near and far.

As the movement advances it attracts many individuals who soon get hold of the grandest truths they have ever known, and then they attempt to pose as teachers of the philosophy by word or silence or by letter or otherwise. This is a fascinating game which those who do not work sincerely for humanity love to play and often devoted members become temporary victims to them. These little Gurus use subtle means to affect others; they indulge in insidious and crafty means to draw members away from their work for their own personal interests.

The Theosophical Society in America is now an influential and powerful organization. Therefore the temptation is very great for selfish and ambitious persons to creep in and endeavor to become possessed of some of its advantages utterly regardless of results.

Many know and many do not that to enter upon the work for humanity in earnest is to work with cosmic forces and that the personality has to give way in order to succeed.

The personality being only the limited reflection of the Great Self comes into confusion when it presumes to represent the universal source or essence; it can never prevail. It must go or it dashes itself to pieces finally on the rock of truth. Thus some step aside and are heard of no more.

Theosophists can become very strong and self-centred and impregnable to the subtle influence of inimical forces if they will hold strictly to the Spirit of the philosophy.

The prospect for the future of our movement is grand. By coöperation and solidarity only can we prosper and carry the message into the next century and beyond.

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YOUNG FOLKS DEPARTMENT.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

BY J. D. S.

THE house I live in is not very much of a house. It is old, very dilapidated, and sadly in need of repairs. Nevertheless, it is the best house I ever lived in. Perhaps it would be well to begin by telling you something about some of the houses I lived in long before I occupied this house that I live in today.

When I first began to understand that I must have a habitation and a name, I found that I must build my house myself, and the first thought that came to me in regard to the plan was this: "I shall have a straight, high roof and broad windows wide apart."

Well, when I thought I was ready to build, I found there were several others whom I would have to consult in regard to the plan of my house. These others were somehow connected with me in such a way that they could not be got rid of. Indeed, I found later on that they were intended to be my servants—they were certainly "Hangers on" and I had to consult them. I know now, it was my own fault that I had to consult them, but I did not know it then, and as they were many and very strong, they made me believe they had the right, and to save trouble I consented.

So the house was begun and finished before I realized that I had very little to do with the plan of it. I was very much disappointed when I found the roof so low and so slanting that there was very little room for the wide windows I had hoped to have, They were what the builders called windows, but they were so narrow that they were merely slits, and so close together that they almost touched each other.

Looking back to that far-away time and remembering that house and those poor, little, narrow windows, makes me shiver even now. We had shutters over them, but the shutters drooped in such a way as to nearly cover them all the time, just as if they were ashamed of the windows they were expected to screen and tried to cover them up.

But the house was finished and we moved in. We were seven of a family all told—master and servants. But as the master had been overpowered in planning his house and building it by those who were inferior to him, he now found they were determined to continue to hold him in subjection. These inferiors were indeed the masters, and he seemed to be powerless to assert his rights, and was obliged to submit.

It was very foolish of him, I own, but when you understand how he was placed you will be willing to admit that he could not very well have done otherwise. When he got fairly settled in his new house he found he would have to live right in with his servants, for there was no nice, light room he could call parlor. The roof slanted too much to allow of such a room, and even if there had been a room under the roof, the windows were of no account for lighting such a room as he had in his mind. So he settled down to live as best he could. It was settling down indeed, for the house was mostly under ground, having been planned and built without any reference to his needs or comfort.

He was a social sort of a fellow and liked company and as these dependents of his were lively and gay, he soon forgot in their company to long for a better house. They had gotten the upper hand of him and they kept it. They led him where they pleased and their pleasure was from one folly to another, from one wicked-

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ness to another. Sometimes, indeed, many times, he would pause and consider, and there would come to his mind a thought that he was very foolish to be led thus from folly to folly—that he ought to turn over a new leaf and lead a better and purer life.

Then he remembered he had no place to go to get away from these whom he ought to subdue, and he would be very sad and sorrowful and say to himself: "Oh, if only I had not been so weak as to allow these base creatures to control me when I had such a nice plan to build my house. If only I could have carried out the plan I would have had a nice upper room, well lighted, where I could sometimes retire and be at peace."

Then coming under the influence of those lower creatures, he would fall once more from his high and noble aspirations, and in their company would return again to the indulgence of all sorts of unmanly folly, till at last the house began to go to pieces. When the occupants saw the house would not hold together much longer, they were alarmed and they all moved out. The house soon sank into the ground, and no wonder, being built nearly under ground it soon rotted away.

So here was I once more without a habitation and a name; the six who had lived with me seemed to have left me to myself. I was ashamed and tired of the life I had lived, and I determined to build no more houses. I said: "Why should I try to build a house, I cannot have it as I wish. If only I could have a straight high roof, and nice wide windows, I believe I could live a better and a purer life. I am sure it would have been different if I had not given up to those whom I know are inferior to me, but I do not see how I can ever build such a house as long as I have those six followers to contend with." And while I was thus cogitating I fell asleep. I have no idea how long I slept; it seemed only a few minutes, but I know now it was a long time.

And when I awoke, will you believe me, the first thing I knew I was contemplating building a house. Strange, was it not? And the next moment I remembered about the high roof, and the wide windows, when, lo and behold, here came my former six companions. They too were just as anxious as I to build and move into a house.

I do not know how it happened, but I found I had gained some wisdom and some new strength. May be it was on account of keeping always before my mind's eye the idea of that straight roof and those two broad windows. The idea had been "a hope"—the hope of a better house. Be that as it may, I certainly had gained something, for when the new house was completed the roof was straighter, the windows were a little broader, and there was a little room at the top of the house furnished in a pleasant, cool grey material. I admit it was not much of a room, and the furniture not much to be proud of, but compared to what I had been accustomed, it was very satisfactory.

Now, as I really had gotten in some small degree the upper hand of those whom I ought to have known all along were very much below me in the social scale, you would think I ought to have kept the upper hand. How surprised you will be when I tell you I still allowed them to allure me from my nice, light and pleasant little upper room—that I still joined them in their folly and sin and went from bad to worse. But it will please you, to learn that ever and anon the thoughts would come to me: "Why am I here? Why should I be so foolish as to give way before these low-lived servants? Oh that I could break away from their baneful influence."

But all the time I seemed to understand that I could not so break away from them; that they were tied to me by some mysterious force I could not control. And time went on. The house became old and rickety and began to fall

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to pieces, so we seven poor misguided mortals moved out.

I do not know how the others felt, but I can say I was heartily ashamed of all my failures. I could recall all my mistakes; I would declare over and over again that I never, never should try to build another house to live in. Then I would fall to thinking, if ever I should build again, how I ought to exert my manhood and have the house so that I could not descend to the lower basement where my servants had their quarters. Then I would go to sleep.

This happened more times than I can tell you. I would move out of a house, look back and see it fall to pieces and sink into the ground. Then I would go over all my life in that house, all my errors, all my mistakes, and think to myself: "If I had only done so and so, and if I had not done this and that." Still one thought and one hope seemed to animate me. That hope which always stood out in bold relief was my hobby of a straight and high roof and nice broad windows, wide apart. With these thoughts I would fall asleep, and sleep I do not know how long. And when I awoke the first thing I knew the building mania seized me, and nothing would do but I must begin to build.

How many times this occurred I do not know, for I lost count long ago, but at last there came a time when I succeeded in getting my heart's desire—a higher house and pretty well up out of the ground. The roof was straighter, the windows broader, and a respectably sized room at the top of the house furnished in that pleasant cool grey material. The furniture also was firmer and more substantial than any I had had heretofore.

Now when I tell you of the dreadful wicked deeds I was guilty of after I had succeeded in having such improvements in my house, you will hardly credit it. Indeed, looking back to that time, not so very long ago, I can scarcely credit it myself. I do not like to tell you about it, only it is right that you should know, so that you may gain knowledge and learn a lesson from my experience. One of the worst mistakes I made and continued to make for a long time was this: I laid the blame of all my mistakes on others. First, I blamed the shape of my house, then I blamed the servants with whom I lived. They had been the masters. You will see at once that I alone was to blame. I had made all the mistakes and continued to make them—all the faults were my faults. You remember I told yon, if I could have a house built to my mind, I could and would live a better and a purer life.

You see, I always looked outward and never inward. The thought never struck me that the fault was mine. I know better now. I know if I had been right my servants would have been right, and we being right the house we built would have been perfect. There is an old saying, "Live and Learn," and I had to live a great many times before I learned that.

So the time had come when my servants and I moved into a house very nearly as I had long wished to have it. I suppose it made me proud and selfish to get into such a nice house. Having been so successful I thought, "Now I have really got almost all I have so long desired. I shall show others how powerful I am." I am coming now to the time of my most selfish acts and I dread to tell you about them.

Well, I had heard of a great and powerful king, and being so set up in my own conceit, I formed in my mind the most extravagant and ridiculous ideas in regard to this king. If I had only stopped there, no great harm would have been done. But I did not stop there; I determined to compel all my neighbors to believe all the extravagant and ridiculous notions I had taken into my head. When any of them refused to believe as I wanted them to believe, I tortured and burned them. At least I thought I

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burned them. I also thought I sent them to a place where they would burn forever and ever.

But you know, and I know now, that I only burned the houses they lived in—I had no power over the occupant of the house. When I set fire to his house, he only moved out, and all he had to do was to wait until he was ready to build another house. Then, if he were stronger than I he would very likely burn my house, if I refused to believe as he believed. That is just the way we did. Whoever were the stronger burned those who were the weaker. (Of course I mean they burned the houses they lived in.)

As it is impossible for every one to believe just the same and also as we were one and all far from the truth, the burnings went on for a long time, as time goes. But at last there came a time when there was no more burning with fire. Burning with fire went out of fashion. But the idea of allowing any one to form his own opinion did not go out with the fires—more the pity.

You will see now, if not before how all the fault was mine. I think the first dawning of the truth came to me when I began to call those "hangers on," propensities. Then by beginning to invite them one at a time, to come up and sit with me in my nice pleasant upper room. There we sat and conversed and compared notes and laid plans for the future. I must admit I did not know how much I was doing for them when I invited them to come up and sit with me. When the knowledge came to me that I must train and educate my propensities, I really had elevated two of them so they could occupy with me that upper room. And I was then living in the house I occupy to-day.

Now, you understand why I said, "This is the best house I ever lived in." You must not suppose for a moment that I am entirely satisfied with my house, or that there will be no more improvements. Having now the assistance of the two elevated and educated "Hangers on" (I shall call them brothers hereafter) I have succeeded in getting light into my parlor. By this light I have been enabled to look inward, and I have seen where all the fault lies. I have determined to go no more down to that basement where the others, the uneducated ones have their quarters, but I shall bring them up to sit with me and those others who were formerly their companions.

I shall endeavor with all my heart to elevate myself that I may be better fitted to educate and raise them, and as we seven have lived together in a great many houses, before we understood our duty to each other, so we hope to live together in a great many more, and we shall improve in our building until we have a perfect house. Then, we "shall go no more out." We have as a permanent possession, a beautiful picture. We have named it Universal Brotherhood. We shall always keep that. We will take it with us when we move out and bring it back when we return. We are going to hang it on our parlor wall where all the bright Light will fall upon it. We will learn to paint it and copy it, and we will try to have each and all of our neighbors supplied with a copy.

We are not going to bother our neighbors with what we believe or what we do not believe. We are determined to let our light so shine that they may see our good works. We are going to follow the advice of one of our divine Teachers who said: "Little children love one another." We are going to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, comfort the prisoner. We shall make feasts of truth and knowledge, and go out into the highways and byways and compel the ignorant to come in and partake of Wisdom and Knowledge and Power.

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A GLIMPSE OF YESTERDAY.

BY ELSIE BARKER.

LITTLE TOMMY JONES, the hunchback, sat on the door-stone crying.

Some younger boys had taunted him with his deformity, had called him "Humpy," and made wry faces at him, because he wouldn't join them in stealing apples from Deacon Thompson's orchard.

As he sat there nursing his grief and shame the boy wondered, as many older and wiser people have before, whether after all it paid to do right at the expense of ridicule. For as Tommy had wept more, so he had thought more than other boys.

Thought was a natural consequence of tears.

Though humbly born, a mis-shapen son of the people, this boy was a dreamer. From the lurid tales of war told by his grandsire, a grizzled veteran of '63; from the gorgeous illustrations in the family Bible and the grotesque drawings of Doré in his mother's old copy of Dante, Tommy had created a dream-world of his own, the only world in which he cared much to live; for with the cripple's pain he had the cripple's morbid sensitiveness, and life to him was mostly one vast ache.

But that afternoon as he sat on the door-stone of his lowly home, and saw his young play-fellows—straight of back and supple of limb—leaping and climbing high, and heard their jeering laughter flung tauntingly back at him, what wonder that his heart was full of bitterness? Why was he not like other boys? he asked himself. What had he done that he alone of all the world should be the sport of nature—too ugly for any love save a mother's ever to reach down to him.

But though his body was mis-shapen, his eyes were beautiful—large and deep and liquid, as are always the eyes of a hunchback.

A sound came from within the house, the voice of a woman scolding.

The boy winced as from a blow, and clambering to his feet he limped away.

West of the house was an orchard, and beyond it the downward slope of a hill.

He went past the gnarled old apple trees and threw himself upon the bank. with his face toward the sunset.

Billows of crimson and gold were piled high in the western sky; while the edges of dark clouds curled over like the crests of breakers, showing their ragged silvery linings.

Something swept over the boy's soul and he drew a long and tremulous breath.

"How beautiful!" he whispered to himself. "The clouds look like great pink feather-beds all made up for angels to sleep on."

He sat watching the glory till it faded tone by tone into the gray twilight. The insects hummed drowsily; the boy's tear-wet eyes closed heavily, and he slept.

He slept and dreamed a wonderful dream.

Spread out before his eyes was a great and splendid city, with wide streets and stately palaces—a city like those in the Bible pictures, only more beautiful. A triumphal arch spanned a broad thoroughfare, and from every tower and window flags streamed upon the breeze. The streets were full of people, all in gala dress. Linked together with chains of flowers, a band of happy children, like a cloud of bright-hued butterflies, flitted gaily along in the sunshine. From the distance came a sound of martial music, and an army of brave soldiers, the army of the conqueror, came into sight.

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Tall, erect and magnificent in his triumphal car rode the great hero, with his mounted officers beside him, and those poor wretches, his prisoners of war, chained to his chariot wheels. He was brave and high and noble, the pride and darling of his people; but in his lion heart there was no pity and no mercy; the cries of his captured enemies were sweet as music to his war-tried ears.

He passed beneath the arch. Beautiful women strewed his path with roses, and the heart of the conquering hero beat high with pride and joy.

But a change came over the dream.

It was the dreamer who stood in the triumphal car; his were the broad and manly shoulders from which the purple mantle fell; at his feet were the roses. The conquering hero was himself—the hunchback, Tommy!

With a start the boy awoke. He sat up and rubbed his heavy eyelids.

The sound of a cow-bell reminded him that it was chore time, and the hero hnmbly went and milked the cows.

Did he understand the dream? No, —not then.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say that God lives very high.
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

  And if you dig down in the mines
You never see him in the gold,
  Though from him all that glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
  Of human and Earth across his face—
Like secrets kept for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
  Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
  Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lids her kisses pressed,
Half waking me at night; and said
  "Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

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LITTLE JACK HORNER.

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STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

RIGHT PERCEPTION.

I HAVE often heard W. Q. Judge say that most of the difficulties which arise in the minds of students are due to a lack of observation. And I think that in order to attain to right perception and correct observation we need to free our minds from preconceptions and bias. Too often, instead of taking a statement on its own merits and examining it from first principles, we all the time have in mind other statements or ideas, more or less defined, and we look to see if the new statement fits in with these, or in what pigeon-hole of our minds we can place it. In other words, our attention is divided between old ideas and the new one, and we pass judgment on the new-comer before giving him a hearing. All this shows a lack of thoroughness, and finds its expression often in the simplest matters, but more particularly in superficial reading. We read a book and get a general idea of its contents, and perhaps the next day or the next week a question arises in our minds in regard to a statement made in the book, and we become very perplexed. Now what I am going to say will perhaps appear very improbable to some, but it is true nevertheless. Instead of referring again to the book to see whether the statement has been understood, some people, and these not in the minority, will sit down, write out their question, and weaving in a lot of preconceived ideas, ask some one else to explain it all to them. And very often a careful reading of the book would have explained the whole matter. Another case—sometimes in such a simple matter as attending to a request contained in a circular the request will be neglected and the very opposite be carried out.

Of course these are extreme cases of the lack of observation, and the latter may seem trivial, looked at with regard to the individual, but a multiplication of such cases would entail a great deal of unnecessary work on others, and attention even to small matters like these cannot be unimportant.

There are many other matters in which many of us fail to use our powers of perception and observation. We think our lives are dull and humdrum, affording us no opportunity for development and experience, we do not have wonderful experiences like some others, and it fills our minds with regrets. But surely this is all folly! The life of every one of us is full of the marvels of life, everywhere we are surrounded by the mysteries of Nature, and to every one Nature gives hint after hint of the solution thereof. But we do not notice them, we are blind, we have eyes and see not, ears have we but we hear not. Is not this true of most of us? We long to know something of that inner life which borders this so closely, but we do not think of taking note of our dreams. We wish we could have some proof of reincarnation, aud yet we neither analyze our own characters nor seek to understand those of our fellows. I believe that if we would only observe intelligently and sympathetically the lives of little children we would find the key to some of life's greatest secrets.

I will end this, as I began. Time and time again have I heard W. Q. Judge say that most of the difficulties that arise in the minds of students are due to lack of observation. Is it not true? And ought we not therefore to remove this obstacle from our path? The greatest ends are accomplished by the simplest means.

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WHAT IS THE PERSONALITY?

DEAR EDITOR:—What is the personality? To me it represents my real self; I cannot conceive of myself or of any conscious existence apart from personality, and yet in the few meetings I have attended of the Theosophical Society I have gathered that a very different view is held in regard to the term but have been able to gain no satisfactory explanation, and so seek for further light in the columns of your Magazine as I cannot afford to buy many books for study.

J. L. S., Trenton, N. J.

Usually the terms personality and individuality are used synonymously but distinction has been made between them in Theosophical literature. The majority of men live only an outward life, guided mainly by their desires which they are ever seeking to fulfil, and the mind which should be employed to control their desires is used too often to minister to them. To such people their whole makeup consists of mind, desires and body and, not having gone deeper into their own natures, not being able to conceive of anything higher, they naturally regard these as the real man without which he could not exist. It can very easily be demonstrated however, that the body, desires and mind are not the real man but are merely instruments which he uses to express himself in the outer material world.

It will readily be granted by all who have given any thought to the matter that the physical body is not the real man but merely an instrument which can be used and its natural tendencies overcome. The desires are also an instrument of man, representing the driving force which controlled and guided may carry us whither we will, or uncontrolled may cause us to commit those acts to which our mind and reason in calmer moments would not consent. So too is the mind an instrument and not the real man, for there is a power back of the mind which can hold it and direct it. We have then the real man and his instruments or vehicles of expression. The instruments are all subject to change and growth, the real man is unchangeable. The instruments are called in Theosophical literature—the personality. The real man is the individuality.

There is, I think, a great advantage in this use of the terms for it draws attention to the distinction made between the outer and the inner man and leads us to make a closer study of ourselves. I think the questioner's view that there cannot be conscious existence apart from personality would be correct if applied simply to this plane of being for the real man cannot contact this plane except by means of a vehicle or instrument which for the time being gives him a distinctive existence on this plane.

It is personality that makes us appear distinct and separate one from another, it is the individuality that gives us the realization of the unity of all being. For a further explanation of the use of these terms the student is referred to the *Key to Theosophy* by H. P. Blavatsky.

BELIEF IN CHRIST.

Do Theosophists believe that Christ is the son of God?

Some Theosophists do, but it should be clearly understood that the Theosophical Society does not require from its members any belief or disbelief in any religious system or doctrine whatever. It requires simply an assent to its first object: "To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without any distinctions whatever."

This is provided for in its constitution as follows:

ARTICLE VII.

Section 1. Any person declaring his sympathy with the first object of the Society may be admitted to membership as provided in the By-laws.

Section 2. Every member has the

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right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy and to declare such belief or disbelief without affecting his standing as a member of the Society, each being required to show that tolerance of the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

It will not be surprising to learn then that there are in the Theosophical Society Christians, Buddhists, Hindus, Mohammedans, deists, atheists and agnostics, men and women of all creeds and of none. The belief held by many is that Christ is the son of God, but so too, following the teachings of Christ and of all the great teachers of the world, they say that all men are sons of God, all men are in essence divine, all men are potentially saviors of humanity, are indeed saviors now to the extent that they work unselfishly for humanity.

Krishna, Buddha, Christ, all those who stand out as the great teachers of humanity are those who have realized to the fullest extent their sonship and in whose lives the divinity shines out.

REVIEWS.

The Internationalist, for October.—This new magazine is worthy of the mantle of the *Irish Theosophist* which has fallen upon it, being far and away the best of all the Theosophical periodicals from a purely literary standpoint. It is spontaneous, not forced; its contributors do not toil at a set task, to fill out a given amount of space, but first evolve ideas and then express them in appropriate words. The writer of "With the Children of Twilight" maintains the reality of Fairy-dom; and Æ. tells, in a sheen of word-coloring, of "A Dream of Angus Oge." The ink has long been dry on the pen of John Eglinton, and, therefore, the short essay on "Knowledge" will be hailed all the more joyously by his admirers. It is full of the quaintly beautiful touches that characterize his work. "The Child of the Ages," by Paul Gregan is a charming bit of verse. —ARETAS.

The Colloquy-Conversations about the Order of Things and Final Good. By Josiah Augustus Seitz. * —The basic problems of philosophy and religion are discussed in this work in a broad and tolerant spirit, and the archaic philosophy is advocated as alone affording an adequate solution. The book is written in blank verse and rhyme—and though some of the subjects treated do not lend themselves readily to the poetic form, the versification is always dignified and smooth. The writer displays deep mystical insight, and many passages are marked by strong imagination and the power of vivid expression. There is much true poetry in the volume, and it has the true literary quality throughout. It is well printed, on good paper, and tastefully bound.—ARETAS.

Intelligence, for November.—This magazine is making a commendable effort to reduce the somewhat hazy and chaotic theories of the various sects of mind-curists to a sound and consistent philosophy. The principal article, on "The Dogma of 'Faith,'" by Rev. Henry Frank, shows sturdy common-sense in its treatment of that orthodox Christian dogma, which it handles in a serious and conclusive manner. Dr. E. D. Simpson, an excellent portrait of whom forms the frontispiece to this number, has a short contribution on "Scientific Reasons for Mental Healing," which formulates very sensible ideas on the subject.—ARETAS.

* G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; cloth, $1.75.

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Though all the reviews in last issue were from the same pen, the signature of their writer appeared upon some and not upon others, owing to the inexplicable caprice of the proof-reader; and the reviewer was loud in his complaints about other unwarrantable changes made after the proofs had passed through his hands. The half-tone cuts showed up badly, for which the printer can hardly be blamed, as the paper used was not sufficiently heavy for successful half-tone printing.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

THE NASHVILLE THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS.

A PARTY of prominent Theosophists consisting of Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, leader of the Theosophical movement throughout the world and founder of the International Brotherhood League; E. Aug. Neresheimer, President T. S. A.; E. T. Hargrove, H. T. Patterson, Superintendent International Brotherhood League; Mrs. E. C. Mayer, Superintendent Children's Work; D. N. Dunlop, President Harlem Branch, N. Y.; and F. M. Pierce, Representative S. R. L. M. A., left New York Oct. 14th to take part in the Congress of Religions held Oct. 17th and 18th at the Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tenn.

Several in the party who made the Crusade around the world last year were pleasantly and forcibly reminded of their Crusade experience.

Just as we were comfortably settled for a quiet rest and snooze which the material man said he positively required to prepare him for what was ahead, we were aroused and required to carry our unwilling bodies into the chief's drawing room, where we were all kept busy in noting down improved methods for carrying on present work and plans for new work—these are limited only by the number of people found available for carrying them out. This kind of thing continued throughout the journey going and returning, and is symbolic of the fun one has on a pleasure trip with Mrs. Tingley. I take advantage of this opportunity to be personal, and record a few facts for the benefit of the thoughtful, and especially the thoughtless Theosophist. (What! are there any? Well, just a few.)

From personal observation and experience I know that four stenographers would be kept busy attending to Mrs. Tingley's world-wide correspondence; as she has but one, only imperative matters connected with the work can receive attention. Added to this is the originating, planning and carrying out of all branches of activity connected with the movement. The editing of the new publications, the responsibility of the whole movement, and last but not least, guarding it against its unwise friends and enemies, and standing as a target for abuse from antagonistic sources.

In carrying on this immense work she is compelled to utilize whoever and whatever is available, trained or untrained, making it necessary for her to look after every detail. If one stops to figure out the sort of brain mind necessary to do all these things without getting them into a snarl, one will give it up and decide that we have a real, thoroughly alive, practical occultist as leader, and quit hunting for the strange mannered solemn kind generally found up a tree or sitting on a snow-capped mountain peak, useless to humanity and themselves.

Sensible letters always appear as welcome friends, but she has little time for answering letters of advice or of a personal nature, asking for everything from

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a cure for the Klondike fever to "Why was I born stupid?" with the demand for an immediate answer.

Arriving at Nashville, we were received by the local members with the true Southern welcome that makes one glad to be alive and in the sunny South, even when the mercury is climbing up to the top scale to determine the temperature, as it was on the day we arrived.

A public lecture was announced for Sunday morning with set speakers and subjects in the regular cut-and-dried style, but the Crusaders smiled when, arriving in the hall, the programme was discarded and questions and answers introduced. The wisdom of these tactics was fully demonstrated on the Crusade, as it is in the nature of a personal talk on a broad scale, placing the speakers and audience in touch and making the speakers versatile and ready for anything. This course brings out points covering the whole field of Theosophic thought. The audience evinced great interest and Judge O'Rourke, of Fort Wayne; Messrs. Hargrove, Dunlop, Patterson and Harris, of Macon, Ga., gave most satisfactory answers to the questions. Mrs. Tingley gave a short address on Brotherhood.

The interest excited by the morning session brought a packed audience to the evening meeting to listen to lectures on Theosophical subjects, interspersed with questions and answers.

During the afternoon a T. S. meeting was held in the commodious rooms of the Nashville Society, and was attended by members from Louisville, Macon, Ga.; Tampa, Fla.; Denison, Texas; Hot Springs, Ark.; St. Louis, Mo.; Memphis, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Pittsburgh, Pa., and New York. General branch work and methods were discussed and the feeling of perfect harmony was fitly expressed in song rendered by Bro. Neresheimer in his inimitable style.

All felt that a firm, lasting and unbreakable bond had been established between our leader,—heart of the movement,—headquarters, and the whole South; members were filled with a new hope, energy and courage to carry the work forward on the broad lines of the International Brotherhood League. The fact was fully recognized that the League activities would broaden the work to embrace those heretofore impossible to reach, and that it would specially benefit the South in reaching the negro under a plan put into effect while at Nashville by Mrs. Tingley.

On Monday morning and afternoon lectures were given in the Auditorium Building on the Fair grounds by Mrs. Tingley taking for her subject "The Hope of the Future;" Mrs. E. C. Mayer on "Influence of Theosophy on Woman;" Judge O'Rourke, Messrs. Neresheimer, Dr. Buck, Hargrove and Patterson speaking on various subjects. In the evening an E. S. T. meeting was held, and many new members were admitted.

Tuesday morning the party left for New York, Mrs. Mayer and Mr. Patterson stopping off at Louisville and Pittsburgh for branch work and to lecture.

A marked feature of the work done at Nashville was the effect produced on the press. Papers which had previously treated Theosophy with indifference, not only gave full and correct reports of meetings, but kept Mrs. Tingley and Messrs. Neresheimer and Patterson busy explaining the Philosophy, the International Brotherhood League, its objects and the various activities being carried on, all of which was published in full, with most favorable comment. These will be copied throughout by the Southern press and awaken public interest.

To sum up, through the work done, Theosophy has been lifted from obscurity, prejudice and misconception swept away, placing it before the public as a broad, ethical philosophy which finds fitting expression in the right performance of the duties of every-day life. F. M. P.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE.

To *Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley*, Leader of the Theosophical Movement; and the Crusaders on the completion of their Tour round the World:

GREETING:

We, the undersigned officers, members and friends of the Theosophical Society in Europe, hereby express to you our heartiest greeting and welcome on this occasion of your return to America, the home of your adoption and the Land of Promise for our entire race.

You have triumphantly executed the mighty purpose with which, on June 13th, 1896, you started from Boston, U. S. A., on a tour around the World, cheered by the God-speed of our American Brothers, and bearing a Purple Banner on which was emblazoned the message of

Truth, Light, Liberation for Discouraged Humanity.

That banner was the outward symbol of your great mission to promote the realization of the Ideal of Brotherhood, without distinction of Race, Creed, or Sex, among all peoples of the earth. As you passed from land to land, each state and people has joyfully unfurled its national flag before that glorious symbol in token of its ready response to the thoughts of love, sympathy and helpfulness which you have scattered among nations. These standards often borne by man against his fellow man, as emblems of national jealousy and distrust, now bear witness before the whole world to that deep unsatisfied desire of our hearts to dwell more in unity and less in strife.

The Theosophical Movement, which in this century acknowledges Helena P. Blavatsky as its noble and devoted Founder, and William Q. Judge as its staunch and unswerving champion has recognized you, Katherine A. Tingley, as the Successor of these great fore-runners, to whose loving care and skillful guidance is entrusted the work of building the great

School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity

the foundations of which you have so recently laid down. Through you has been made manifest that glorious design "to belt the earth as with a cable-tow" of Love and Brotherhood; and it is you and these your trusty comrades who have risked the storm and stress of weather on land and sea, the heat and cold of many climates, faced the fierce opposition of caste and creed among men, and fanned the flame of innate brotherliness and self-sacrifice.

We rejoice with our comrades in other lands that so great success has attended your noble and unselfish efforts, and we recognize this success as due to the absolute devotion, ready self-sacrifice and harmonious coöperation that exists between you all, without which so great a task could never have been accomplished.

The public meetings of thousands in our European cities, the Brotherhood Suppers for our poor and outcast brothers, the weekly gatherings of members, the founding of great national organizations, and the unexampled increase in the number of our branches, are effectual witnesses to the importance of the external work done in our midst: but none of us can measure the incalculable effects produced in the minds and hearts of those of our members, who, from being mere enquirers, have by your exertions been quickened into active living centres, radiating brotherhood on every hand, and developing those soul-powers that shall make of a man a god.

And we recognize that the complete success of this First Crusade around the World is the precursor of other such ideal missions. We are assured that these missions will hasten and care for the growth of all those seeds of Fraternity which you have planted amongst the nations of the World. Thus we hail the

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completion of your remarkable enterprise as the substance of our hope that, in a comparatively short time, the dissensions of nations will pass away, and the earth be so illumined that all who will may plainly see that, as of old, the Cause of sublime Perfection beckons them onward and ever onward.

Therefore, in heartfelt gratitude, we welcome you and assure you all of our devotion to the Cause which you have taught us to love.*

SWEDEN.—In the Annual Convention of the Swedish Theosophical Society held in Stockholm last May, the president, Dr. Zander, gave an account of the activity of the Swedish Theosophical Society from the time it was formed. From this account it becomes apparent that Sweden suddenly has become the field of an unprecedented theosophical activity, expressing itself in a constantly increasing number of branches and members. The number of well standing Swedish F. T. S. amounted last May to 281, while at present, in the wake of the great Theosophical Congress of Europe which took place during the 8th and 9th days of last August, the number of members have sprung up to 318, and reports of the formation of new branches are constantly coming in from the various provinces. In the city of Stockholm the activity has reached its high-water mark. Every evening of the week some class or group of Theosophists meet in the headquarters for purpose of study. Thus: Monday eve, "E. S"; Tuesday, general Branch meeting open for the public and conducted mainly in the American fashion; Wednesday, Bagavat Gita class, conducted by Congressman M. F. Nyström; Thursday, English tuition for F. T. S., which aims to equip the Theosophists with sufficient knowledge of the English language to enable them to converse with prominent English visitors and to be conversant with the current English Theosophical literature, translations and interpretations; Friday, Miss Ellen Bergman leads a Secret Doctrine Class, and Saturday a Theosophic Training class a la American finishes the program of the week.

The first and third Sunday of every month public discourses for large audiences are given, and the Sundays intervening are lectures given in the districts of the workingmen. All the lectures are attended by large and appreciative audiences, and in the discourses ensuing at the end of the lecture the liveliest interest is exhibited. Favorable reports in the newspapers are given of every lecture.

The lectures in the workingman district owe their success to Congressman M. F. Nyström, whose restless and unselfish activity in the theosophic field deserves the highest credit. While engaged as associate editor in the Theosophic magazine "Theosofia," he still manages to get time to turn out sheet upon sheet of a splendid translation of the Bhagavad Gita—mainly guided by W. Q. Judge, and partly by original researches in the Sanscrit language. His lectures in the workingman district are received by grateful audiences, who appreciate the sincerity and truly Theosophic spirit of his delivery. The workingmen have learned to regard him as a brother and a friend and listen to his manly discourses with an interest born out by an unswerving confidence. But not only Stockholm gets the benefit of his lectures. Also to the provinces he extends his activity. Assisted by Mr. Axel E. Gibson he delivered the other day a lecture in the City of Uppsala before an audience of some 3 or 400 persons, mostly college people. For Uppsala is the Oxford of Sweden—the nursery for the literary-scientific-educational forces of the country. The lecture which treated the subject of "character moulding of children from a Theosophic and rational point of view,"

* Signed by all members of the Theosophical Society in Europe and published *now* by request, having previously been overlooked.

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was received with deafening applause and the animated discussion that followed, testified abundantly to the deep impression it had left in the hearts and minds of the listeners. An appreciation from such quarters—the stronghold of the dogmatic, scientific, materialistic school—can without the slightest exaggeration be said to be epoch-making in the religious and moral life of the nation.

The Theosophical movement of Sweden has fortunately succeeded in drawing within its fold some of the finest talents —literary and otherwise—of the country. A name that has become loved and appreciated by every lover of purity, and moral strength as applied to Swedish literature—is that of Mr. Torsten Hedlund of Gothenburg. Though the head man of one of the largest book-publishing enterprises in Sweden, he yet finds sufficient time to make Gothenburg reverberate with Theosophic thought from the one end to the other. Fearless, keensighted, energetic and with an unshaken faith in the power of Theosophy to fashion the destiny of the world—Mr. Hedlund delivers lectures, writes articles, translates, organizes and utilizes every opportunity to inoculate the theosophic lymph into the organism of his community. The sterling integrity connected with his name and public character, gives to his propaganda work—even to the theosophic unbeliever—an irresistible sense of confidence and respect.

Another name, not less appreciated by every true admirer of Swedish art and literature, is the name of Mrs. C. Scholander. Widow of the late professor and jubilee-doctor S. Scholander, one of the most eminent men—painter—poet—philosopher—that the country of Sweden ever produced—Mrs. C. Scholander equipped with the rich experiences of her fortunate position as the life companion of such a genius, devotes all her time and energy to the service of Theosophy. In her work for Theosophy she is indefatigable, The translations into the Swedish Theosophic Magazine "Theosofia" from English or American authors would by themselves fill a volume. In every number of "Theosofia" one is sure to find some splendid translation undersigned by the well-known initials C. S.

In a coming issue of the "New Century" we shall ask its editor for permission to add a few other names to the above mentioned—names who have become well known and well loved to everyone who has Theosophy dear to his heart. As long as the names of Dr. G. Zander, Dr. F. Kellberg, Dr. Bogren, Major Cederschöld, Mrs. Gerda Nyström and others give to the theosophic movement the stimulating impulse of a pure, unselfish, ever active, ever zealous life, the Swedish Theosophist can calmly and confidently work ahead in firm reliance on the safety and moral excellence of his ideals. A. E. G.

ENGLAND'S HOME CRUSADE.—On Friday evening, Oct. 15, a most successful and harmonious public meeting was held in the Geographical Institute, Newcastle. Many people interested by the Wagner lecture on the previous Monday were present and seemed quite satisfied with what was said. On Saturday afternoon Dr. Coryn arrived and all three workers addressed the Newcastle Branch on methods of work. In the evening came the second Wagner lecture, when Dr. Coryn interpreted *Tannhäuser*. Some good renderings of the music were given with the assistence of violin and cello.

Sunday was the hardest day of all with private interviews and a discussion on work in the morning, a private meeting in the afternoon and a public Branch meeting in the evening; all at Tynemouth. At the evening meeting such a quantity of written questions were sent up that only about half could be dealt with. Thus concluded a successful week's work in a district which affords a wide field for spreading Theosophical ideas.

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VARUNA BRANCH, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., was recently visited by Burcham Harding. The hall acquired by the Branch is elegant in its appointments, seating 200 people. The Mayor of the city and other prominent citizens were among the audience.

The members have adopted one of Mrs. K. A. Tingley's practical suggestions. At the branch meeting each member is given a question bearing upon the first object of the I. B. L. Five minutes is allowed the holder for reply from the platform. At the conclusion of the reply, the members in turn offer suggestions upon the subject, all of which are carefully noted in writing by the original speaker. At the public meetings on Sunday evenings, these questions and replies are repeated. The result of this method was magical, some members realized for the first time their capabilities, and how much can be effected by a few simple remarks when they come straight from the heart. The whole branch is as busy as bees preparing for the bazaar, and much support and assistance is being given by people not connected with the T. S., but who are earnestly desirous of helping in the I. B. L. work. It was remarked that whatever they asked for the work was granted.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Krishna T. S. has secured a new meeting room in St. George's Hall, corner 13th and Arch Streets, and lectures continued as before. The visit of Mrs. Tingley, Mrs. Cleather, Mr. Crump and others a few months ago was productive of much good, and helped the Branch to get over some of its difficulties in making Theosophy popular in the Quaker City. We hope it will go forward by leaps and bounds and accomplish more than ever.

IRELAND (DUBLIN).—Lack of funds somewhat cripples the outward activity of the Dublin Branch at present. The ability of the members is directed with the same energy as ever to the work of publishing "The Internationalist" and carrying on meetings for members and interested enquirers at the Branch rooms. Can Ireland still take care of itself?

TOLEDO.—Mrs. Lang reports that the plans for the Brotherhood Bazaar are well under way. "Have just come home from a Branch meeting," writes Mrs. Lang, "where it seemed to me there was all at once a new impulse liberated." And so the good work goes on incessantly.

OBITUARY.—Mrs. Elizabeth E. Purman, wife of Mr. Andrew A. Purman, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who died recently, was in and out of season a worker for Brotherhood. Altho' she had every opportunity of associating herself with Society functions, she preferred to work on quietly without ostentation. When such Souls withdraw from this field of action they leave a void difficult to fill, and we can assure Brother Purman that he has the sympathy of all true workers in the same cause, for the close tie existing between all such, cannot be broken. That "hope which incarnates from age to age" inspires all hearts with courage. In the life of the Soul there is no separation.

The work in Chicago (Swedish Branch) has suffered a loss by the death of Brother Westerlund. He was a hard and devoted worker, and his place will not be easily filled. We sympathize sincerely with his family in their bereavement.

Brother L. H. Cannon of Milwaukee reports that Mrs. Marion I. Riggle died on Nov. 6th. Her health had always been delicate, but notwithstanding that nearly every step she took was accompanied by pain, she worked the harder, it seemed, so as not to be conquered by it. She carried on the Lotus Work, while confined to her house, composing beautiful thoughts of her own in poetic form for the children to learn. She was undoubtedly a zealous and tireless worker.

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

·A·MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE BROTHERHOOD·OF·HUMANITY·
THE·THEOSOPHICAL·MOVEMENT·
PHILOSOPHY·SCIENCE·AND·ART·

FOUNDED·IN·1886·UNDER·THE·TITLE·OF·THE·PATH·BY·
·WM·Q·JUDGE·

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Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, Editors.

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Universal Brotherhood"

DEVOTED TO

The Brotherhood of Humanity, the Theosophical Movement, Philosophy, Science and Art.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY
E. A. NERESHEIMER } EDITORS.

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The Editors are not responsible for signed or unsigned articles in this Magazine, to which neither of their names are attached.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD is a Magazine devoted to the promulgation of the principles of the Brotherhood of Humanity in the widest sense. It is an organ whose aim is to show that the Unity or Brotherhood of Mankind is an actual fact in nature. If this principle were better understood by the multitude or even by certain classes of Society there would be less strife and competition and more sympathy and co-operation.

The demonstration of these broad ideas from the Ethical, Scientific and Practical points of view will prove that there is much agreement. between these systems on this topic, and that it is an underlying ground-work by means of which all Religions and all Philosophies agree also.

This magazine will endeavor to show the great similarity between the Religions of the world, in their fundamental beliefs and doctrines as also the value of studying other systems than our own.

A sound basis for ethics should be found.

Those who would assist the cause of Brotherhood should realize that it is of the first importance to discover as much as possible concerning the nature of man and man's relation to the world around him. The laws that govern his physical, mental, moral and spiritual being should be studied and investigated.

It is hoped that every sympathizer with the cause of brotherhood will endeavor to assist us in enlarging the circulation of this magazine. Subscribers will greatly oblige by sending us the names and addresses of individuals known to them as willing to investigate liberal ideas.

All writers who are interested in the above objects are invited to contribute articles.

It is in the hands of our readers to push the circulation of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD to an almost unlimited extent. **All profits arising from the publication of this magazine, or from the business conducted by the Theosophical Publishing Co., are devoted to propaganda of Brotherhood. All who assist us in this work are directly helping the great cause of humanity.**

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A "LOTUS BLOSSOM" POINTING OUT THE JOURNEY OF THE CRUSADE AROUND THE WORLD TO TWO LITTLE "LOTUS BUDS."

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AUM

"Those men who constantly follow this my doctrine without reviling it, and with a firm faith, shall be emancipated even by actions; but they who revile it and do not follow it are bewildered in regard to all knowledge, and perish, being devoid of discrimination."—*Bhagavad Gita*, Chapter III.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.*

A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year to all! How our hearts are thrilled at the greetings from one whom we love! How much happiness and brightness they bring! But there are those in the world who are sad and in want, whose hearts are heavy and their lives shut in. Shall we not send our greetings to them, shall we not send a ray of light, of loving sympathy to all lands, to all peoples, to all the little ones of the earth, to all cities, to the dark places of the earth, the crowded tenements, the prisons, the hospitals?

Yes, we say a Happy New Year, a loving Greeting to you, Americans, Europeans, Asiatics, Australasians, Africans, to you, civilized nations, and to you savages. To you, dear children of every race. To you who labor with your hands, to you who are weary and bowed down, to you who are unfortunate knowing not whither to turn, to you who are in prison, to you who are sick and diseased.

Shall we greet only those whom we love and who love us—truly we send loving greetings to them but so too we send loving greetings to those who do not love us, who may have forgotten what love is, who may be our enemies, perchance enemies to themselves also.

We will encircle the whole earth with our Greetings, we will exclude no one. We will send forth the welcome of Brotherhood to all Nature and speak to the heart of every creature.

How much a single word may mean! Are you poor, dear reader, poor in material things and in this world's goods? Many a one has these things and yet is not rich. Ah! no one is so poor that he cannot lighten another's sorrow or give a kind word, a sympathetic look or a friendly hand-shake and so, it may be, awaken new courage, new hope, new light in the heart of one of the sad ones of the earth.

No one is so poor that he has not some of the treasures of the heart. You may have forgotten their existence, they may be covered up with selfishness, pride, ambition, but they still exist in your heart of hearts. Did you know their value and their power you would bring them forth. Forget, if but for one brief moment, yourself; send out if but one loving thought to others; live for one short instant for your fellows.

The years pass ever silently on with their swift tread, never to return. That which we call the year 1897 has passed, 1898 is here, but how many thousands, millions of years have rolled over our earth since man was man, and still the goal is far off. Far off and yet how near, nearer, much nearer than man may think. So near that but the reaching

* Through the pressure of new business connected with the Movement all over the world, and the development of plans of work for the new year, Mrs. Tingley was prevented from writing the usual matter for the Search-Light, but being still anxious that her New Year's greeting should go forth to all readers of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, she desired me to embody her ideas in connection therewith for that purpose, and I have endeavored to do so as faithfully as possible.—J. H. F.

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out of the hand is needed to grasp it—a reaching out to grasp the hand of thy Brother man with the strong grasp of Brotherhood.

Each year glides into the past with its freight of good and ill, each new year comes from the future with its possibilities and promises. What of the past, what of the future? Much has been accomplished in the past year. In all lands souls are awakening to their divine possibilities, in all lands the cry and the welcome of Brotherhood has gone forth. The great cycle is nearly ended, the century draws to its close. But two years more and the XXth Century will be born. Will you greet it with your faces turned toward the light, helpers and workers in humanity's cause, or will you enter upon its threshold seeking what you can gain for self, ambitious, proud, selfish? Choose, there is no time to delay, choose now; make your choice and so act.

The work of the past year has been mainly along interior lines; much still remains to be done in this direction. The inner attitude, the inner purpose and motive is being brought to the surface, and to each is given the opportunity to face himself, to know himself as he is, and the opportunity to take the first step to become that which he may be—a worker for humanity—or, the opportunity neglected, a worker for self. Look then not merely at the external results achieved or to be achieved, but look within, into your own heart, see the divine possibilities latent within yourself and every man, seek to realize them, let light and love shine forth in every deed, every word, every thought.

Send with me a loving greeting to all humanity and kind thoughts to all creatures.

A Happy New Year.

J. H. FUSSELL.

THE CYCLE OF LOVE ETERNAL.

THE ocean of love, pent up in aggregate Humanity, ever trying to express itself, yet fails because the wave of Spiritual evolution—though manifesting in wondrous ways all through this materialistic age—is still in its cycle of beginning. Soon however the latent divine faculties will unfold and again permeate the race. The ideas of duty towards our fellow men are already enlarging day by day; indeed a bond of sympathy spreads from land to land unperceived by the multitude; it will finally encircle the whole earth and reveal the law of compassion which is the Law of Laws—Eternal Harmony.

Platonic love, emotional, animal, even self-love are reflections of the real thing temporarily misdirected. The time will come when through pains of trial and tribulation every individual will blossom forth into the grander love, the cosmic ideal, the innate quality of the soul.

The large mass of people including the educated, the pious, the rich, and others are with few exceptions in utter darkness about their origin and destiny; they have not yet gotten forward to the stage where they could see beyond the superficial phenomenal world. Only the experienced souls who, during many lives in human bodies have learned nature's limits and its laws, know the light of everlasting right and the fitness of all things, the law of love eternal. Some of these feel the touch of a brotherly hand reaching across space—exchanging sympathy, while others, are yet sound asleep, satisfied in their complacency and the delusive lulling of repose.

Our earth is built on the same plan as is man. So is the whole universe. It

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too has its beginning and end. From the invisible it is born into the visible; gradually grows, lives and decays, returning into the invisible, whence it emerges again and again in obedience to a plan which is to be rounded out in each succeeding birth on higher and higher scale without end.

Man having evolved to the point where he is capable of becoming conscious of his continuous existences and accompanying responsibility will, with the approaching cycle of spirituality, obtain the faculty of realizing more clearly the bonds that unite the race. Commensurate with this awakening will come the knowledge of his being an essential part and factor in the whole progress of evolution.

This teaching which is to be found in all religious systems gives an immense hope to the wearily groping pilgrim and if it were possible now to remove the veil to the extent that these truths could be understood it would set aside all fear of death, fear of man or beast or danger.

An ancient religious book says:

"Thou grievest for those that may not be lamented. Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we hereafter cease to be."

The Spirit is one and indivisible; it manifests periodically in the material Universe; all souls emanate from "It." During the entire period of evolution the manifested Universe exists in apparent separateness, that is, so long as it remains involved in matter, out of which it is destined to evolve, carried on the wave of the cycle.

Each periodical manifestation proceeds on a definite plan into time and space; it has its birth, youth and decay. Nature forever creates, preserves and destroys (regenerates) in a circle around the same volume of substance, evolving form after form, higher and higher; the eternal Monad, the Soul, using the substance as vehicle for its evolution. After each manifestation follows an equal period of rest.

The plan comprises waves of well-defined duration during which the mass of humanity called Monad in the early stages is carried from point to point; in the early periods downward towards matter through the various kingdoms: elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal, helped by the hosts of Hierarchies from previous periods of manifestation. But when the *middle*, the human stage is reached, the quality of free will is developed and separateness is rampant. Each human being is then to himself the centre of the Universe. Still the plan and the evolutionary wave goes on and each soul having its own innate spiritual qualities has the choice to follow or not the cycle of necessity. If one fails to progress in the order of the Universal plan and his individual consciousness does not keep up with the stream of evolution, such an entity will then remain in abeyance as individualized entity until the period of manifestation comes round again when he has the chance to take up the pilgrimage anew; these periods, measured by our standard of time are of immense duration, All souls are brought into cognizance by Mother Nature, through the wheel of rebirth, with all the experiences necessary to teach the limits of the law. Nature is kind and patient but never still, and the wave moves on and with it humanity must needs go.

The human beings who, during this cycle having risen to a high stage of self-consciousness, come to a point of approximate realization of the homogeneity of all beings and things, are those who feel and live the principles of Universal Brotherhood following this ideal from a knowledge of Nature's laws: *Compassion Absolute!*

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

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ISOLDE.—In the moving wave of the whole world's breath—
To drown—to sink—
All senses lost——
Highest bliss!

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RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VII. TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

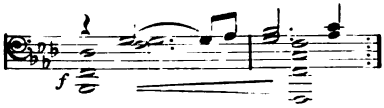
(*Concluded.*)

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes
Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life,
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!—*Light of Asia.*

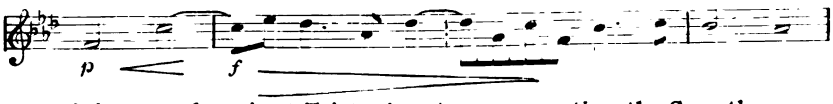
All that is by Nature twain
Fears, or suffers by, the pain
Of Separation: Love is only
Perfect when itself transcends
Itself, and, one with that it loves,
In undivided Being blends.
—*Solámán and Absál* of JAMI.

THE Third Act introduces us to Tristan's ancestral castle in Brittany, whither the faithful Kurvenal has brought his wounded master out of reach of his enemy. It is significant that in his setting of this peculiarly Celtic legend Wagner takes us in turn to the ancient Celtic countries of Ireland, Cornwall, and Brittany.

Tristan lies on a couch in the neglected garden of the Castle with the grief-stricken Kurvenal watching anxiously for signs of returning consciousness. For, since the blow dealt by the "Dweller on the Threshold," his soul has been wandering in other realms. The opening theme, in which we recognize the original Yearning-motive in a new form, impresses us at once with the heavy weight of woe and quenchless yearning which oppresses and tortures the soul:



From the battlements the melancholy tune of a herdsman playing on his pipe adds to the deep pathos of the scene:



Kurvenal, in utter despair at Tristan's condition, has at last sent to Cornwall for Isolde, as the only one who can heal him. The ship is expected hourly and the herdsman is watching for it, but as yet in vain. Presently the strains of the plaintive tune waken the sufferer and he asks Kurvenal in a hollow voice where he is. Kurvenal tells him how he carried him down to the ship and brought him home to his own land where he shall soon get well and strong. Alas! no more than Marke or Brangaene can this devoted man know aught of the inner life, as Tristan's answer shows:

Think'st thou so?
I know that cannot be.
But what I know
I cannot tell thee.
Where I awoke I tarried not,
But where it was I cannot tell thee.
I did not see the sun,
Nor saw I land nor people.
But what I saw I cannot tell thee.
I—was—where I have ever been,
Where I for aye shall go,—
In the vast realm of the whole World's Night.

Here we find expressed the truth upon which in part the principle of Re-birth rests: that the soul has existed for ever in the past and will endure eternally in the future; for, as Wagner truly says, "*that Future is not thinkable except as stipulated by the Past* (*Prose Works* II. 376).

The temporary absence of Tristan from his body bears a close resemblance to the "descent into the Underworld" which in all ages a would-be initiate has had to undergo. And when we remember that the Tristan legend is a Solar Myth, Tristan representing the Sun, the connection becomes more obvious; for Wagner has

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throughout preserved the symbolic contrast between the Day as the World of Appearances and the Night as the Realm of Realities or the Mysteries.

"Astronomically," says H. P. Blavatsky, "this *descent into Hell*" symbolized the Sun during the autumnal equinox when abandoning the higher sidereal regions—there was a supposed fight between him and the Demon of Darkness who got the best of our luminary. Then the Sun was imagined to undergo a *temporary death* and to descend into the infernal regions. But mystically, it typified the initiatory rites in the crypts of the temple called the Underworld. . . All such final initiations took place during the night."*

In this journey to the inner world Tristan has found that the "Desire of Life" is not yet stilled. "Isolde is still in the realm of the Sun," and whilst this is so it is a sign that he cannot free himself from the bonds of the flesh:

I heard Death's gate close crashing behind me;
Now wide it stands, by the Sun's rays burst open.
Once more am I forced to flee from the Night,
To seek for her still, to see her, to find her
In whom alone Tristan must lose himself ever.

. . .

Isolde lives and wakes,
She called me from the Night.

As Tristan sinks back exhausted the mystified and terror-stricken Kurvenal confesses to his master how he had sent for Isolde as a last resource:

My poor brain thought that she who once
Healed Morold's wound could surely cure
The hurt that Melot's weapon gave.

Tristan is transported at the news and urges Kurvenal to go and watch for the ship, which already he sees with the clairvoyant vision of one who is more than half free from the limitations of Time and Space. But Kurvenal reports that, "no ship is yet in sight," and as the mournful strain of the herdsman is resumed Tristan sinks yet deeper in a gloomy meditation which impresses us with the most profound sadness. It rouses in him the memory of his present birth in words which recall the sorrow-laden lot of Siegfried's parents:

When he who begot me died,
When dying she gave me birth,
To them too the old, old tune,
With the same sad longing tone,
Must have sounded like a sigh;
That strain that seemed to ask me,
That seems to ask me still,
What fate was cast for me,
Before I saw the light, what fate for me?
The old sad tune now tells me again—
To yearn! to die! To die! to yearn!
No, ah no! Worse fate is mine;
Yearning, yearning, dying to yearn,
To yearn and *not* to die!

These latter lines have, perhaps, more than any other part of the drama, been ascribed to Schopenhauer's influence; but I have already shown that Wagner had already grasped intuitively the great philosopher's main principles long before he became acquainted with his writings. His own account of this is clearly given in his letter to August Roeckel which I quoted in the concluding article on the *Ring of the Nibelung*. The above lines are a close reproduction of the passage from the *Artwork of the Future* which I placed at the head of my last article, where Wagner speaks of the soul "yearning, tossing, pining, and *dying out, i. e.*, dying without having assuaged itself in any 'object,' thus dying without death, and therefore everlastingly falling back upon itself." And in his *Communication to My Friends* (Prose Works, Vol. I.) he says that at the time of working out his *Tannhaüser* he was feeling a deep disgust of the outer world and a earning for "a pure, chaste, virginal, unseizable and unapproachable ideal of love. . . . a love denied to earth and reachable through the gates of death alone."

* Roots of Ritualism in Church and Masonry, *Lucifer*, Vol. IV., p. 229.

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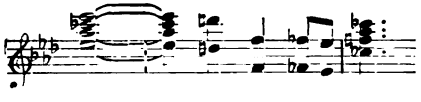
It is by no means the least valuable part of the rich heritage that Wagner left to the world that he has laid bare some of his inner life, and so enabled us to see that the essential principles of his dramas are distilled from his own soul experience. If this be egotism, as some narrow critics allege, would that there were more of it in the world!

In the course of Tristan's reverie we come to the point where we learn the psychological significance of the love-draught which he shared with Isolde and which is still torturing him with the curse of "Desire that dies not":

Alas! it is myself that made it!
From father's need, from mother's woe,
From lover's longing ever and aye,
From laughing and weeping from grief and joy,
I distilled the potion's deadly poisons.

The concentrated power of this terrible Desire-Curse here finds expression in the following theme, many times repeated.



Overcome once more Tristan sinks back fainting upon his couch. Presently his inner sense again perceives the nearer approach of Isolde, and soon a joyous strain from the herdsman is followed by the news that the ship approaches from the North. Kurvenal reluctantly leaves his master to meet Isolde and help her to shore, and the old impatience overmasters Tristan again. In a fever of excitement he tears the bandage from his wound and staggers forward, crying:

In blood of my wound Morold I once did slay;
In blood of my wound Isold' I win to-day.
(*Isolde's voice is heard without*)
How I *hear* the light! The torch—at last!
Behold it quenched! To her! to her!

He rushes headlong towards Isolde and sinks in her arms to the ground; and as he raises his dying eyes to hers with the one word "Isolde," we hear the Look-motive for the last time. Night has indeed come at last for Tristan. But in the right way? No, as we are reminded by Isolde's lament:

Ah! not of the wound, die not of wound.
To both united be life's light quenched.

. . .

Tristan . . . . . look . . . .
In his eye . . . . . the light . . . .
Beloved! . . . . . Night!

She falls senseless on his body, and now a tumult is heard and the herdsman announces to Kurvenal the arrival of a second ship, bearing King Marke, Melot, Brangaene, and others. Kurvenal, eager to avenge Tristan's death, rushes out and furiously attacks Melot as he comes to the gate, striking him down; then, driven back wounded by Marke and his men, he staggers to Tristan's body and falls dead beside it with a touching expression of fidelity.

Tristan, dear master—blame me not—
If I faithfully follow thee now!

Gazing mournfully on the solemn scene, King Marke utters these words of sad reproach:

Dead, then, all! All—dead!
My hero, my Tristan, most loved of friends,
To-day, too, must thou betray thy friend?
To-day when he comes to prove his truth.

For, as Brangaene now relates, the King had sought from her the meaning of the riddle, and, learning of the love-draught, had hastened to repair the wrong which had been wrought through Tristan's own delusion. To Isolde, now awakening from her swoon, he speaks and tells her of his noble purpose. But Isolde seems already unconscious of what is passing around her, and begins softly to whisper in the melting strains of the Death-Song the revelation of the great truth which was glimpsed by Tristan in the culmination of the second act. Until now we had felt a fear that the soul had made a fatal mistake in its over haste; but, as this wondrous song proceeds, we realize that in the transfigured woman who utters it there is embodied that divine power which shall restore the

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balance and bring peace and rest in Union with the All. Thus the great song rises ever in power and grandeur until at last the World-Union motive bursts forth like a shout of victory with the magnificent concluding words :

Where the Ocean of Bliss is unbounded and whole,
Where in sound upon sound the scent-billows roll,
In the World's yet one all-swallowing Soul ;
To drown—go down—
To Nameless Night—last delight!

Then as the great theme gradually dies away, and with the last breath of the Yearning-motive is dissolved in ethereal harp sounds, Isolde sinks lifeless on Tristan's body and the Tragedy of the Soul is once more accomplished. But this is no ending of untold sadness; rather is it one in which we see the soul, purified, free from the shackles of the body, rise triumphantly on the wings of Love and Knowledge into that realm of deathless consciousness clearly indicated by the great Master as the only possible goal of man's life struggles. A sense of triumph, of the most utter liberation, is left with us as we close this page of the Master's works, realizing ever more and more the deep teaching which he sought to convey : that life is indeed not a cry of agony but a Song of Victory.

Finally let Wagner sum up the whole drama for us in a fragment from his own pen : "Desire, desire, unquenchable and ever freshly manifested longing,—thirst and yearning. One only redemption,—Death sinking into oblivion, the sleep from which there is no awaking ! . . . It is the ecstasy of dying, of the giving up of being, of the final redemption into that wondrous realm from which we wander furthest when we strive to take it by force. Shall we call this Death? Is it not rather the wonder-world of Night, out of which, so says the story, the ivy and the vine sprang forth in tight embrace, o'er Tristan and Isolde's tomb?"

QUEST AND CONQUEST.

BY DR. J. D. BUCK.

Man has ransacked the earth in his quest for happiness.

He has climbed the highest mountains, dredged the deepest seas, penetrated the densest forests, crossed the trackless deserts, and searched the abyss of space for a new Utopia. In his search for wealth or fame or power he has braved every hardship, faced every danger, and sacrificed health and even life itself; and, sweetest dream of all, he has laid his hard-won trophies at the feet of Love, only to find at last sore disappointment, desolation and despair, and has perhaps ended the quest and his own life in sucide.

Sad and pathetic beyond words is this image of Tantalus in the human breast; this tireless quest of the soul of man for a resting place; for the joyous, the peaceful, and the permanent, in the midst of eternal change.

The indolent and the weak, no less than the tireless and the strong, come at last to the same goal and the same fruition. He reaches the shore of the shining silent sea only to see the phantom ship sailing far away on the distant horizon, and the isles of the blessed vanish, and the dark waves dash harshly on the desolate rocks at their feet, while the night settles down and the stars come out, and the distant constellations watch over him like a weary child asleep. He renews the quest, and like a half-remembered dream, the disappointment of yesterday but impels him forward to-day. He has missed his way like one who seeks the fountains of the Nile or an open polar sea.

He cannot rest in sunlit valleys with babbling brooks and flocks of kine. He

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dreams of a larger world and pastures new, and cattle on a thousand hills, and self the conquering lord of all. Conquest and happiness, and then alas! but dust and ashes.

Gold slips like grains of sand from the nerveless hand of age and death, and so he seeks to conquer these, and toils a thousand years for the Elixir of Life, the fountain of eternal youth, in order that he may renew the quest, and triumph still.

Ambition at its highest tide sighs for more worlds to conquer, and assails the constellations with impotent rage born of despair.

Fame is such a hollow mockery when the game's played out, and the curtain of oblivion begins to fall, and soon the monuments of stone and brass lie scattered in broken fragments o'er the plain, and the antiquarian of another age pieces together a few fragments that tell the same old story, ever new, of love and pride and death, and perhaps a name like a piece of driftwood cast on shore from an old wreck, a name which no one can pronounce—and that is all!

What does it all mean, this tireless quest with disappointment at the end? Is there no spot of land on which the weary dove may rest? No olive-branch as sign of falling tides and haven of repose? No conquest for the soul with peace and joy beyond? If he cannot attain why must he ever try?

Man must evolve his latent powers and touch the earth at many points, yet find no resting place, for this is not his home. The restless earth, the tides of time, the fleeting show of life—all these he must experience and know, while something in his soul cries "rest" and something else—"move on" like the Wandering Jew, till his soul cries "it is finished" and the conquest sure.

Man's dual nature thus revealed is kin to earth and heaven. In the midst of all the false, the true: in the midst of the ever-changing, the permanent, the everlasting.

Not all the joys of earth could satisfy his soul, but this he'll ne'er believe, till sorrow oft, and disappointment sore, have burned away the lust of life, then deep within the Conqueror is revealed—asleep! Then all his dream of bliss, and paradise regained through sense, seem such a hollow mockery. Then the soul, long restless in its sleep, awakes. The body masks the soul, and when the soul awakes the body sleeps with all its lust of life and running to and fro. Year after year, life after life, the play's kept up till the soul awakes to claim its heritage divine, and then, only then, does man begin to live at all. Then flooding back upon the soul comes all that it has loved and lost, and every failure, every sin, is seen as a stepping stone to sure success—the awakening of the soul, the conquest of the Holy Grail.

In all man's striving thus for rest and peace and joy he seeks without, he journeys far, tries every avenue of sense, seeks a resting place on shifting sands, and so evolves to knowledge of the outer world of sense and time. Then when the soul awakes, the horizon's clear; no incense rises from the veil of flesh; no smoke of altars built to Baal obscures the glorious sun of life. Then step by step the conquest comes, for soul and sense are one. Man's never truly man till then. Ages of toil and pain have not been vain or lost, but steps by which we climbed to higher things, a lesson learned, a rule of life set down in black and white, an experience never to be forgotten, a hoarded treasure cheap at any cost of pain, garnered forever in the citadel of his soul. It is the apparent uselessness of pain that makes us so rebellious. Why learn to brave and bear, to suffer without complaint? Why must we reap this bitter harvest, why not an easier road?

Grant that it all comes back in joy, all that we sow in tears, why must

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it be? Desire of life and the awakening of the soul on this lower plane; fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and ill, and back of all the tree of life, and back of this is peace and power and wisdom. Ask of the soul if it would relinquish all the joy of living to get rid of all its pain? The suicide may seem to answer yes, but he is bewildered or insane. Imagine if you can what life would be bereft of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain. Life without sensation or feeling, only peace and power and wisdom, what would there be to desire? But if the soul had known it all, and turned within and rested in itself, this would be the awakening of the soul, its conquest over sense and time and fleeting show.

Pleasure and pain are but the "pairs of opposites," the necessary garb of sense, and each, like light and darkness, impossible without the other; each, to the last scruple, the measure of the other.

Life's meaning, therefore, lies within itself. It is its own revealer. The quest is all without; the conquest all within. Just as man conquers sense and self, shall he subdue the world, and conquest comes by letting go, not holding fast. Nothing that he can gain and hold in sense and time can last. 'Tis all a passing show, the pleasure as the pain; the evil as the good; and there remains alone the True. When man has thus begun to live, with all illusions gone, with self subdued, with all the body's parts and powers as servants of his will, he is part of all, at one with all, and goeth out no more.

Buddha on the lotus flower, his quest all ended, conqueror now of life and death, worlds roll around him as a thought Divine, and he is that thought, great Brahm, and all in all.

Such is the quest to which man is devoted, and if the journey's long, and painful is the way, the conquest is glorious beyond the thought of man, beyond his wildest dream, his highest hope.

Imagine not the lotus symbol is inane, or that the conqueror sits and broods over the dawn and the decay of worlds, indifferent to the woes of men. He touches every sorrow, every joy, and being lifted up, draws all men to him along the highway he hath trod and knows so well.

But conquest cometh not all at once. 'Tis not alone restraining evil thought and deed that wakes the sleeping soul. These are but dead branches on the tree of life. If this were all, a barren trunk ere long remained with no green branches waving in the wind, or leaves to drink the sunshine. Repression and restraint go hand in hand with life's renewal. The deed still done is freed from self, and action ceasing not becomes divine compassion. Where once it sought to rob, it now restores an hundred fold, and when the debt's all paid, the awakened soul's now free to live and lift the world "to the lotus feet," the "Master of Compassion."

Perfection is the goal of man, but not in some far-off heaven, correcting our mistakes and failures here. Man is at once a child of earth and heaven. Earth has its seed-time and its harvest, too, no less for souls than sprouting grain, and heaven and hell are here and now; we make them both. Man's kingdom is within, or hell or heaven. The senses are his servants. The will is minister of state. Experience is his treasure vault, the currency of his realm, and sympathy the light around his throne.

When once the soul of man has wakened from the lethargy of the animal plane of sense, and given exit to the light that is within, then he is like a city set upon a hill, well-governed, and a light to all the world. He sorrows not, but lifts the veil of sorrow from the hearts of men. This is the great conquest toward which all quest of man hath tended from the beginning, while pain and sorrow are but the loosening of the tentacles of time and sense from the

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already fossilizing experiences of the past, in order that they may be reborn in joy in the eternal present.

Man is the epitome of nature and hath it all within himself. Seeking that which he cannot find, yet seeking ever, till at last he looks within and the soul cries: "Here am I, waiting for the summons of thy magic wand." This is the grand ideal, hidden, like the "jewel in the lotus," deep within the soul of man. It is older than Time, born in the councils of the Infinite before Time was, or any world emerged from space. Defying thus all tides and times, or cataclysms, or clash of worlds, or fossilizing creeds, or craft of church or state—wherever man may be, whene'er he climbs above the realm of sense, and looks within the holy place, lo! the sleeper wakes, and holds within his hand the Holy Grail, the cup of Life, and sleeps no more. When thine eye is single, thy body shall be full of light.

Thus is the conquest won. Thus is man lifted up to his divine inheritance, and then begins the triumphal journey of the soul, the real mission for which all else was preparation. Trammeled no more by sense and space and time: Master is he of life and law, because he has fulfilled them by obedience. He is at one with all. The quest of the soul is for perfection. Its conquest is over self: this conquest made, man steps upon the plane that is divine, and as a god, goes on from plane to plane, with perfect knowledge, power, and compassion Infinite; co-worker with both God and Nature for the uplifting of humanity—the Brotherhood of all.

THEOSOPHY IN THE POETS.

BY KATHARINE HILLARD.

II.—BROWNING.

ONE would like to inscribe Shakespeare's name after Dante's in our list, but that would be hardly fair to a poet whose genius is so essentially dramatic that we are not at liberty to take any of the opinions uttered by his characters as his own. Moreover, while Dante was essentially a mystic, and born at a time when that element pervaded both the prose and poetry of the age, and when its language was frequently used to cover ideas that the Church would otherwise have smothered at their birth, Shakespeare, on the contrary, lived in a time of frank materialism, when the worship of the body had succeeded to the asceticism of the Middle Ages, and life had become full of luxury and the pleasures of the senses. And while Dante was one of the most subjective of poets, and put himself into every line of his poetry so that you come to know as a personal friend the man who had seen the vision of Heaven and Hell, Shakespeare was so intensely objective that we know little of his personality, of his own idiosyncrasies and convictions. Only in the sonnets does he become autobiographic, but those unfold a tale of misplaced love and of the treachery of a friend, and their scope hardly includes the subject matter of religious ideas and beliefs.

That Shakespeare was acquainted with the doctrine of metempsychosis we know by his reference to it in *Twelfth Night*, but we have no right to believe that he either rejected or shared the opinions of Malvolio. When the Clown professes to think Malvolio mad, he asks him, as a test of his lunacy, "What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?"—"That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird," answers Malvolio. "What thinkest thou of his opinion?"—"I think nobly of the soul and in no way approve his opinion," replies the steward, whereupon he is told that he

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shall remain in darkness till he hold the opinion of Pythagoras, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest he dispossess the soul of his grandmother.

When we come to Browning, however, we find that many of his ideas can really be called theosophic, there being, in spite of Browning's strongly dramatic faculty, a subjective quality in all his writings. The mode of thought of all his personages is similar, the *expression* of their thought is almost identical, that is, they all use the same turns of speech that we have learned to call Browningesque. His general tendency is optimistic, and, as Prof. Dowden once said, the mainspring of his poetry may be said to be Passion, in contrast to that of Tennyson's, which is Duty. The one thing that Browning cannot pardon is weakness, and he shows an agreement with the theosophic idea that the thought is more important than the act, in his poem of *The Statue and the Bust*,* where his lovers fail to accomplish their guilty purpose solely through indecision and want of energy. They lost the counter they had staked as surely as if it had been lawful coin,

"And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost,
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a crime,"

says the poet. This is the moral of much of his poetry, and the strength that he exalts he feels sure is given for noble uses, and not in vain. So in *Paracelsus* he writes:

——"Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart!
Ask the geier eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
What full-grown power informs her from the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent, boundless regions of the sky!
Be sure they sleep not whom God needs!"

As for the doctrine of reincarnation, Browning touches upon it several times, in *Paracelsus*, his earliest poem of consequence, and elsewhere. It is *Paracelsus* who says:

——"At times I almost dream
I too have spent a life the sage's way,
And tread once more familiar paths. Perchance
I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
Ages ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest, so
Instinct with better light let in by death,
That life was blotted out—not so completely
But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,
Dim memories, as now, when once more seems
The goal in sight again."

In the poem called *Old Pictures in Florence*, we have the same note touched, in a more uncertain way.

"There's a fancy some lean to and others hate,
That when this life is ended, begins
New work for the soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins:
Where the strong and the weak, this world's congeries,
Repeat in large what they practiced in small,
Through life after life in unlimited series;
Only the scale's to be changed, that's all."

And in his *Christina*, the poet, speaking of the supreme moments of existence when a sudden flash of intuition seems to show the true meaning and purpose of life, writes:

"Doubt you if in some such moment,
As she fixed me, she felt clearly,
Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age 'tis resting merely,
And hence fleets again for ages."

* And in *Saul*:—"'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!"

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its sole end in this life being to unite itself with some kindred soul. Again in his own person, the poet expresses in the poem called *La Saisiaz* what he says indeed in many other places, the conviction that this life alone can in no sense satisfy the demands of man's soul, that no conception of Infinite Love and Power can stand side by side with a belief in our mortality.

"Only grant a second life; I acquiesce
In this present life as failure, count misfortune's worst assaults
Triumph not defeat, assured that loss so much the more exalts
Gain about to be. . . . .
Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup unspilled."

And over and over again in his poems Browning declares his feeling that no process of reasoning is required to convince us that "mind" and "soul" are two things. Mind he compares to an engineer (in the poem called *With Charles Avison*) laying a bridge stone by stone with careful measuring and adjustment of each to each. "So works Mind," says the poet, and with facts, more or less,

"Builds up our solid knowledge: all the same,
Underneath rolls what Mind may hide, not tame,
An element which works beyond our guess,
Soul, the unsounded sea."

All we can really know in this life, he says, are the changes in our own conciousness, all else is, after all, mere conjecture and surmise, and this knowledge can never be obtained from without, but must be sought within. This is the teaching of Paracelsus in Browning's poem of that name, and he saw no reason in after life to abjure the conviction of his youth.

"There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
. . . . And to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

Taken altogether, this poem of *Paracelsus* written in the full tide of Browning's poetic power, and before he had acquired all the mannerisms that make much of his later writing so difficult, and so repellent, is full of fine passages that will repay the searcher for theosophic poetry. Such is the magnificent description in Part V of the evolution of the universe, culminating in man. It is too long to quote here, but how fine are the closing lines describing man as the seal put on life,

—"man once descried, imprints forever,
His presence on all lifeless things. . . .
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God. Prognostics told
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor ever on before,
In that eternal circle life pursues.
For men . . . begin to grow too great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.
Such men are even now upon the earth,
Serene amid the half-formed creatures round
Who should be saved by them, and joined with them."

The lines underlined might have been written by a Disciple of the Masters. That Browning has been in some measure a student of occultism, his many references, not only to the works of Paracelsus, but to those of Cornelius Agrip-

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pa, and to many another "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," amply testify. He stoutly refused to join in his wife's devotion to spiritualism, and his *Sludge the Medium*, is a terrific attack upon its professors and their arguments. Nevertheless he wrote a wonderful poem called *Mesmerism*, which shows how perfectly he understood the method of what we now prefer to call "hypnotism," and "suggestion," and in his very last book he has four curious poems called *Bad Dreams*, which do not amount to much except for this touch:

"Sleep leaves a door on hinge
Whence soul, ere our flesh suspect,
Is off and away."

But after all, putting aside all questions of belief, the best thing about Browning is his splendid courage, the quality of which stirs other souls like the sound of a silver trumpet. and rouses all their latent fire. "Do, and nowise dream!" he says, and this resolute bravery and fortitude was the outcome of what is generally called his optimism, but is really his absolute trust in the Divine goodness and power. The last poem of his last book, published on the very day he died, shows the secret of his confident attitude. "It looks almost like bragging to say this," he said to his sister, when he read her the proof, shortly before his death, "but it's the simple truth, and as it's true it shall stand." So he called himself

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

It is this strong conviction of the ultimate victory of good, this heroic defiance of misfortune and sorrow, together with his warm heart and his love for all mankind that has so endeared him to the multitude of readers who have known how to sift his precious grains of wheat from out of the bushels of chaff beneath which it seemed his pleasure in later days to conceal them. Except in his last book of all, *Asolando*, where there is more of the lyric quality than Browning had displayed for many years. But generally speaking, his best poetry was written before 1869.

"Nothing can be as it has been before;
Better, so call it, only not the same.
To draw one beauty into our heart's core,
And keep it changeless! such our claim;
So answered,—Nevermore!

Simple? Why this is the old woe o' the world;
Tune to whose rise and fall we live and die.
Rise with it then! Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled!"

This idea of incessant change, ever tending towards the perfecting of man's soul, is the cornerstone of Browning's religion; "my own hope is," he says,

——"a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accursed."

"Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure," he says elsewhere.

"He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou forsooth, would fain arrest;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed."

Browning was an accomplished musician, and many are the analogies he draws from the laws of harmony. There

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is nowhere, among all his poems relating to music, any one more beautiful than that called *Abt Vogler*. The musician has been extemporizing upon the instrument he himself invented, and it saddens him at first to think that nothing will remain of the beautiful palace of music he has reared, and then comes this magnificent outburst, with which I will conclude this brief sketch of Browning's philosophy of religion.

"Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.
And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know."

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THE NATIVITY OF BUDDHA.

(From the *Buddha Charita* of *Ashva Ghosha.*)

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE HOLY CITY.

OM! Reverence to Him who Knoweth all things;—He hath provided for us a higher joy than Providence itself,—He who, in driving away our darkness, hath outshone the sun,—He who, allaying our hot passion, hath outcharmed the silver moon,—Him, the Worthy One I praise, who never had his like on earth.

There was a city, the dwelling place of the holy man of old, Kapila; surrounded on all sides by a fair, broad upland, set in hills that girt it round like clouds. The lofty pinnacles of the city soared towards heaven; and its rule was a white mountain of holiness,—that might draw away the clouds from the snowy peaks, misleading them, yet repaying all their hopes by its beauty. And darkness and misery found no refuge there, for the bright shining, and wealth of the city. And smiling Fortune dwelt there gladly, amid such worthy dwellers. And, for that nowhere throughout the whole earth was seen the like of it, for gardens and arches and jeweled spires, the city could vie only with itself, one palace striving with another.

And the women of the city were fair in face as the moon, more lovely than lotuses, so that the sun, even in setting, could not forget them, but hastened towards the west to slake his hot longing for them in the waters of the ocean.

And seeing that even the King of the the old-world gods was eclipsed by the gathered splendors of the Shakya nation, the people strove to wash away even the memory of him, with their flags and bright-waving banners. By night, the rays of the moon, that fell on the silver cupolas were like the whiteness of a full-blown lotus; and by day the sunlight gleaming on the golden domes was like the brightness of yellow water-lilies.

KING SHUDDHODANA.

And the king of the city was Shuddhodana, of the Solar line, anointed chieftest monarch of the world; and he adorned the city, ruling over it as the sun adorns a full-blown lotus. And the king, though ruler of all, yet listened to counsel; though liberal, he was not lavish; though master, he yet shewed equal justice; though full of graciousness, he was yet mighty in valor. By his arm had been slain the war-elephants of the enemy, in the field of battle; their heads all decked with jewels, scattered now, had bowed down before his might, like worshippers that scatter offerings of flowers.

And he shook the enemy with the fiery might of his valor, as the hot sun shakes off the darkness of eclipse. And he shone forth over the people, lighting them in all their ways.

Under his rule, though holiness and wealth and pleasure each had its own aim, yet the outward face of them was the same; and vying against each other, each shone brighter in their triumphant course. And the king, full of glory, yet drew glory from his noble counsellors; as the moon shines not less brightly for the shining of the stars.

THE MOTHER OF THE MASTER.

And Maya the queen, like the Mother of the Worlds on earth, was not less in high honor than the high honor of the king; she was radiant as the sun, driving away the darkness by her majesty, —a goddess more glorious than the multitude of the heavenly host. And the people loved her as a mother, while the great folk esteemed her as one beloved.

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And she, who was to bring great joy into the world, shone like goddess Fortune in the family of the king. And though a woman's lot loves best seclusion, yet when that lot fell on her, it shone more brightly; so night is no longer dark when it falls on the brightly shining moon.

HOW THE MASTER WAS BORN.

"This nether world cannot perceive me, so far above their human sight,"—thus spoke the Law Divine, and laying aside his heavenly form, took upon himself a shape visible to outward eyes. And descending thus from his heavenly dwelling place, lighting up the three worlds, that Being of Wisdom entered the womb of the queen,—as the king of the Serpents enters the cave of joy—taking that form whose symbol is the sacred elephant,* white as the snows of Himalay, six-tusked, and full of well-doing. So he entered the womb of King Shuddhodana's queen, to take away the sorrows of the world.

And the Sovereigns of the Spheres came down from heaven, to worship him, who was the one Lord of all the world; so the moonbeams, that shine on all things, yet shine more brightly on the Holy Mountain. Queen Maya also, perceiving that he had entered her womb, like a flash of heavenly light, blessing all the world, made the misery of the poor to cease by a rain of gifts upon the people.

And as she, goddess-like, surrounded by the courtiers of the palace, best among those that bear children, went once to the garden with the permission of the king, that Being of Wisdom came forth from her womb, as she was resting on the bough of a tree, heavily laden with blossoms.

SIGNS FROM HEAVEN.

Thus a blessing came upon the world's dark age, and thus a son was born to that fair lady, all her vows performed,—a son who should bring joy to the world, nor did she suffer sorrow or sickness. As the morning sun comes forth from the clouds, so he came forth into birth, from his mother's womb.

And as the sun pours forth its shining rays, that slay the darkness, he filled the world full of golden light.

And the king of the old-world gods, well pleased, received the new-born child, bright as a pillar of gold, and from the heavens upon his head descended twin streams of pure water, with flowers of the scarlet coral-tree.

And held by the chiefest of the heavenly host, he shone back on them, with the magical rays that came forth from his form, and by his brightness excelled the new moon, framed in the glory of the twilight clouds.

And new-born he shone as one who had descended from heaven, not passed through the gates of birth; he who had manifested himself in many an age, already full of understanding, was not dismayed.

And by his brightness, his firmness and his beauty the boy shone, illuminating the world, thus descending into birth. And he held the eyes of those that looked on him, as the bright moon does, such was his luminous glory.

For by the brightness of his body he robbed all other lights of their glory, as the sun does; for he was in color like to fair gold, and illumined all the lands of the earth with his shining. And taking seven steps, fearless, bright as the moon, firmly planted, full of valor, and steadfast, shining like the seven stars, he spoke:

BUDDHA'S FIRST WORDS.

"Born am I for Wisdom, and the welfare of the world, and this is my final birth": thus spoke he, whose going was like the lion, looking forth through the four worlds; thus he spoke, declaring the purpose of what was to come.

And two streams of water, shining like

*The symbol of Esoteric wisdom.

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the rays of the moon, flowed down from heaven, soft as falling dew; and they descended on his moon-like head, for the gladdening of his body, who had no equal.

And as he lay there on a couch, whose feet were of lapis-lazuli, whose body was of sparkling gold, whose covering was rich and beautiful, the genii of the earth stood round him as his courtiers, with yellow lotuses in their hands. And at the majesty of him, born thus of queen Maya, the heavenly dwellers, with heads bowed in reverence, came to him bearing a snow-white canopy, bringing blessings for him who was thus born for Wisdom.

And great Serpents who had done honor to the Buddhas of ages gone by, drew near to him through love of the great Law, their eyes full of devotion, and strewed the scarlet coral-flowers upon him. They rejoiced at the birth of him, who came as the Others had come, they dwellers in the pure worlds, Beings of purity.

The gods rejoiced, even though their chiefest was gone, descending into birth for the good of this world sunk in woe; at whose birth the earth trembled, like a ship struck by the wind, the earth adorned by the king of mountains. And from the cloudless sky fell a rain of lotus-buds, sandal-scented. And the winds breathed soft, with loving touch, descending from their dwellings in the sky; and the Sun shone out with exceeding brightness; the fire-lord flamed with rays of beauty, unconstrained.

And in the neighborhood of his dwelling-place a stream of pure water burst forth, and the palace was astonished at it, and it became as a shrine for holy acts. And the spring of water received virtue from the hosts of divine beings who came there, longing for the Law, and seeking to behold it.

And they shewed joyful reverence, bringing branches of scented flowers. And the flowering trees blossomed forth of themselves, showering their scented blooms on every side, full of the murmur of bees, and the scented air was breathed by the assembled serpents. And on all sides the place was gladdened by the tinkling of women's tabors, and the soft sounds of the lute, and many-voiced instruments giving forth sweet music melodious.

THE SON OUTSHINES THE FATHER.

Is it not written in the holy books of old, that what Bhrgu and Augiras could not accomplish, that the sons of these two sages, founders of noble lines attained,—their two sons, Shukra and Vrhaspati. And the son of Sarasvati gave out again the lost Doctrine, which they of old had not beheld,—Vyasa, the sage, accomplishing what Vasishta, with all his knowledge, could not accomplish.

And Valmiki, likewise, made such a song as Chyavana the mighty seer could never make; and what Atri could not attain to, that the son of Atri afterwards performed. And the honor of second birth, which Kushika did not reach, that his son successfully obtained. And the sons of Ikshvaku were able to set such limits to the ocean as Sagara had tried to set, and failed.

And Janaka reached a fame as teacher in the mystic lore, which had not been reached by any others of the twice-born. And many are the doings recorded, which great heroes were unable to compass,—but which yet were compassed by the heroes' sons. Hence it is manifest that neither age nor time avail for preëminence in the world; the deeds that kings and sages set their hearts upon,—these things have been done by their sons, which had not been done by those who went before them.

Thus was the king consoled by his trusted counsellors from among the twice-born, and even made glad. And he put away unwished-for fear from his mind, and even rejoiced with great rejoicing. And well pleased with those

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excellent twice-born men, he gave them gifts and shewed them hospitality, saying: "Let him indeed become king of the earth, as has been declared, and, in old age, let him depart to the forest."

THE VISIT OF THE SAGE.

Thereupon, learning by heavenly signs, and through the power of his magic knowledge, that he was born who should make an end of birth, the mighty sage, Asita, came to the palace of the Shakya king, full of thirst for the Good Law.

Him gleaming with holy radiance, and radiance magical, the king's own Teacher led within the king's abode,—himself a knower of truth eminent among truth-knowers,—with reverence and hospitality. And the mighty Sage drew near to the inner chamber of the king, where all was rejoicing at the young prince's birth; he came full of dignity through his magical power, and the force of his mystic knowledge, and the sense that old age was upon him.

Thereupon the king, shewing the saint all due honor, and setting him upon a seat, and causing water to be brought, to wash his feet, welcomed him, as of old Antideva welcomed Vashishta: "Happy am I, and favored is my race, in that thy greatness has come to visit me; oh august one, order what I am to do, for I am thy disciple; deign thou, then, to shew confidence in me."

Thus, verily, welcomed by the king, with every honor, as was fit, the saint spoke these deep, wise words, his eyes opened wide with wonder.

THE SAGE'S BLESSING.

"In thee, magnanimous, is this well and seemly, that thy mind is so full of affection towards me,—whose desire is the Law, who practice renunciation,—as to a beloved guest, in accordance with thy goodness, wisdom, and age. It is thus that kingly sages, casting away from them perishable riches according to the Law, and renouncing them altogether, grew rich in mystic power, though poor in outward substance. But hear thou now the cause of my coming, and draw great gladness from it.

"For by me, on the heavenly path, was heard a heavenly voice: that a son had been born to thee, for Wisdom. Hearing the voice, therefore, and having set my mind to it, and understanding it by heavenly signs, I came hither, full of the desire to behold him who shall raise aloft the banner of the Shakyas, as they raise the banner of Indra at the festival."

THE HEAVENLY BABE.

And when the king heard this speech of the sage, with swift and joyful step he went and took the boy from the nurse's arms, and shewed him to the saint, rich in magical power. And the mighty sage with great wonder beheld the prince, his soles marked with the sacred disc; his palms and feet with joining membranes; the circle of hair between his brows; his body vigorous as an elephant.

And beholding him, in the arms of his nurse, like the son of the Fire-lord in the arms of his mother, the tears came, hanging to his eyelashes, and sighing deeply, he was as one who gazes into paradise. And seeing Asita, his eyes suffused with tears, the king trembled, for love of his son. And, his throat choked with tears, he asked, sobbing, bending suppliant before the saint:

"Why, O wise one, beholding him whose form is almost like a god's,—whose birth was marvelous and full of light,—whose future, thou sayest, is most excellent,—why, beholding him, dost thou weep?

"Is it, sage, that this prince is destined for long life, or is he born for my sorrow? And after taking up water in my hand, shall I not have time to drink it? Is the treasure of my glory also secure, or is the strength of my family certain? Shall I go forth happily to the next world, with the unwinking eye of the gods, while my son is asleep? Or shall

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my race be without a flower? Are the descendants of my family destined to wither away? Tell me quickly, Master, for I have no peace; for thou knowest the love of kindred toward a son."

THE SAGE'S MESSAGE.

The saint thus replied to the king, thus overcome with faintness at the thought of misfortune:

"Let not thy belief be changed, O King, for what I have declared is fixed and sure. Nor indeed was it on his account or for any change in him, but for my own misfortune, that I grieved.

For my time has come; and he, the teacher who shall put an end to birth, who is hard to find, is but newly born; he who, giving up his kingdom, and unallured by things of sense, shall reach the Truth by fierce striving.

For he shall blaze forth as a sun, to slay the world's darkness of delusion,—by full knowledge.

From the ocean of sorrow, whose foam is sickness, wide-spread, whose waves are weakness, and whose swift tide is death, shall he save the deluded and afflicted world, on the raft of wisdom.

The thirsty world shall drink his river of the Law, flowing forth most excellent, whose swift waters are wisdom, whose banks are firm righteousness, the birds on whose waves are vows.

He shall declare the way of freedom to those who have lost their way, and wandered from the road, to those who are worn out with sorrow, shewing them the path from this rough highway of necessity, hemmed in by objects of sense.

He shall bring joy to the people in the world, burnt up by the fire of passsion, whose fuel is material life; he shall bring them the glad moisture of the Law, as the great cloud brings rain allaying the burning heat.

He shall break open the prison house whose bars are lust, and whose doors are darkness and delusion, for the freeing of the people; he shall break it open with blows of the good Law, excellent, irresisitble.

He, as king of the Law, shall make a freeing from bondage for the people who are fettered by the bonds of their own delusions; who are wrapped round with sorrow; who have no place of refuge.

Therefore grieve not for this grief of mine; for he is to be grieved for, in this grievous human world, who shall not hear thy son's strong Law, whether through delusion, or the allurement of desire, or strong fascination. And therefore, lost are my meditations, and failed of their aim; since I shall not hear him, I esteem even dwelling in paradise as a misfortune."

THE SAGE DEPARTS.

When the king heard this his heart was glad, and he put away from him despondency; "Thus, indeed, shall my son be," he thought, his grief assuaged; "on the Noble Path shall he go," he thought within his heart. Nor indeed was he unfriendly to the Law, yet he saw in this a fear of his son's loss. Thus the sage Asita, having told the truth to the king, fearing for his son, departed again as he had come, by the pathways of the wind, greatly honored, and reverenced by all.

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THE LARGER WOMANHOOD.

BY C. M. N.

THE FIRST GOOD LEVEL.—RIGHT DOCTRINE.

The First Good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offense;
In heed of Karma, which doth make men's fate;
In Lordship over sense.

IN the preceding paper we endeavored to prove that woman had reached an inevitable awakening in the course of her evolution and tried to point out some of the changes and how that womanhood was not to be lost by the broadening of her opportunities but was to be made nobler, stronger and better.

Buddha, in the ages gone, formulated the four good levels on the upper road. In later years Jesus taught the same doctrine. But for our purposes we will take the four good levels of Buddha as Sir Edwin Arnold has so beautifully given them in his "Light of Asia" and consider the first. This is what he says of it:

"The First Good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offense;
In heed of Karma, which doth make men's fate;
In Lordship over sense."

We all know that the doctrine held by men and women will color, more or less, according to the sincerity of their convictions, all their acts. Therefore it is hardly necessary to argue the necessity for holding right doctrine. That the doctrine is the foundation for character is recognized here by making it the first step on the road.

The Bible tells us to "Prove all Things." First we find that age proves nothing. Every day science teaches us that the firm beliefs of ages past were errors. What two hundred years ago would have been deemed impossible in the realm of science and for the teaching of which a man would have been in serious danger, is the acknowledged fact of to-day. What one hundred years ago would have seemed improbable, if not impossible, in the world of mechanics, is the commonplace of to-day. What is true in the realms of material and mental thought should be true in the line of spiritual thought. By the steady unfolding of our powers, evolution will bring to us new phases of truth and broaden our understanding of underlying principles. Our doctrine must grow with us if it is to be a right doctrine for every stage of our development. Age *alone* proves little but liability to error.

Custom is equally worthless as a proof of right doctrine. Wherever the power of the priestcraft is strongest custom is most united in the following of any set religious ceremony. At the same time there is less spirituality, less individual thought, less intenseness of conviction in the people. Humanity as a whole is too lazy to think, or as we often say, it is conservative. This tendency is stronger in woman than in man though she is now being taught that it is not unwomanly to think for herself. We can all remember when the strong minded woman, the woman who dared to hold and express an opinion which differed from that given out by her church was looked upon with horror. With all our broadened views and enlarged opportunities, it still takes courage for a woman to face the world with a new idea. Custom has proven nothing, as to the correctness of the doctrine, because it has been a careless, unreasoning attempt to shirk responsibility and place it on the shoulders of some one else.

This has been nothing more nor less than an attempt to base doctrine on authority by people too indolent or too timid to think for themselves. They have forgotten that there could be no authority for any doctrine save its

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own reasonableness, logic and truth, whether we take the Karmic idea of cause and effect, or the Christian idea of a divine lawgiver, the argument remains the same. We know that effect follows cause in exact proportion and with unfailing accuracy and certainty. Neither can we conceive of a *Divine* lawgiver making laws which would not represent the reasonable, logical outcome of conditions. Therefore we are back to our original statement, that the only authority that can give weight to any doctrine is its own inherent merit. In this matter Christianity and Theosophy agree; the one teaching 'prove all things' and the other saying 'accept nothing on authority.'

Let us then examine some of the essentials of right doctrine. It is of prime importance that it be true. We must be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us and this we can only do when our faith is based upon law, when we can demonstrate by the laws of logic, reason or experience that our doctrine is a fact, not merely a pretty or amiable sentiment. This will give us a stable, firm ground or basis for our ethical doctrine or law of life, which could never come to a doctrine based upon the caprice or whim of any supposable personal lawgiver, be it a divine God or human priesthood. Everywhere in nature the law carries with it the result of its violation, not as a punishment for disobeying some higher will but the effect of the cause.

The law of the Universe is harmony, the heart of the law is love and the end of the law is peace. If we break the law the result is discord in our lives, misery and pain. Nor is this an "inscrutable dispensation of Providence." The law "knows not wrath nor pardon" but "who thwarts it loses and who serves it gains." Basing then our right doctrine upon law we find that no one can suffer for us. If we break the law we suffer. If we keep it we gain.

Then again our doctrine must be pure. Pure not only in its outward deeds but pure also in the thought which prompts the deed. We are too often satisfied with a blameless life. We regard scrupulously all the rules of action laid down by our creed and neglect the heart and mind. Too often we read the book in private that we drop under the sewing in our basket when the friend calls whose good opinion we value most highly. We think the thought we would not say. We dwell in imagination upon the act we would not commit and then wonder why, day by day we are obliged to set a more rigid watch upon our lips and actions. To have the one pure the other must be free from stain.

"Strive with thy thoughts unclean before they overpower thee. Use them as they will thee, for if thou sparest them and they take root and grow, know well, these thoughts will overpower and kill thee. Beware Disciple, suffer not e'en though it be their shadow, to approach. For it will grow, increase in size and power, and then this thing of darkness will absorb thy being before thou hast well realized the black, foul monster's presence." Again it is said, "His thoughts become an army and bear him off a captive slave."

When this personal purity of thought and life is taught and lived then we may hope for social purity. Never, however, will social purity be accomplished until the women themselves learn the importance of demanding one standard of morality for man and woman. So long as the fault that ostracises a woman is condoned in a man; so long as we open our doors to the man of evil habits and close them to the woman against whom there is, rightly or wrongly, a breath of suspicion; so long as we make the purity of our daughters an essential quality and consider the chastity of our sons only desirable; our doctrine is not right and we shall make small progress for we are not working with the law. Evil will

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come of evil, always, in every time and place. There is no sex in soul and intellect. The sin that soils the soul that informs our sister's frame leaves just as deep a stain upon the soul which uses our brother's body. The great commandment, "Be ye perfect," "The law which moves to righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or stay" bind all humanity with equal force.

While true and pure our doctrine must be charitable. Intolerance and self-righteousness are grave errors. We have no right to be intolerant of the beliefs of others. Upon no one does the full light of truth shine all at once. We learn Life's lessons page by page. The memory of our own struggles should teach us kindly patience. Having gained some light we should try to realize by the darkness still in our own souls how dark and hopeless and helpless those must be who have seen no light and so, teach the good law patiently, as the mother teaches the little child. Remember, that while we are right to condemn sin and impurity our duty does not end there. We must help purity and righteousness to grow, for the law moves ever in that direction. Showing in our doctrine the beauty of purity, we must show as well its noble strength to help those souls which are in profound gloom.

But our doctrine will be useless and without force unless it is practical enough to meet the demands of humanity as a whole. To accomplish this we must strive to reach a fuller realization of the brotherhood of man. Being the incarnation in common matter of rays from the one divine source we are all one. We cannot divide ourselves off into the good and the bad. The same law rules us all, fitting itself to our various degrees of advancement. Any doctrine which does not take this fact into consideration fails in so much. The law is one and the same for all. Knowing this we will work unselfishly for humanity. The self loses its great importance when we realize the solidarity of humanity. Our energies are no longer bent to the saving of our own souls alone but to the helping of all humanity, the spreading of all the light we can get and the bettering of the condition of the whole race, for personality will be lost in the sense of brotherhood and we will be able to take as our motto, "All for humanity, nothing for self."

Such a doctrine will be informal and creedless. It will recognize all that is good and pure in every creed and try to hunt out the golden grain of truth from the chaff of dogmatism and ritualism. The only ritualism of such a doctrine will be that of good deeds, its only service that of willing hearts, its only sacrifices those of self-sacrifice for the good of humanity.

Such would be Right Doctrine, to be lived out by each of us according to our own circumstances and surroundings, the first good level on the upward path, broad enough for all humanity.

Having proven the doctrine, hold fast that which is good. Mingle gentle courtesy to those who see differently with steadfast will and a courageous heart. The path winds uphill. The human heart is conquered slowly. Perfection is not won in one brief life. We have often need of the caution, "Beware of fear that spreadeth like the black and soundless wings of midnight bat between the moonlight of thy soul and thy great goal that loometh in the distance far away." Still we may take courage and fight bravely on for the law changes not.

"Behold I show you truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,
Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure."

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THE KINDERGARTEN OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MARIE A. J. WATSON.

WHAT is the object of life? Is it merely to pamper the body in its tyrannical demands for self gratification, to be well fed, well clothed, well housed, basking in the sunshine of animal contentment, never seeking beyond the material welfare, never knocking at nature's doors for admission into realms other than the physical?

The soul that lives thus is one in whom the voice of the higher Ego has not yet sounded. Deafened by the noises and clamorings of the senses it cannot hear the sweet melody of the higher self that is ever pleading within. The lower nature of man, composed of the four grosser principles in nature, is symbolized by the square, and is called the lower quarternary. *This* it is that must be sent to the grist mill of suffering, its sharp corners must be ground away by the wheel of experience, until it becomes rounded and whole, the symbol of the perfect soul. Mother Earth is our nurse, she trains us in this vanishing world of matter to a maturer existence of spirit.

As the personality has its infancy, its youth, its prime and its old age, so likewise the soul of man has its seasons of spring, summer, autumn and winter; the innocence of childhood, the presumption of youth, the pride of manhood and the mellowed richness of its ripened experience. To the Egos advancing toward this last stage the doctrine of Karma and Reincarnation is a fact, a truth known to them. How? There are those who have had glimpses far back into the dim past, they have seen that the one golden thread runs through the garment that they have been weaving from time immemorial. The soul has awakened from her long slumber into which she has thrown herself by the narcotics of sense-life, and rousing from the torpor, declares that from henceforth she will be free. Girt about with the experience of many lives, fortified by the knowledge of which she has had glimpses, she makes war upon the other half of her nature, the lower animal self, and asserts her rights, her powers, and commands where formerly she obeyed. Like a true Master she guides the old force into new channels, she trains it until it unites with the higher, nobler nature, thus spiritualizing matter, or turning the baser metal into gold.

Until man has reached this step nature kindly veils from him the pages of the past. Until he is strong enough to look upon this record, his mistakes, his falterings, his deficiencies, his wasted opportunities, and even his crimes are hidden from him by a break between successive earth-lives, the Ego, retiring into the subjective state, to rest after the labor of the life just closed, and to mould the fruit of this experience into character. For the shadow of the awful past standing ever beside man would defeat the law of progress and evolution.

Just as we withhold bad news from the invalid, fearing to put more upon the sick, sensitive one than can well be borne; so Nature, in her motherly tenderness, shields us likewise while we are yet feeble and ill, and puts no more upon us than we can bear; thus manifesting her wisdom and forethought for the welfare of her offspring.

Heredity accounts for physical resemblance in form and feature, physical habits, tricks of manner and so on, but it does not explain the startling differences in mortal perception, in mental capacity, in children born from the same parents, living under the same influences, reared in the same surroundings, yet each child evidencing peculiarities strictly its own.

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Twins, who are subject to the same parental influence yet exhibit marked differences in disposition and character. How can this difference be accounted for, if not by the reasonable explanation that the Egos, having had different experiences in former lives, the result must also vary? A little child of my acquaintance, said one time to his mother: "You are the best mother I ever had. Oh, I picked out a good one this time." This is a case in hand where "out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom."

The Ego, upon entering the new earth-life is attracted by the law of Karma to those physical parents who will furnish, for its further development, such a body as is adapted to its needs, wherein it may have opportunity to learn the lessons it has missed; for the Ego before being clothed in its new "coat of skin," clearly realizes its own necessities, and thus selects wisely, although to the limited knowledge of the personality it embodies, it may seem unfair and uncongenial, but we may be sure that it is always according to law. So when we see a musical genius like "Blind Tom" encased in a body furnished by negro parents, we only see that the soul having failed in some lesson of life, has been put back to make good the loss.

Just as we see when a student does not keep up with his class, he is put back and goes over the ground again to take up what he has missed, if he will, although in one branch of study he may excel and be beyond his fellow students, as the musical talents of "Blind Tom" bore witness to the fruits of his industry in that line. If we neglect duty we break a thread in the loom, and we shall find the flaw when we have forgotten the cause. That we do not remember our past lives is nothing against the doctrine of reincarnation; the recollections of childhood and infancy are soon forgotten; yet many a habit formed at this age is retained for life. The full grown man in the childhood of his larger cycle of life also forgets the details of his experiences, yet the Ego goes on accumulating the knowledge gained. The soul has expressed itself through all the kingdoms of nature, finally as man, and not until the soul becomes conscious of these experiences can she remember or impress the lower man with the facts of her many existences, but the possibility is latent within the soul to do so; and the object of reincarnation is to develop the soul, so that she may become a self-conscious entity, an intelligent co-worker in the Universe; beginning at the lowest rung of the ladder of knowledge, climbing ever upward towards infinitude. In Jesus the lower human nature was overcome. The crucifixion of the Son of man was upon the cross of matter; the atonement was fulfilled when the four lower principles were transmuted into the three higher; then Jesus said: "I and my Father are one, and he that hath seen me hath seen Him that sent me." At another time Jesus said, "Call me not good, there is none good but one." Now these sayings are either contradictory nonsense or they contain the deepest philosophy. Interpreted by the light of Theosophy the latter is apparent. When Jesus, the visible man, was spoken to as "Good Master" that portion of his nature, his four lower principles was completely controlled by his higher nature of trinity; pride, egotism, vanity and all kindred elements, which belong to the lower nature only, these in Jesus were uprooted, dead, and when he said, "Call me not good," etc., it was knowing that the man who addressed him saw only the man Jesus and not the invisible Deity within him. Among the many voices lifted up to proclaim the hastening of a better day this earnest word is sent forth not to attack true religion—which teaches the adoration of one Supreme, unknown Deity by words and acts and not by human dogma—but to

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interpret anew the message of the Christ, and to restore the secret of the true life realized by him. The Masters of the East tell us that the time is ripe for establishing these higher truths; but it is left for man in the exercise of his freedom of choice to seize the golden oppor- or to lose it.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

KARMA THE RESULT OF EVOLUTION AND INVOLUTION.

In the great cycle of manifestation, the out-breathing of the "Great Breath," in Indian thought, is equivalent to what we mean by evolution. In other words the Divine energy diffuses itself, or goes out into the lowest and most material conditions by a gradual process on different spheres, or on seven great planes as the Esoteric philosophy teaches. This differentiation, or out-going, covers immense periods of time, and as evolution is slow and gradual, growth always from the simple to the complex, so likewise iuvolution is slow, and a gradual return from the complex to the simple. Both of these processes are divided into a series of cycles; that which has isolated itself from the Great Whole experiences, evolves, individualizes, and seeks again to become reunited. Now what is it that experiences, progresses and evolves? Is it matter *per se*? Surely not. Matter has no character of its own; but that which is given to it by the prime mover, the Soul. Matter is the clay in the hands of the potter; the soul selects its own material, moulds its own tenement through which it expresses itself, whether that be in the form of a mountain, a tree, a dog or a man. The perplexing thought that presents itself to the mind that if it is not matter that progresses, it must be spirit, the source of all intelligence and wisdom, and how reconcile this statement that that which already possesses all wisdom must come up through the various kingdoms in nature for experience. This must be a contradiction, a paradox unless the seven-fold nature of man is understood. There is a middle ground whereby this seeming inconsistency disappears. It is the child of Matter and Spirit, and like all childhood needs training; it has ingrained in it all the tendencies acquired of the natures through which it has come, spirit was the impulse that started it in its early life manifestations, and spirit must continue to be the impulse urging it onward and upward. So we see it is not spirit pure and absolute that needs experience, but the product of spirit, and this product is the mind, or the reincarnating Ego, the real thinker who utilizes matter wherein to live, or manifest, or become conscious of itself as a something not the body or form.

But nothing is attained without labor. Evolution is true, but Karma is true also and unless we sow with loving deeds the fields of future harvests we shall find but barren plains. Patient perseverance and earnest labor only will achieve.

"What good gift has my brother but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?"

The time has passed when we can grow as children. From henceforth our progress must be the work of our own willing hands. We have been sowing from life to life, our causes of well—or ill—done, duty and reaping, as we came, our effects of strength or weakness. Spiral by spiral we have ascended, till now we stand where we must hear the law, must know that all life is one, that back of all stands AUM, the absolute, and that we as rays from that great light —the highest and the lowest—are one, a brotherhood in fact, a loving brotherhood, if we so will it.

We must know that objective life is not limited for us to this little day, but has run, and must run, through endless ages. Nor is this a hard doctrine, as some think, who, seeing the weariness of this little life, would wish to escape all further Earth life. On the contrary the doctrine is one which should bring hope to every human heart. We toil here

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beset by many hindrances. We earnestly aspire to, but never reach, the goal. We long to lift the burden from the sad old world and find our hands too weak to lift the load from off the hearts we love the best. We would be crushed beneath this weight of woe and ignorance, drowned in the salt tears of our less happy sisters were this brief life our only chance for work. Then comes the truth of Re-incarnation and our hearts are gladdened, knowing that what we failed to do to-day we may accomplish to-morrow. Each effort for the right gives added strength of heart and will. Every failure may be but a stepping-stone to higher achievements if we but keep our souls pure and our hearts open in loving charity to all humanity.

And to make assurance doubly sure comes in the grand, eternal law of Karma, Nature's first law, that effect must follow cause.

"That which ye sow, ye reap." It is a law which "knows not wrath nor pardon: Utter true its measures meet, its faultless balance weighs." We know that "Good must come of good and ill of evil—surely—unto all—in every place and time." Knowing these laws, we shall stand indeed, in "the light of Truth's high noon." Living by these laws we may indeed "lift crowned heads unto the sky."

Thus, and only thus, may we climb by the Fourfold path, to the mountain tops of Peace and Wisdom, where man and woman shall stand hand in hand, one in the dignity of their Divine origin, one in unity of life and purpose, the perfect flower, the gem and crown of Human Brotherhood.

FRAGMENTS.

THE REAL.

BY M. A. OPPERMANN.

THE real means for us something which we realize, and we realize that which we experience within ourselves. Thus the real has a variable appearance to each man according to his inward experience. As the human family as a whole, is very much alike, experiences of a similar nature are gone through in very much the same way at the same time by most of the members of humanity. Those whose inner experience differs from the general trend are either in advance or behind the average. Thus what is generally conceived as the real is due to the experience of the average humanity. When the latter occupies its mind with things and phenomena appertaining to matter, then matter is conceived of as real, and so it comes about, that things outside of earthly matter are considered by most people as unreal and only as the outcome of fancy, at best of speculation. One man may reason with another and try to prove by analogy the real existence of things outside and within matter, but the reasoning imparts no conviction and makes no man realize anything which he has not experienced as real himself. It seems so absurd that men should hunt after riches, when they well know that death will surely deprive them of all wealth, and that death may overtake them the very next day or hour; but this absurdity can only be explained by the error of man believing material things to be real, and as long as this belief exists in him, he will try to accumulate wealth. In this lies the reason why man does not become changed by outside influences however strong they may be; I mean influences established by man himself, man-made laws, social customs, contrition, etc. Man only changes from within, and each man has to do that work himself, and establish within himself the

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conception of that as real which is more real than that which he believed to be so before. This will help him up; the reverse will drag him down.

The question arises: How can he do this? It cannot be done by reasoning, emotion is a step when it is pure, art is a step when it is elevated, but that which helps best and surest is compassion. It seems strange that compassion should be the great teacher of the real, but it can easily be understood why it is so. When a set of forces in the character of man tends towards making him believe that this material world is real, then the forces which go in the opposite direction must have the contrary effect. Concentring for self, carrying all back to one's own enjoyments, tend toward making a man believe these to be real. Selfishness and hardness of heart are thus forces which increase the conception of non-real as real. Altruism, pity and compassion must therefore have the contrary effect upon man, and not only soften his heart, but bring him nearer to the real. Thus, real knowledge is the direct outcome of the practice of brotherhood and no understanding can be obtained without it.

We are told that the Real in its ultimate aspect is only in the Absolute, but we all know that we cannot reach this Absolute for a very long time yet. So the only possibility for us to progress, is to take new aspects of phenomena and new perceptions, such as will bring us nearer to the Absolute. We are told that gross matter is the lowest of all, and indeed it seems impossible to imagine anything more gross, heavy, and cumbersome. Being a clothing of spirit after all, there is beauty in it, in every stone, in every blade of grass but that beauty, as far as we are concerned, resides more in a conception of it by ourselves. One man may admire a beautiful sunset, another passes and does not even look at it, and thus the sunset is beautiful for that man only who contains beauty within himself.

We are told that the Real is not subject to change, but where is that unchangeable something, seeing that all things change? Our modes of existence change, our very mode of thought and appreciation, all is modified in time, and even time is incomprehensible without admitting a change of something or of things, the succession of which changes serves for us as a conception and as a measure of time. It then follows that the real must be outside of time, or more correctly, that time cannot exist in the real. Thus he who reaches the real knows the beginning and end of things. The real cannot have undergone any change since the beginning until the end of manifestation, and thus it is not manifested itself but only surrounded by manifestation, or so to say clothed by it.

When we observe the component parts of a thing and see some parts disappear and others endure longer, we may say that the latter are more real and more lasting. Acts are due to causes, last for some time, and then become causes in their turn for new acts.

Thus we may say that while the acts are born and die, the law which makes them, that is the law of cause and effect, is enduring and real. Even the qualifications which we give to acts are more enduring than the acts themselves; while virtuous acts pass by, virtue still exists, but being a conception of the human mind, it cannot be all enduring like the law of Karma. The more ideal a conception and the further it is away from earthly matter, the more real it is. Mathematics is a real science, because it is the most ideal one; but as soon as it is carried out in matter, there is no more absolute correctness in applied mathematics due to our errors of observation and measurement. What can be less material than the idea of a point, a line, a surface or even of volume? But a draughtsman will never make an absolutely correct drawing, a chemist cannot weigh correctly, and no absolutely true surface can be given to a body, and ob-

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servations have to be corrected by a calculation based upon the calculus of probabilities. As the real can have no qualifications expressible by words, man cannot be taught how to reach it, but can only be taught where the road is that leads up to it. Thus man cannot learn the real, but must evolve within him the already existing reality. He must be the real in order to understand it, and not be that which is unreal. All the unreal has to be discarded from man's perception, if he would attain to his real self. Since man is a thinker this has been told to him, but few have listened. He has been told that his five physical senses apply to the physical world only, and that by using them only, he cannot go beyond the physical kingdom. He has been told that man had spiritual sight, and the atrophied organ of that lost sense has been pointed out to him. The increasing predominance of the physical senses accompanied by a gradual descent into matter, brought about this loss, gradually of course, and gradually man has to regain it by restraining the physical senses and tendencies. It is the natural process of evolution, and will come about for the bulk of humanity in its gradual development, and for each man whenever he wills it. It is easy to go down and difficult to go up, easy to lose and difficult to regain. For such a long, long time we have gone through so many incarnations, in which our tendency towards matter went on increasingly, and we cannot possibly mend all this at once, or without a serious and hard struggle. This struggle has been depicted by the sages, and perhaps there is no better book on it than the *Bhagavad Gita*, where all the stages of the inward fight in man are clearly defined, and help indicated for obtaining victory.

The teaching begins with a description of the soul and its characteristics, then it goes on to the acting of the man that struggles forward. Next comes the knowledge necessary and the understanding that renouncement of acts is not inactivity but renunciation of all results to the supreme. The book next deals with self-restraint and with right understanding and discerning, which is followed by the study of the indestructible Brahma and the understanding of the hidden supreme knowledge. We then come to the supreme powers residing in the real man and their different forms of manifestation. Once man is carried so far in his understanding, and when he has grasped the real character of the supreme, then he is seized with utmost and most touching devotion, understands root matter and root-spirit, and sees nature as the outcome of the three qualities, and then begins to understand spirit in its highest sense. The book then goes on with the distinction between holiness and badness, between the three kinds of faith, and terminates with the entire renunciation to the Supreme. The whole path is thus laid out, and the beauty of the book can only be equalled by its profoundness. The book can only be fully understood by following its precepts and by realizing its teaching point by point within oneself. Even ordinary study with attention and good purpose helps wonderfully and opens the mind to the influence of intuitional understanding.

The struggle of a man towards the Divine is so sacred and holy, that interference, curiosity and purely intellectual discussion seems almost a sacrilege. When a man is on his death bed, the bystanders are silent and hardly dare to whisper, and so it should be towards a man that fights and struggles with his lower nature for the liberation of self, which is really a dying and a rebirth, not for his own good but for the good of all.

The way to the Real is terribly uphill; joyful and laughing man went down and sacrificed the Real for the Unreal and Fleeting; sorrowful and afflicted he has to trace his steps back and regain with tears and suffering that which he so hastily abandoned, his Real Self.

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WORK AND WAIT.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

"If Sun thou canst not be, then be the humble planet."

THE present is a time for work. Not a single member of the Theosophical Society can afford to be idle, can lie back upon his oars and "float over the summer sea," waiting for the future to bring renewed life and energy, or to give him greater knowledge by which his labors may be more effective. There can be no "floating" with the tide; no waiting for better opportunities. Right here and now the effort is needed. Not one could be in the Society had not Karma brought him there to do a definite work in helping humanity.

It may seem sometimes as if our ability to do was so limited; our influence so small; our comprehension of infinite truth so weak, that it were idle to make the attempt to help others along a path in which our own feet are stumbling. Do you not know that no effort, however small, is ever lost out of the world of causes? The word spoken in season may be just what is needed to turn a brother's face in the right direction. The *Voice of the Silence* says, "Point out the 'Way'—however dimly and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness." That is meant for you and for me, as well as for those who are far in advance of us on the way to the Divine.

This we are told to do: "Seek out him who knows still less than thou," and then if the opportunity comes, as come it will if the purpose be strong and true, speak the good word, plant the good seed and leave the rest to K na.

There are so many ways t ork—there is so much to be done—n e at the present hour than ever before because the promise of results is so much greater. Yet knowing this, it is also well to remember the words of our Brother and Teacher, W. Q. Judge, concerning our efforts: "It is not that you must rush out to do, *to do*. Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it, and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying anything out but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of. Then rejoice that another had been so fortunate as to make such meritorious Karma."

You see what is meant. It is the warmth of desire, the strength of purpose that counts most, so we need not despair if our power of accomplishment seems so small and worthless. It is only that we must make sure that we are doing what we can.

Last year, around the globe, went some of those in whom our trust was greatest, to bear the good tidings to other lands, to other people. Perhaps the Master's plan comprehended, besides this work, the development of the powers of those left behind. It may have been a test of our earnestness, of the strength of our endeavor to help others to see the Light which shines for all alike, and a recognition of which will be—*must be*—the final redemption of all life. Should our hearts ever fail us, let us remember that over each and all stands the "Warrior, eternal and sure," ready to give strength and guidance as we need and deserve.

Work and Wait. That must be our attitude, our effort. If we believe, as we do, that the Master is directing, and controlling this movement so far as the Karma of the Society will allow; if we believe that H. P. B. and W. Q. Judge are yet laboring for its success, surely we

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cannot hesitate in giving all of the time, money, and work that is possible to the promoting of its growth and prosperity. And let us remember that it is not the outwardly great things which we do that mean the most. It is the intensity of the motive back of each thought and deed, however trifling the latter may seem. "If Sun thou canst not be, then be the humble planet."

Work, WORK is the order of the day.

HAPPINESS.

BY ELSIE BARKER.

I HAVE sometimes thought that the pursuit of happiness is very much like the pursuit of one's own shadow. It always eludes the man who breathlessly runs after it; but if he turns away and strives for something else, it will follow close behind him.

The condition of happiness is quite as elusive as the shadow: it certainly eludes analysis, and seems to have as many definitions as it has pursuers.

I have asked several people to tell me what happiness meant to them, and each gave me a different answer. One man told me that it was getting money; another that it was having plenty of money to spend; while a dear young friend of mine said that the word happiness to him suggested a wood-fire and a magazine—infinite leisure in which to study and dream.

So it seems that happiness to most people means pleasure — contentment, for the time being at least, with what is theirs.

But all pleasure is not happiness, and the distinction is sometimes more than that of degree. Mere pleasure is necessarily brief; it comes to an end; but true happiness is serene; it is abiding and may be eternal. It is not found in the wild scramble after wealth and amusement which characterizes our civilization. Our people are always striving after something—something to get a hold of, to possess and to enjoy. Give them the object of their pursuit and they will not stop to enjoy it, but will immediately start after something else. And so on through life. At the end they have nothing worth having, and a whole lifetime has been wasted in the chase for shadows. Those who follow after happiness in this way will find it a will-o'-the-wisp.

Why not live in the present? Nothing can take that from you. If you are to suffer to-morrow, make the most of the peace of to-day. Do not fear the future. The unpleasant thing you dread may never come to you. Enjoy yourself now—in the present. All time is the present. It is always now; it always will be now.

All very young people who are not satisfied with their present surroundings expect to be happy some day. As they grow older they are not quite so certain that they will be. They begin to have doubts and to demand less. A woman whose life held much suffering has said:

> "The heart asks pleasure first,
> And then, relief from pain;
> And then those little anodynes,
> That deaden suffering;
> And then, to go asleep;
> And then, if it should be
> The will of its Inquisitor,
> The liberty to die."

This doesn't sound very hopeful; but, like most pessimistic utterances, it holds a grain of truth.

The trouble with most of us is that we take ourselves altogether too seriously.

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A sense of humor has saved many a man from melancholia. By this I do not mean that we should indulge in levity and look at life as a joke: rather let us regard it as a great game, which we can play well or ill, as we choose, and according to our skill. In the great chess-game of life there are kings and castles and pawns, and knowing the relative value of each piece is wisdom.

Someone has defined genius as "a disregard for the unimportant"; and there surely is no more fruitful cause of discontent than a continual fussing over little things. If your dress is old-fashioned and you have no money to buy another, why fret about it till your very soul feels old-fashioned too? Forget all about it, and other people will be very apt to do the same—if, indeed, they ever noticed it at all.

Cultivate the larger carelessness. We trouble ourselves too much about what other people think of us. The chances are that they think very little about us, one way or the other. I have known a woman of intelligence to make herself miserable for a week, by reason of some little social mistake, which probably passed unnoticed—save by one or two people, and by them was quite forgotten in five minutes.

Why grieve over your mistakes? You will make them; we all do. Just profit by the lesson and put the thought aside.

Emerson has spoken of regrets as "false prayers."

Another cause of unhappiness is that we all ask too much of life. We demand that all our ideals shall be realized, and because they are not realized we are unhappy. This feeling of disenchantment grows slowly, year by year, as one by one our hopes die unfulfilled; as one by one the friends whom we regarded as ideal friends are proven to be only mortal—and sometimes very weakly mortal; as we are forced to surrender one by one the fondly-cherished ideals of youth. An ideal dies hard. I believe there is no greater suffering than having to relinquish an ideal.

But know that your ideal of love, of friendship, of perfection in anything, will never be realized in this life. I do not say this in a pessimistic spirit, but because I believe it to be true. In this unpoetic world we do not find poetic realities. We may shut our eyes to the real facts of life and live in our own little world of dreams, if we want to—and can. There is always poetry enough there. There we may entertain our ideals to our heart's content. As for me, I entertain many an ideal which I know can never be realized. I have often wilfully and knowingly deceived myself, because the deception made me happy. This may or may not be wise: that is a matter about which there may be a reasonable difference of opinion.

We say, "There is no religion higher than truth." I suppose we may also say there is no ideal higher than truth; but there are ideals which are more beautifnl than certain *facts*, and whether or not it is unwise to cherish them I do not know. I only know that I shall go on doing so as long as I have I have an ideal left to cherish.

My reason tells me that if I should die, or go away for a long time, most of my friends would cease thinking often of me; that those whom I love best would soon fill the vacant place left in their hearts. Shall I let the knowledge make me miserable? Shall I refuse to believe in the love that is given me because I know a very moderate shock might shatter it? No, certainly not. It is just as true, so far as it goes, as if it were made of a stronger and sterner stuff. Do we blame the basswood tree because it is not an oak, or the little stream because it is not a river? Each has its own work to do in the great plan of creation.

Let us take things as they are, with all their imperfections, and not grieve because they are less beautiful than we would have them.

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Making the best of circumstances will go as far as any other one thing toward securing happiness. The man who does this can never be truly miserable; he will always find the silvery lining to the darkest cloud; and if he has no great and active happiness, he will always have the passive satisfaction that comes from knowing that things are not as bad as they might be.

And it is just possible that to be happy is not the greatest concern of this life, anyway.

If we do, to the best of our ability, such work as is given us to do we shall feel the blessed consciousness of having done our duty; we shall know the felicity that comes to the worker at the close of a well-spent day.

And I suppose there is nothing that gives greater and more satisfying happiness than success in one's chosen work in life. I am one of those who believe in work. It is not an evil, but a positive good. Work, even uncongenial work, is a great teacher, a great mother. It strengthens the will and develops fixity of purpose. It takes a strong will to persist year after year in work which is not congenial, in order to accomplish some desired result; harder still when the end in view is only that of eking out a bare existence. Yet one may be moderately happy even under these circumstances.

But if our work is something that we love, like an art or a science, something that we do for its own sake, without regard to pecuniary gain, then our felicity is very nearly perfect, especially if we meet with a fair measure of success.

If I remember rightly, Schopenhauer says that the nearest approach to perfect happiness in this world is that of the creative artist in his work. So they are wise who worship Art.

"For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of common life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

In Art one can lose one's self, can get rid of that feeling of separateness from others, which is desolation. In his moments of inspiration, of creative excitement, the artist feels himself a part of the *great* Creator; he is communing with the gods.

A young man once told me that in order to be happy he must become so much interested in something as to forget himself entirely. He had unconsciously hit upon a great truth, a great mystery.

There is another question much discussed by philosophers—and others, and that is the necessity of killing out desire. I think that the person without desire for something must find life a great bore. Imagine a world in which there is nothing to work for, a condition in which you desire nothing, in which nothing will give you either pleasure or pain. I would prefer a good, hard *ache* to such apathy.

Yet I think these two extreme views may be harmonized.

I suppose that those who talk so much about killing out desire mean simply the desire for selfish gratification; while those who love life and action, *must* have some purpose in living beside mere existence and the gratification of merely selfish desires.

Let us live simply, naturally, without haste and without fear, desiring strongly what is good for us, casting aside the things which are selfish and unwholesome, and we will be sure of a healthful

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amount of happiness, for we will have created harmony in ourselves.

All true happiness comes from within the self. You may wander the wide world over, you may have wealth to gratify every desire that can be gratified by wealth, you may have friends and cheerful companions with whom to spend your days and nights; but if the awakened soul is truly conscious of wasted hours and duties unperformed, and the atrophy of gifts that might be put to noble use for self and for mankind, that soul can know no happiness worthy of the name. In moments of forgetfulness it may find pleasure, but happiness is a deeper, calmer feeling; it is contentment with all that was, and is, and will be.

Then one must have faith in one's self; one must be self-reliant. We are happy when we trust ourselves; when we doubt ourselves we are wretched. Did a feeling of distrust of self ever creep over you? It is despair! It is utter hopelessness! But no man who truly trusts himself can be unhappy long. The truly self-reliant man is insured against the weaker kinds of misery.

Of course there are degrees of happiness. Some natures are capable of an intensity of emotion which the majority never know. But the majority are not unhappy in their deprivation of the greater ecstasy, because they know nothing whatever about it; and being denser and of a duller sensibility they are thereby protected from much suffering which *must* come to the more finely organized and more sensitive nature.

Everything has its compensation somewhere. This is the law of Karma.

A happy disposition may be a gift of nature, but, like all other natural gifts, it can be cultivated. As someone has said:

"This life is what we make it;
And whether it is good or bad
Is just the way we take it."

A feeling of discontent, if humored, will become chronic. I have known people who truly seemed to hate themselves and everybody else, and they were always miserable.

Happiness is Love,—not only of one or two, but of everybody, a great love of all created things. A noble genius has given it expression:

"Oh, ye millions, I adore ye!
Here's a kiss to all the world."

No man can feel like that and not be happy.

But this universal love need not make one indifferent to the special love, as so many seem to believe. And right here I want to say that I think those who try to kill out all special affection in their hearts make a great mistake. They do not love Humanity any more because they are indifferent to those nearest them. It is pure sophistry —in my opinion. I believe that in proportion to one's ability to love one man or woman deeply, truly and unselfishly, will be one's ability to love the race and work for the uplifting of the fallen. And Pinero tells us that "those who love deep never grow old."

The trouble is that we are all too selfish in our love. We are always thinking of what we are going to get, not of how much and how generously we may give. We need not be so stingy of our hearts.

Also let us cultivate the spirit of kindness and of tolerance of others. So long as one hates anybody, one's happiness will be vitiated. There will be a dark spot on the soul.

Give freely; not only of material things, but give of yourself, of your sympathy. We may not quite accept the extreme view of Drummond, that "there is no happiness in having or getting, but *only* in giving"; yet if we look back upon our lives we will find that our happiest moments have been when we brought a smile to replace a tear, or a song to lips that had known

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only sighs. "Happiness results not from the possession of something, as commonly supposed, but from the free, full, unimpeded use of the powers in unselfish service."

To vain and selfish men and women this may seem impossible; but I have come to believe that the happiest man in the world is the true philanthropist, the man whose main purpose in life is to bring sunshine into other lives. You will remember that the name of Abou-ben-Ahdem, who "loved his fellow men," stood on the angel's list above the names of those who "loved the Lord." The soul of such a man is in harmony with the universal soul. Such harmony brings happiness. It is the lack of harmony that causes infelicity.

What I wish to say in closing has been so well said by Matthew Arnold, in his lines on "Self-dependence," that I will quote the poem here.

"Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the star-lit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
'Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer,—
'Would'st thou *be* as these are, *live* as they.

'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

And with joy the stars perform their shining,
'And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

'Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.'

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear,—
'Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses all misery!'"

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THE SOKRATIC CLUB.*

BY SOLON.

II.

THE next morning during breakfast Dr. Roberts was subjected to a good deal of chaff and anxious enquiries were made as to whether he had been to sleep and if so did he go to sleep with his eyes open, seeing, smelling, tasting and above all using his reason. He took it all very good-naturedly as he knew that his last statement the night before had laid him open to this friendly attack.

Dr. Roberts.— "Well, my friends, I must confess I have never found a satisfactory explanation of sleep or dream, nor do I know how it happens that sometimes I dream and sometimes not, that sometimes my dreams are incoherent, fantastic, foolish and at other rarer times I have seemed to catch a glimpse of higher powers and higher faculties which in my waking moments my reason and experience cannot endorse as possible. I have even once or twice had what I suppose some would call prophetic dreams and warnings concerning what has actually afterward taken place. Heretofore I have called these coincidences, but the word coincidence does not satisfy me and does not explain them. Last night, after retiring, several questions occurred to me, growing out of our talk, and which some time I shall propound to the Professor, but not now as I have already monopolized too much of the conversation."

All.—"Oh, go on, Doctor."

Mr. Berger.—"We have all day before us and I am sure we shall all be glad to hear your questions and the Professor's replies, but let us go outside on the verandah and smoke our cigars there."

The verandah overlooked the Hudson river, across were the beautiful palisades. The scene was inexpressibly lovely; a faint breeze just rippled the surface of the water and gently stirred the leaves, tempering the heat of the sun which slowly mounted the heavens in all the glory of a clear August day. We sat and smoked for some time in silence; to me it seemed a pity to mar the peacefulness of the day with words. Surely, thought I, we could learn more if we simply could get into touch with nature and unite our consciousness with hers; if that could be we would then learn by *becoming* far more than by *reasoning*. It suddenly flashed upon me that I was simply following out the line of thought which the Professor had suggested to Dr. Roberts last evening when he said good-night to him. I turned to the Professor and found him looking at me and I was more than surprised when he answered my thought and said:

The Professor.—"Yes, my friend, the deepest knowledge can be gained only in that way, but not everyone understands the truth of this and we have to adapt our methods to the needs of others."

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—"What is that, Professor? What were you saying? Of course one has to adapt his manner and speech to the comprehension of a laborer or an uncultured man when speaking to one, but surely here we all meet on the common ground of reason and logic. There need be no question of adaptation here. We meet on a common platform."

A hardly perceptible expression of amusement crossed the Professor's face, but he merely said:

The Professor.—"Well, Alec, we take that for granted, but we seem to have forgotten that by common consent we agreed to give the Doctor the floor this morning." (Turning to the Doctor) "I think, Doctor, you were going to tell us some of your dream experiences, were you not?"

* Begun in the September issue.

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Dr. Roberts.—"Not exactly, but simply to discuss the general theory of sleep and dream. However, I did have a most remarkable dream last night and in connection with your remarks of last evening, Professor, it did for the moment seem to shake my theories. . Still, although it now seems very different examined in the clear light of waking reason, I will try to tell you what I remember of the dream and describe to you my sensations.

"I can only remember a fragment though the dream seemed to cover a long period of time. . . . . Well, I found myself outside what seemed to be a temple more gigantic than I have ever seen, even than the temple of Karnac. It seemed to be built right into the side of a huge cliff. Outside were gigantic stone figures; I remember distinctly the figure of an elephant and that I could hardly reach up to its knee; what the other figures were I don't remember. The sensations I experienced I can still feel but cannot describe them. There was a sense of awe and yet of indescribable peace, though now that I relate the matter this seems rather incongruous with my ordinary nature which, as you know, is pretty well matter-of-fact. However, that is the way I felt; then there came upon me an intense longing to enter the temple bnt something held me back. I seemed to be two people, the one in the dream, myself and not myself, and the other fellow was myself as I know myself, matter-of-fact as I have said, wanting to reason out everything, accepting nothing on faith. My indecision continued for some little time and I finally sat down on one of the temple steps and put my face in my hands. I said to myself: 'Why may I not go in?' and at that very instant I felt a hand laid on my head and a voice that seemed to come from a long, long distance, said: 'Not now, you are not ready, you may not enter until you have made yourself ready. Prepare yourself that when you come again you may enter the temple.' A burst of light seemed to stream from above the great doorway of the temple and all space seemed filled with music. I turned to see who had spoken to me and awoke to find the sun streaming into my room and to hear the birds warbling outside my window.

"So much for my dream, which I did not intend to relate and would not have told had not the Professor suggested it. . . . What caused it I do not know. . . . I remember that almost my last thought before going to sleep was in regard to the Professor's statement to the effect that a thing is real to us only in proportion as it is related to our consciousness, and the question arose in my mind: 'How then is it possible to attain any certain knowledge, seeing that our mode of consciousness may change?' Perhaps my dream was a fantastic reflection of my thought; most certainly it was real enough while it lasted, though after all it was but a chimera. The inexplicable part of it, however, is the sensation which I experienced in the dream, and which even now I cannot get rid of. Bah! this is rank foolishness, I must be only half awake."

Mr. Berger.—"Ah! Doctor, you've convicted yourself. We shall next hear of your having seen the fairies, though you so strenuously denied their existence last night. You must acknowledge after all it is only a question of relating your consciousness to their plane of being."

Dr. Roberts.—"No, sir, I beg your pardon, I am quite willing to admit the possibility of *dreaming* about fairies and seeing them in *dream*, but I understood you to take the position that fairies were real beings and that they might be seen in waking moments. That I cannot accept. So long as I am awake and can correct the evidence of my senses by my reason I know that such an experience as I had in my dream would be impossible, and also that to

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see fairies would be impossible. To see them in waking moments would be to me sufficient evidence that I was temporarily insane."

The Professor.—"But, Doctor, how then do you account for dreams and the possibility of seeing in dream what has actually no existence—according to your theory, of course?"

Rev. Alex Fulsom.—"Perhaps the Doctor would have us infer that he was temporarily insane last night. I hope such attacks happen only at night and not in the day-time, Doctor."

Dr. Roberts.—"I have always held that the dividing line between sanity and insanity is very thin, and if insanity is the condition of mind in which the reason has lost control — with which definition I myself agree—then dreams do indicate a mild form of insanity. I hold that healthy, normal sleep should be dreamless."

Rev. Alex Fulsom.—"Hadn't you better prescribe a blue-pill for yourself to-night, Doctor, to be taken at bed-time, or take one now, if you fear another attack. By the way, I wish you would give me one, as I ate too much breakfast, and then I think I'll take a nap."

Mr. Berger.—"Well, Alec, get your pill and take a nap if you like. . . . . Doctor, please go on."

Dr. Roberts.—"My theory in regard to dreams is that in sleep the reason or intelligence sinks into quiescence, and the only processes that then go on in the body are automatic or reflex. If the brain has been unduly excited during the day, action will continue in it, and being uncontrolled by the reason, strange and fantastic pictures may arise in it, and the mind on waking, catching a faint glimpse of them, expands them into what we call a dream. Or the action of the brain may be induced by the unhealthy state of the other organs of the body, especially the digestive organs, as is well known, but the most interesting dreams do not arise from this latter cause. Probably our friend Alec is now enjoying some of these dreams."

Mr. Berger.—"Yes, he evidently prefers the actual experience of sleeping and dreaming to the discussion of these states."

The Professor.—But do you think, Doctor, that your explanation is an adequate one? I know you have given only the barest outline of your theory, though I think I understand your line of argument, but does it fit the facts?"

Dr. Roberts.—Frankly, Professor, up to yesterday I was sure of it, but this morning,—perhaps it's the influence of my dream still hanging over me and beclouding my mind. . . . Yes, Professor, it *must* fit the facts, it is reasonable, and that is the final test."

The Professor.—"You will grant, I suppose, that a stream cannot rise higher than its source. How then do you account for dream experiences sometimes transcending waking experiences?"

Dr. Roberts.—"What do you mean, Professor?"

The Professor.—"You yourself said, at the breakfast table, that at rare times in your life you have caught in dreams glimpses of higher powers and higher faculties than you have deemed possible in waking moments."

Dr. Roberts.—"Quite true, Professor, but I also said that my reason and experience cannot endorse these as possible, in fact,—the impossible may, of course, in fancy, transcend the possible, but surely we must rule fancy and imagination out of the argument."

The Professor.—"Not so fast, not so fast, Doctor. Let me ask you a question? Did not those rare glimpses have a great effect on your life?"

Dr. Roberts.—"Ah, Professor, what you say is true. They did have a great influence on my life and it required all the strength of my will and reason to get back into a wholesome practical way of looking at things. I verily believe

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that at one time I was in great danger of becoming a mystic; but I thank my stars that the cold, clear light of reason prevailed and brought me back to my senses."

The Professor.—"However you do acknowledge that these dreams influenced your life."

Dr. Roberts.—"Yes, most certainly, and gave me a hope and a courage to combat adverse conditions, and I might say, gave me an inspiration, if I believed in such a thing, that seemed altogether foreign to my surroundings and to the general thought of my family. The only way I can account for it is that it must have been some ancestral trait striving to assert itself in my nature; indeed it must have been so for one of my ancestors who lived about three hundred years ago was a great student of mysticism and alchemy. However, I am glad to say that I have killed all such foolish notions in myself."

The Professor.—"But the fact remains, Doctor, that these 'foolish notions' were a hope, a courage and an inspiration to you. Is it not remarkable that such things which have an existence only in the realm of fancy, as you say, should have a permanent effect upon one's life and should be able to awaken one's energies and change the whole course of one's career? Is it not possible that there may be some other explanation of these things and that they are real after all? Perhaps they have not been studied in the right way. The reason is a good thing, a useful servant, but most people make of it a master, a god, and bow down before it. It then becomes a veritable tyrant when it should be only a servant. Your own experiences, Doctor, both in your dream of last night and in those other dreams you have mentioned ought to make this clear to you."

After a pause the Professor continued: "Yes, it is necessary sometimes to mortify one's reason. The higher powers of the soul can never become known so long as we fear to trust them or so long as we measure them by our limited experience or require them to fit in with our imperfect methods of reasoning. It is a species of moral cowardice that prevents a man from receding from a position once taken or a conclusion once formed. He fears to become a fool either in his own or in other people's eyes and so very often he rejects the proffered hand of a friend, aye, in one case that I know of, the proffered hand and counsel of a teacher, a member of the Great Brotherhood, because it would have meant his receding from the position already taken, although he know this to be a wrong one."

The Professor had ceased to speak to Dr. Roberts, and it was evident that he had in mind not simply the principle but also a particular application or misapplication of it.

Mr. Berger here suggested that we take a stroll through the gardens before lunch.

(*To be continued.*)

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IN DREAM OR WAKING.

BY VERA PETROVNA JELIHOVSKY.

"WHO can this be, so late?" wondered the child.

"A telegram with New Year greetings from somebody at home," suggested the host, who always liked to pretend, to himself and others, that his prominent position of olden days was not as yet forgotten by his ungrateful countrymen just as completely as his own insignificant and fussy old person.

"It is probably Kitaroff," announced the hostess in gratified and yet awed whispers.

"Murder! Police!" shouted Nicholas Saradsky, a violin student at the Conservatoire. "A real live millionaire! What are we to do with him?"

"It is not the old Monsieur Kitaroff I mean," answered the hostess, reproof in her eyes and her fingers nimbly and hastily tidying away the most indecorous traces of their somewhat disorderly feasting. "His son promised to look me up, in case he could tear himself away from the big reception his father is giving to-night. I told him the lateness of the hour would be no consideration. But, please, do mind your manners, Nicholas!"

The pretty face of Lila Rianoff was a study, though she did not say anything. She was busy trying to fork an obstinate piece of cake on her plate. Her eyes were cast down, but her whole expression was that of discomfort and uneasiness. Anna Karssoff and another girl, at the far end of the table, nodded at her and exchanged a knowing look.

However, both the pleasant and the unpleasant anticipations, aroused by the young Kitaroff's name, proved to be unfounded. When the maid opened the door there was no young Kitaroff at all, but, instead of him, a street commissionaire, holding a tray, which literally bent under a load of bonbons, the pick of a Parisian confectioner's shop. There also was a calling card. André Kitaroff sent his felicitations, greetings and good wishes, and hoped the hostess and her guests would not consider too forward his humble request that the few trifling little sweet boxes should be raffled by all present; as to himself, the calling card added, he was truly in despair, but the very important and highly-placed people his papa was entertaining this evening, imperatively required his presence at home. Each of the very pretty bonbonnieres was numbered, and tickets with corresponding numbers were to be found in a magnificent vase of doubtless Sèvres, placed in the centre of the tray. This piece of costly china caught the hostess' eye from the very first, and—Oh! the joy of joys and—there was no number on it: so it evidently was meant for her.

"How sweet of him, how extremely thoughtful!" the old lady exclaimed. "The dear young fellow."

The pleased smiles and the admiring exclamations of the young girls, when all the little party grouped around the tray—everybody being in a hurry to see what prize the tickets from the vase should bring them—proved that the last words of the hostess exactly expressed the popular opinion. Even Nicholas Saradsky confessed there was more in a millionaire than he hitherto expected, and that young Kitaroff showed both tact and an intimate knowledge of what the occasion demanded by sending the candy and himself staying at home. His sardonic remarks were indignantly rebuked, he was shown his meanness and put to shame. And Anna Karssoff, whose natural gravitation towards the young musician was an open secret, went so far as to remark that a well groomed, stylishly dressed young millionaire was most refreshing after a prolonged régime of unkempt, shaggy, long-haired violin-

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ists, even if these violinists *are* geniuses.

The only two people in the room who did not share the general animation and satisfaction were Lila Rianoff and the host. The girl took hardly any interest in the proceedings, and, though like everybody else, she did draw her ticket, the bonbonniere she got in exchange did not presumably answer her taste, for she immediately gave it away to the little girl, to whose society she obstinately clung the rest of the evening. As to the poor old "would-be magnate," at first, he also was attracted by the bountiful tray, but having carefully examined all the diminutive hampers, satin and plush bags and gaily decorated boxes, heaped up therein, he sniffed indignantly and drew aside.

"The puppy!" was the old gentleman's verdict. "As if he could not use his brains a little and send me a box of real *Habanas*. He well knows they are my favorite brand. But these upstarts have no real delicacy of feeling, they have no respect for people, who, unlike their own boorish father, have birth and high position and orders and decorations their father never dreamt of."

It was a high spirited and very noisy little crowd that the conciérge let out into the silent, sleepy street of a Parisian faubourg at the late hour of 2 A. M. They all were perfectly sincere in thanking their hostess for a most pleasant evening, they really did have a good time. But Lila Rianoff felt greatly relieved when, having bidden her a very noisy good-bye, they left her, at last, at the entrance of the *pension*, where she and her aunt were staying. They showed, she thought, a decided lack of delicacy or even common kindness talking so much of her vision. In a society where there were so many strangers, who would misunderstand, ridicule perhaps, she certainly did not feel inclined to show how very much her vision still meant for her. She decidedly was afraid to think of it; a year ago the impression was so vivid that her whole system suffered a real shock, and she had to stay in bed for quite a week. And still the mere thought of it filled her with mingled feelings of mortal anguish, glad expectations and, at the same time, vivid regret. It was not the slightest use either analyzing or combatting these feelings. The best was not to think and, certainly, not to talk about anything related to her dream. What was merely innocent fun for the others, at the beginning of the evening, proved a regular ordeal to her. Then, this silly raffle. What business had all these geese to accept presents from a man they hardly knew, on the mere grounds of his being rich enough to be able to afford expensive presents. It was insolent to offer and undignified to accept them. It certainly was a relief that André Kitaroff did not come in person, but, in any case, Lila was glad the evening was over.

And yet the worst was not over.

The moment the girl entered the large room which she shared with her aunt and Sasha, her little cousin, they both jumped out of their beds, paying no heed to their more than scanty costumes.

"Lily, your new friends are simply great!" the little girl shouted.

"Yes, indeed, Lila, you will be surprised to see what magnificent New Year's presents the Kitaroffs sent us all. Look at this ring." And the elderly lady waved her hand to and fro in order that her niece should admire a very costly diamond ring, she would not take off even for the night.

"Oh, mama!" impatiently cried her spoiled child, "I wish you would let Lila alone. I want her to look first at my things. See, Lily, the ear-rings and a little brooch to match. They don't cost half of what mama's ring cost. But I am only a little girl, so I must not wear the really pretty things. Oh, but all the same, my new ear-rings are just lovely! The old Monsieur Kitaroff is a perfect darling!"

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"But, oh, how forgetful of us," the mother interposed, "we forget there are two parcels for you also."

"Oh, yes! they send you something very big. We can't imagine what it is. Do make haste and open the parcels. May I cut the strings?"

"Of course, you may, Sasha," answered Lila, too dazzled and shocked for words.

The poor girl tried hard to compose herself and repeated to herself, that, after all, her prejudice against the Kitaroffs might be unjust. True, both father and son were ever ready with their unwished for attentions and their repulsive love making. But, after all, it was only the old man's silly manner, and he, at any rate, meant no harm. And, besides, it was just possible, that were she to refuse his present, she would show herself a prig and make a perfectly ridiculous exhibition of herself. He was such an old man, old enough to be her mother's father and, besides, there actually existed a distant relationship between them. She would hate to make an exhibition of herself.

"Lila pray, shake off your phlegma, for once in a while," her aunt said, "come and unlock the box yourself."

Sasha stood before her holding a very ornamental satin box, all covered with laces and ribbons, and handed her a tiny key.

"Good enough to keep my gloves and veils in," said Lila, cramming into her pocket a letter she found on the top of the "marrons glacés"—her favorite confection—and touching the spring of a smaller box which accompanied the letter. "Oh, what a pretty thing!" "I told you he was a darling!" the mother and the daughter cried in one breath.

Lila looked at the bracelet, all set in with deep blue sapphires and sparkling diamonds, without any enthusiasm. "I am glad it is not as loud as I anticipated," she said, "for I wish I could refuse, but I think I had better accept."

"As to being in good taste, I should think it was," her aunt said, "it could not be otherwise coming from people who can afford to buy of the best makers."

Sasha did not say anything. She thought her big cousin was putting altogether too much "side" and "showing off" most disgracefully. But she was in too great a hurry to open the other parcel and did not care to lose many words.

The other parcel contained a jewel case of white plush, which, when opened, revealed a truly magnificent pearl necklace. "A gift worthy of a king," commented Lila's aunt.

Sasha shrieked in a perfect ecstasy of joy and admiration.

Lila picked up another calling card, which dropped from among the wrapping papers, and read: "André de Kitaroff. Avec ses respects et ses plus sincères souhaits de bonheur et de bonne chance."

And, with these seemingly perfectly respectful words all Lila's unaccountable but deeply rooted dislike and mistrust of the Kitaroffs, young and old, a dislike and mistrust she often tried to keep down, but never could get rid of, came back to her, with an overwhelming rush. The girl nearly staggered under the sway of hatred and repulsion.

She flung the magnificent box away from her, as if it was something unclean.

"Back goes the ugly thing, at the earliest hour!" Lila cried, "nothing would induce me to touch it again."

Mother and daughter turned speechless with astonishment.

(*To be continued.*)

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KARMA.

BY G. A. MARSHALL.

THIS subject is in itself one of the most simple and intelligible of all those which constitute the body of Theosophical philosophy. It expresses the thorough-going character of the law of action and reaction—the rule that effect invariably and inflexibly follows cause. It is accordingly sometimes called the law of cause and effect—and this is a very correct version of karmic law. In applying this definition, however, we are exceedingly liable to stumble at the very start, owing to the indefinite and manifold meaning and use in our language of the word *law*. The idea of law as a rule of conduct prescribed by the supreme authority in the state is so thoroughly ingrained into our modes of thinking, that we can with difficulty free ourselves from it. We thus habitually think of law as something that may be evaded in various ways, as for instance by the negligence or ignorance of state officers, by the fallibility or venality of courts and juries, or by the clemency of the chief magistrate through the pardoning power. Accustomed from our earliest youth to look upon God as merely the executive head of the universe, omniscient indeed, but approachable through appeals for favor, Divine law comes to be regarded as a rule of conduct which is only enforced through the Divine Will, and hence as a code whose penalties may be evaded by taking advantage of the Divine clemency, if not even by Divine indifference to trivial matters. Nay, this notion of the uncertainty of law is carried by us into our conceptions of the physical world; for we have been taught that by miracles God sets aside the laws of material nature. Thus the term *law* does not in any of its applications call up in our minds the idea of an inflexible sequence between cause and effect.

To this misapprehension of the meaning of law—a misapprehension of which those who suffer most from it are no doubt unconscious—may be charged much of the confusion and lack of clearness that prevails in a great deal that is written upon this topic. We read about "good Karma" and "bad Karma," as if a moral quality could attach to that which is literally and strictly inevitable. We find Karma discussed as if it were a personal entity that dispenses rewards and punishments, thus making the word merely a synonym for the Jehovah of the Jews and the personal God of popular Christianity. All this might not be objectionable, if it could be kept constantly in mind that the personification is only a literary device; and that rewards and punishments mean only agreeable or disagreeable consequences. But the language used does not convey this impression to the average reader, and there is certainly danger that Karma may become only the name of a new deity to be feared and cajoled.

Karma is defined by more than one able writer as the law of ethical causation. As the word in Sanscrit means *action*, and is taken over into English to denote the *law* of action, there is no serious objection to limiting its application to actions which have an ethical or moral character or quality. The difficulty is that it will not stay limited; language is a thing of growth, and no man who imports a new word can determine its signification when used by others than himself; and there is no hard and fast line between actions which have a moral bearing and those which have not. Still, as a practical question, we are most concerned with the ethical aspects of karma and karmic law.

Here comes to the surface the old question of fate and free will; if effect inva-

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riably follows cause, we are the result of former causes, and cannot change our nature or our destiny, says the fatalist. It is not necessary now to thresh over this old straw. We recognize no such thing as dead matter or blind force. Everything emanates and evolves from Spirit, and we trace our heredity to this One Life as the source of our being. This source is beyond our comprehension; we do not know clearly the nature and power of that faculty of the individual spirit which we call Will; it becomes us therefore to accept as the basis of our responsibility the practical fact that we seem to ourselves to have ability to direct our conduct. We learn from the *Secret Doctrine* that evolution proceeded on unconscious lines (as we know consciousness), and that the factors and products of evolution were and are irresponsible and without moral quality, up to the time when Manas began to be developed in man, when self-consciousness dawned in him, giving the power of reflection and the power to help or hinder in his subsequent progess. With the dawn of self-consciousness comes the sense of moral responsibility; the man has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and discovers that he is naked—that he must use his faculties for his protection and advancement. He can no longer hide himself among the trees of the garden—he is no longer, like them, irresponsible. His conscience—the voice of God within him—tells him what to do and what to avoid. Karma, or the law of cause and effect, has carried him forward and upward to a plane where he has found himself endowed with a faculty which to all seeming can originate new causes. He cannot thwart or prevent the working of forces already set up, but he can apply new forces that shall change their direction. It is a familiar law in mechanics, that when several forces meet, the resultant force takes a new direction, which is determined by the combined effect of the strength and direction of the meeting forces. The number, direction and strength of the forces which enter into and make up the sum of each individual life are practically infinite; the karmic threads which unite to determine our position and initial impulse are many and are intricately interwoven. Manas, the faculty or principle with which the *Manasa Putras* have endowed us, is an additional cause, which must be taken into account in determining all subsequent results. Man can no longer drift; he must exert his newly acquired power or sink into a worse condition than that from which he has emerged. With its use he can continue more effectually the upward trend that has brought him to this plane; and by its abuse he can turn back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and increase his pleasure in mere animal gratifications. In this ability to choose lies the concepsion of Karma as the basis of ethics. By virtue of this endowment man is invested with divine attributes, and it lies with him to say whether he will accept his inheritance and enter upon its enjoyment, or will reject it and sink back into the oblivion from which he has just made his escape.

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DANGERS OF THE PSYCHICAL PLANE.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

IT has been taught, from time immemorial, by the Masters of the Ancient Wisdom which Theosophy revives, that in all the illimitable universe there was nothing that was not God, no atom that was not part of the Divine Being. The rock, the body of the man standing upon it, his immortal spirit and the planet casting its light upon him, were all held to be one in their primary essence for all were manifested God. According to those teachings, the process by which worlds came into being was one of evolution. Primarily, there was nothing but the Omniscient, Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Unknowable Spirit, the Source and Container of all things. By his will Spirit and Matter were differentiated, the latter being manifested Spirit and proceeding by imperceptible gradations of increasing density down to the "prakritic" or lowest plane, that of the grossest material forms of this and other worlds. In this descent, matter was subject to control by natural forces or laws of being and becoming, that were immutable, like in nature and effect upon all planes, and that operate to-day, for preservation and transformation of forms, along the same lines by which they originally brought those forms into being. And those evolutionary influences will eventually, in the fullness of time, carry matter back to the point of resolvement again into Spirit.

Certain metals and stones present the lowest, or densest, forms of matter, those in which the molecules—aggregated atoms—are most closely impacted. Pure hydrogen gas is perhaps the highest, or most tenuous, manifestation of matter directly cognizable by science. Between those extremes the gradations in molecular density are infinite and so close together that there are nowhere any breaks or gaps discoverable. Dividing lines are merely nominal. Classification into gases, fluids and solids, expresses simply temporary conditions of mutable matter. Heat converts the solid into a fluid, the fluid into a gas. Pressure and cold condense the gas to fluid and transform the fluid into a solid. The properties inherent in material things are dependent altogether upon molecular arrangement and, primarily, the atomic constitution of the molecules. And the most advanced physicists find that the phenomena of nature are illusory and even to the circumscribed possibilities of their methods of investigation, involve realities of the most amazing and least apparent character. Thus, for instance, they tell us that even in steel, the diamond and glass, no two atoms are in contact, but that each is surrounded by an akasic envelope, in which it maintains ceaseless vibrations, of inconceivable rapidity. This akasa, which permeates and pervades every molecule of cognizable matter, is itself matter, since it possesses demonstrable properties of matter, yet is so refined that science can only postulate its existence and realize its effects, without being able to control it or to learn its laws.

Even without that discovery of the akasa, would it be reasonable to suppose that the limit of the scientist's ability to study the phenomena of nature is the boundary line, where those infinitely fine progressive gradations in the refinement of matter suddenly cease and beyond which there is nothing but absolutely empty space—with, perhaps, God, far off on the other side? But even if such a notion could once have been honestly believed in by intelligent minds, can it be any longer entertained in view of the discovery of the proved akasa [or ether]?

While the akasic state of matter defies

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investigation by the material methods of modern occidental science, it has been deeply studied, and much exact knowledge gained concerning it by Oriental philosophers, who have been able to employ, in their researches, correlative and extraordinary states of consciousness. They know it as the plane of the atoms. The laws potential in it are akin to those of our material plane to a limited extent only, but the variations in atomic condition are as limitless as those we know in molecular arrangement; its forces are more powerful in their effects, owing to the tenuity of the matter upon which they operate, and it is inhabited by conscious entities presumably upon the evolutionary path and destined to eventual corporeal existence. There does not seem to be any violence to probability—to say the least—in the assumption that the human beings of to-day have, millions of years ago, passed through that phase of existence.

This necessarily inadequate epitome of some few relative teachings in a stupendous philosophic system has seemed desirable, to show the solid foundation for our affirmation of an astral, or "psychical," plane, as one of the manifestations of the akasic. Some persons, possessed of a deeply-rooted aversion for the exercise of thinking, assume that there is no astral plane, other than a sort of imaginary corral for mythical spooks, invented by the Theosophists, and find it simply funny. Others, of more serious and perhaps pious tendency, who go so far as to think they think, entertain vague concepts of an "unseen world," which they people with angels, devils, or spirits of the dead, according to their individual idiosyncrasies. Both classes are wrong.

The astral plane is quite as real as the material. Its phenomena are subject to laws like in kind to, but differing in degree from, those obtaining in the realm of gross forms, because of the infinitely greater tenuity and consequent responsive mobility of its matter. There are gradations in density and varying modes and velocities of vibration among its atoms; it is as full of entities, in all possible degrees and states of consciousness, as is the material plane with which we are familiar; and those entities are clothed in forms composed from the substance of the plane to which they belong, just as we are made up, physically, from gross elements that are likewise the components of the animal, the tree and the rock.

It is an error to suppose that a defined line exists between the material and astral planes. The imaginary one supposably drawn by visual observation is wholly illusory, for its location is dependent upon the capacity of the individual. Normal, unaided sight draws it at one point. The microscope puts it much farther on into the margin of the astral field. The bacilli belong as much to one plane as to the other. Even untrained psychic consciousness is an unreliable guide to cognition of the conditions and limits of the intangible world, for it, too, is dependent upon the capacity of the seer, and its percipience may be sympathetic with either of widely different conditions, and blind, or illusive, to others closely allied to or even mingling with them.

In the bell of a gloxinia or upon a petal of an orchid, one sometimes finds a progressive deepening of color, from absolutely pure white to an excessively dark shade of crimson, or purple, by such exquisitely delicate increase of tint that not even with the microscope can a point of change be discerned. To this may be likened the degrees by which descent is made from pure spirit to the lowest depths of gross matter. In a broad general way it may be said that the astral plane is semi-material, lowest of the akasa, and that above it in tenuity is the psychic, and beyond that further refinements needless of specification here. But, in point of fact, these states

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of refined matter—for convenience denominated planes and sub-planes—mingle, are inter-dependent and each is susceptible to the vibrations of those approximating to it in tenuity, above and below. And this obtains even down to the prakritic plane. To illustrate: A thought impels vibrations on the psychic plane, which stir others at a lower rate in the astral and the latter translates—or commutates them—to such reduction as is appreciable by and mandatory upon the gross organs of apprehension and action. In like manner, a sensation is not perceived by gross nerve matter, but by the astral atoms pervading it; by them is transmitted at a higher rate of vibrations to the mental—or psychic—atoms and there becomes realizable by the thinking principle; and it may even be of such a nature as to transmit vibrations to the higher mental plane, which is spiritual. Without that commutator, the astral principle, acting between his mind and his gross organs, a man could no more make his hand move in conformity to his wish, than he could push Jupiter out of his orbit. Without harmonious reciprocal action between the astral and mental principles of his being, the man would be mindless. Abnormal excitation of a principle disturbs that harmony of action which is essential to health of both mind and body, and in this is the chief danger to rash adventurers upon the psychical plane. They are subjected to the influence of vibrations peculiar to a state of matter beyond their powers of justly appreciative perception and correct cognition. The intensely vivid impressions flashed upon their abnormally excited consciousness, are distorted by false apprehension and perverted beyond measure in attempted mental assimilation, through inadequacy in responsiveness of the connecting and transmitting chain to the thinking organ—the brain. Temporary delusions and ultimate insanity—if the influence is continued—are the inevitable consequences.

Another danger, too real to be ignored or even lightly regarded, is from inimical entities liable to be encountered on that plane. It is not to be supposed that things devoid of tangible bodies are necessarily harmless. While vast multitudes of the denizens of the astral plane possess only collective consciousness and manifest but as forces, either there or on the material plane; there are others whose evolution has reached attainment of conscious individuality, with a certain intelligence that may or may not be hostile; and between these in development are a very numerous class who are capable of employing powerfully forces of which we, of the material plane, know nothing, and who wield them blindly as impelled by will force of human origination, to which they are susceptible.

There are several ways in which the majority of persons may, without difficulty, acquire some degree of perceptivity on the astral plane—which is commonly magnified in important seeming, by styling it the psychical—and many do so unconsciously, both in sleep and waking. All self-induced trance states have that result and, not infrequently, the hypnotee is precipitated into that state of consciousness, either unintentionally, through lack of proper control on the part of the hypnotizer, or purposely in the course of perilous investigations into the problem of subliminal consciousness and other fascinatingly mysterious phenomena of the deeper conditions of trance. The latter is particularly dangerous, since the subject is not only exposed to the hazards of the plane, as any other intruder would be, but has the additional risk of betrayal by suggestions from the master-will, which, under such circumstances, is but a "blind leader of the blind."

There is good reason to believe that one of the evidences of the transition state the human race is in at the present time, is a notable increase of susceptibility to the higher rate

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of vibrations from planes above the material. Genius and madness are alike manifestations of its effects. The time is no doubt coming in which the sixth sense—that of psychical perceptivity—will be the common property of humanity, but before that can be enjoyed, the race must experience a great acceleration in the normal rates of vibrations in all its principles, raising its capacity for correct perception in the atomic states of matter. We can hasten our progress—but only at great risk.

THEOSOPHY IN AMERICA.

BY ALPHEUS M. SMITH.

THE true strength and enormous power of the theosophical movement, is not by any means apparent in, nor is it limited by the membership of the Theosophical Society. Its influence is much wider.

The forces at work have been at work for ages. The object sought is the evolution of mankind, fitting it for the new thought, the new race, the dawn of a new day. That day is about to dawn, the new race to appear, the new thought which is truly old and truly new is to be brought home to the minds of men, is soon to be given broadcast to humanity, a humanity fitted to receive it, a humanity of a new era, who have known these truths and acted on them in ages past, and will now recognize and accept them.

The limitation of this work has been the limited capacity to receive, to believe, to comprehend. The basis of the future has been gradually laid, and is shown in the newer thought, the more generous views, permeating and influencing in the recent years, every faith and every creed. This has proceeded so gradually and grown so extensively that to-day much Theosophy is preached in Christian pulpits. The audience do not know its source, but they recognize in it the newer, truer thought they want, the church pews are filled and they come again. The minister perhaps did not mean to preach Theosophy. He may be progressive and have been reading, the truths sinking deeper than he knew, tinging and changing somewhat his old ideas. Almost unconsciously and yet with fear he gives it out, but knowing instinctively, 'tis what the people want.

The newspaper, that pulse of public want, if not of need, is changing too its attitude. Not many years ago, it refused its columns to our cause, largely because it did not comprehend, but more because it thought erroneously that the public did not want it. The Press as well as individuals is learning, and so the good work has been moving, and not so very slowly, onward. A respect for Theosophy has been established. A general interest to know more about Theosophy is general, is everywhere apparent. Until it began to be understood even this could not have happened. Even the members of our Society have grown so accustomed to this preparatory era, to this basic work which had first to be done, in preparing the age for Theosophy, to this permeating and initial step of the movement, that we have not yet awakened to the fact that a new day and greater opportunities are before us. The slower process was necessary until the ground was made ready and the philosophy introduced, but it is evident and all signs indicate that the time has now come for a more vigorous growth, when Theosophy is to be received as well as heard by multitudes of men and women, as the only salvation for struggling humanity from the miseries of life. Whence shall the message

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spring? Who shall carry it forth? Look for your answer to its first initial movement, to the Crusaders who, a year ago, carried the gospel of peace and liberty to the whole World, a Crusade which meant more I firmly believe than any of us even now have the faintest conception,—a liberty of knowledge of the Soul's journeyings and destiny, a liberty of thought, which is the only basis for Unity and Brotherhood, a liberty to others, which is the chiefest condition of the possibility of brotherhood. From America goes the message to the world.

America, the land of liberty, known and sung, as the land of the free, for whose freedom our fathers fought and died, and which is to extend further and be more lasting, than their fondest hopes ever pictured; a freedom of thought, for which the pilgrim fathers landed on these shores, and which shall be a freedom greater than their narrow and limited vision, would have desired.

The Civil War, which maintained the unity of this country, was also of more far-reaching benefit, than even then appeared, or of the freeing of a race from slavery.

Where shall the new race spring? We have been wont to look to hoary India with its wealth of ancient lore, its adaptitude to metaphysical thought, its vast heirlooms of ancient manuscript and mystic learning, but the life impulse of nations sweeps ever onward.

Here, in America, is the life impulse of the day and hour, here the strength of the warm fresh blood, that comes with the youthful manhood of a young nation. Here the mixture of all bloods, of differing nationalities, coming to our shores, as to no other land or clime—a condition most unique, and which cannot be without result, in the formation of the civilization and the race to follow.

America, the ideal Arcadia, to which all people flock to share the greater privileges of a free land, what other land, but this, can provide the conditions needed for the growth of the new race? America, the land of the new race, with its many acres of virgin prairie, never yet turned by the plow, is yet an old land, and has in many places the signs left behind of an older and former civilization, showing that parts of it formerly belonged to other ancient continents, probably long since submerged beneath the oceane.

If we knew the secrets the waves could tell us, if we knew the history of nations, inhabiting long ages since, this land of ours which we call new, we might guess if this newer race now to incarnate here, were ever on this soil before, might know if we ourselves were not that race and were mayhap upon this soil before, when the ancient knowledge and the sacred lore of mysteries was still known.

And now a School is to be formed, a School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, and where but here, in this new land, which yet is old.

Fortunate land, fortunate race and people, who may foster and acquire a knowledge of those mysteries and send forth light to the world.

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SOUND EFFECTS.

BY MRS. J. T. RAE.

AMID the hurry and bustle of nineteenth century life a great discovery, or re-discovery may almost pass unnoticed because so many busy people are compelled to be absorbed in their own concerns. The duty lying nearest is their duty of the hour. Eager sympathies, high aspirations, longings for scientific knowledge are all there, but are cramped and stunted through lack of time to bestow upon them. Therefore a large number of people have never seen Mrs. Watts-Hughes' wonderful Voice-Pictures, and if told of them, are vaguely skeptical concerning the manner of their production, believing it impossible for sound to produce form.

There is no trickery about their construction, though it is probable that if Mrs. Watts-Hughes had displayed her art to mediæval England she would have been burnt as a witch!

That which can be seen by the uninitiated to-day, is a sheet of glass covered by a flat wash of water-color paint, usually green, and when certain notes are sung near it a wonderful effect is produced. The whole surface can be seen to become gradually transformed, until the glass upon which the paint is placed presents the appearance shown by our window panes after a night of heavy frost, with their beautiful trees and ferns and flowers, only in these pictures the beauty is enhanced by being green instead of white.

Rich red tints, royal purples and æsthetic ochres are sometimes placed upon this lovely green background, and these form themselves into shell-like flowers, when a certain note is sung through a particular kind of horn.

The wonderful blendings of color, with their minute gradations, rounded by strong bold outlines are simply marvellous, and show the magical modulation of voice and the delicate shades of tone necessary to produce the corresponding delicacy of form.

It is said when Madame Patti sings her highest note, the vocal cords vibrate at the rate of 2100 vibrations per second. This proves how wonderful a force vibration may be on the form producing plane and perhaps goes far to explain the Indian belief in "Mantrams," or "the pronunciation of certain words in such a way as to start vibrations that would control the minds of men, as well as the external forces of nature." The magic of the serpent charmer might be understood in the same way.

This voice painting is no new art. The ancient Greeks were well versed in its intricacies, though for ages the secret was lost. It has been stated that specimens have been found, in what was once the wonderful city of Pompeii, and the same kind of experiment has been made in various lands in many ages. Some have proved its truth by placing sand on drum-heads, and others by some kind of paste on flat surfaces, using a violin bow to draw out mystical sounds and thus produce form.

Some years ago a celebrated dentist was explaining to a lady patient the use of some new and very clever inventions in the way of dental instruments and appliances. A few weeks later he visited Pompeii, and on his return said, "You remember those new appliances I showed you? Well! Imagine my surprise when I dug out the very same things at Pompeii, somewhat rough from their long burial, but there was no mistake about their being the same kind of tools."

There are cases in which sudden revelations flash through the intellect, and one of these seems this re-discovery, in various minds, of the relation of sound

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to form and color. The poet mind with its inspirations and intuitions sees deeper than those of a more material cast, and often lights on a fact for which it can give no scientific reason, though the slower and more plodding step of science may *afterwards* confirm its accuracy and explain the laws which govern it. Wordsworth caught a truth when he said,

"And beauty born of murmuring sound
did pass into her face."

It is difficult to fathom the mystical bond existing between Poetry, Music and Painting. Can it be that the clear stillness of a frosty midnight brings some echo to earth from the "Music of the Spheres" which causes the white landscapes to grow upon our window panes? In their higher altitudes, the snowflakes seem to catch heaven's music and come to us in star-like forms of perfect beauty.

Is it this music which paints the early dawn with its first faint rays of hopefulness, broadening into delicate beauty and retaining undertones of shadow to make the full glorious sunlight the most perfect thing on earth?

Perhaps this symphony of form is the symbol of that higher harmony which earthborn ears are too dull to catch! How much more meaning is thus put into the refulgent sunset splendor! It is impossible to even imagine the majestic glory of that music whose wave on wave of sound paints cloud on cloud of form, gold, crimson, grey; flame-tipped with a light our canvases can never catch and radiating a magnetic calm to still the tumult of feverish, restless hearts. At such times the over-soul seems nearer, and a wonderful peace steals into weary hearts.

If the music of the spheres paints many a picture for human eyes to rest upon, earth's music may also add a note of gladness to resting souls! It may be, that joyous, happy songs, thanksgivings and laughter, innocent mirth and light-hearted praise, ascend heavenwards to paint their glowing pictures for the joy of those who gather there! And that cries of despair, drunkenness, crime, debauchery, go to the regions of weeping and remorse. How poignant would be the sting of such pictures to one who had led many astray, on finding his works still following him and making their mark upon his place of habitation. Panoramic views, of his children, or of those he loved, led through his example, or neglect, into sin and anguish of soul, flashing vivid effects before his vision when beyond recall, and he utterly powerless to remedy this gathering of the ills of his own creation.

Sound-produced pictures prove the force of the truth, that not a word uttered or a deed done ever loses its effect, but goes on with reproducing issues throughout all the ages.

Some of the old monks appear to have had glimpses of underlying truths; visions and foreshadowings of the hidden unity existing between poetry, music and painting (song, sound and form). Music produced in them a mystical yearning, for which they could give no reason; they felt it had more meaning in it than they could catch, a power and force they could not grasp, and we are now re-learning one side more of its wonderful harmony although we are so dense and dull to its many-sided meanings.

And the human voice, how it attracts or repels even against the reason! Is it this strange power, painting its picture upon the brain and so producing an irresistible influence?

We see its effects in the expression of the face, causing its muscles to contract or relax; in the fire which lights the eyes though we cannot see the inner picture painted upon the brain. Does this in part account for those sudden affinities or aversions felt with strangers, which upon second thoughts are fought against as unreasonable, perchance uncharitable?

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How many people have had to sadly admit that the first impression produced, in its strong, bold outline, with no after smudge or smear to mar it, was the correct one?

Are people at all aware how strongly they are influenced by sound, to take actions of various kinds?

Was it for this reason that when the ancients formulated laws for their ideal state, they had martial music played—melodies, stirring and inspiring, such as would lead on to brave deeds? All softer strains were suppressed, lest they should unman or enervate, and no voluptuous strains were allowed to weaken their powers of volition.

And music has the same effect in this age. A tramp through our city slums, on a drizzling, dismal day, is one of the most depressing journeys possible. The poverty around, the children with bare feet and hunger-pinched faces, squalor and dirt everywhere, humanity in tatters, send the spirits below zero. But an organ-grinder strikes up an enlivening march and it is wonderful how men straighten their backs and go forward with brisker steps, women grow brighter and children begin to dance. The unconscious influence of sound forces all into action.

Watch a vast crowd swayed by the voice of an orator! Faces light up, emotions come so near the surface they can be read at a glance, and when the sound of the voice dies away they gradually return to their stolid every-day expression.

But an abiding picture may have been impressed upon the brain, and the words lie deeply hidden in the heart, and so be reproduced in the life of the people! And for this reason it is good to flood the world with *good* music and encourage orators to teach high thoughts, so that every action produced by these means may be of such an elevating type, that humanity shall spring from the dust, and shaking itself free from the bondage of evil customs, rise to that higher plane where the earthly is dominated by the spiritual.

For it is thus possible for love and blessing to be poured upon all who come within the influence of spiritual sounds, which in turn will produce noble thoughts and holy deeds.

THE SYMBOLS OF MASONRY.

"It is or seems to be the general notion that the symbols of Masonry are used and were appropriated or invented as *explanations;* as a sort of picture writing, intended to render easy the acquisition of knowledge. Hence the absurd, superficial, and common-place interpretations of them that make one wonder why they should have been used to express such trite, tame and ordinary truths or lessons.

But the real fact is that they were used to *conceal* the truth, as a means, not of teaching it to, but of *hiding it from*, the vulgar. It was never meant that they should be *easily* interpreted. Like the symbols of the Egyptian Hierophants, everyone is a Sphinx (half buried in the sand, moreover), that only an Œdipus can interpret. The consequence is, that the ordinary interpretations of our symbols and ceremonies are simply absurd."—*Albert Pike.*

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STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

RIGHT MOTIVE.

BOTH right speech and right perception depend on right motive. The essential characteristics of a true student may be summed up by these three taken in the following order: Right motive, right perception, right speech. He who would become a student of the Science of Life, a student of himself in the truest sense, must put away the ordinary views on the matter of study. In this deeper sense, study means more than mental exercise or the obtaining an *intellectual* grasp of the problems of life. There is a deeper knowledge than that of the mind, it is the knowledge of the heart which touches the soul of things and enters into that inner realm where the mind of man can never penetrate. Such knowledge is understanding, it is an interior grasp of things, contrary to which a man can never go, for it becomes a part of his very being.

I am well aware that in this material age there are many who deny any other knowledge than that of the mind, and who hold that knowledge may exist without regard to the uses to which it is put or the means whereby it was attained. Such knowledge is however but the husk, the mere form of the outer shell. The kernel, the heart of knowledge, can never be reached in this way. Knowledge is more than information or the classification of facts and phenomena. Knowledge implies the *power to use* and is realized only in the *use*. This power to use comes from relating the object of knowledge to one's inner consciousness and life. The means by which this relation is realized is true study. It will thus be seen that by study, in this sense, is meant more than the poring over books or the observation of phenomena; it means the assimilation of experiences, a seeking to understand one's own nature and to relate oneself—mind and heart—to the universe. And since all parts of man's nature are inter-dependent it follows that true study must have reference to all planes of his being and hence that the acquirement and use of all knowledge concerns the moral and ethical, as well as the mental nature of man. Knowledge concerns not only the mind, but also the heart.

Taking knowledge in this sense makes clear the declaration of Christ: "He that *doeth* the will of the Father shall *know* of the doctrine"; and also that older saying of Krishna's in the *Bhagavad Gita*: "Whoso is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously within himself in the progress of time."

The acquirement of knowledge simply for the sake of power or for any other reward has been justly condemned; but the substitute—of seeking knowledge for knowledge' sake, as ordinarily used and understood, is equally to be condemned. On first hearing it sounds very plausible, but if, as contended above, the value of knowledge lies in its use, the statement becomes meaningless. "Seek knowledge that thou mayest use it."

Every living person, who is not an idiot, has some measure of true knowledge, some power to help on the evolution of the race. The only way to increase one's store of knowledge, the only way to attain to more power is to use what one already has. Mark well, however, it must be *to use*, not to abuse; and right motive is inseparable from right use. The world in general has lost sight of the inner potencies of things. There is a subtle potency in every being, plant and stone, so too is there a subtle influence or potency in every action entirely apart from the mechanical effects thereof.

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The same is true of our every thought and the same line of intellectual study pursued by two students at the same time may in one case irradiate and in the other darken the mind and life even though it were apparently followed abstractly by both. The legend of King Midas is verified every day. Everything turns to gold at the touch of some, to lead at the touch of others; the transmuter is the motive. There is no need for discouragement that we find our motive not pure, at least we all can endeavor to set our faces toward the light, we can make the light our aim and goal. We may fail in many particulars, but if we keep before us the one great purpose and aim of our lives as workers and students, gradually will the general motive shine out in each particular word and deed.

Add to right motive the vigilance of right perception, the expression of right speech, all these finding their crown in right action, then will the gateway of true knowledge be opened and the student shall become one of "those who know."

WILL ALL BE SAVED?

Will all men be saved eventually?

Yes, if it be understood that men are souls and that each man is responsible for himself and must become his own saviour. I think the word "saved" is an unfortunate one and incorrect, for it conveys the idea of being saved by someone, and of a saviour different from man himself. Man's only saviour is himself by virtue of the divine power that is within every man.

The soul is imperishable and in essence divine. We are in the habit of regarding the various coverings or expressions of the soul and the instrments through which it manifests itself and gains experience, as the man himself. But the real man is neither the physical body, astral body, passions, nor even the mind but the user of all these, the soul. The physical body changes from day to day, the astral, though relatively more permanent, changes from life to life, a new one being formed for each incarnation. The passions change and even the mind, including all the mental characteristics, undergoes constant change. The thread of continuity that runs through the whole of life and through all lives is the soul itself, called by the ancients the *Sutratma* or "thread soul," on which are strung the beads of experience—the many personal existences of the soul.

Hence to say that all men will be saved does not mean that John Jones and Thomas Thomas, as we know them, will be eternal throughout the ages because we know only the appearance and not the real man. What we see is but a disguise of the soul expressing one of the phases of its development, and unless we have attained to the pure vision of the soul we cannot know the real man.

Gradually through the long ages of evolution and the experience gained in many lives, the soul attains to a perfection of outward expression and weaves for itself a garment, or vehicle, in which its own nature is perfectly mirrored. That which is contrary to the soul's nature and the soul's purposes is gradually sloughed off until only that remains which is pure and harmonious. The ultimate destiny of all men, the condition to which they attain when they are "saved," is beyond our present comprehension; all that we can say is that it is godlike, divine.

CREMATION.

What are, from a theosophical point of view, the reasons for preferring Cremation to Interment?

In my opinion the Theosophical reasons are purely sanitary reasons both as regards the one just dead and the community. That cremation of the dead is better for the well-being of the community needs no argument. That it is also for the well-being of the individual just dead may not be so apparent.

Fire is the great purifier and regenerator. It not only acts on the physical

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plane, loosening the bonds of chemical affinity, but also on the magnetic and vital plane, loosening the magnetic ties which are the counterpart of the passions and desires and the love of life (physical existence) that bind the soul to the body. The seat of these magnetic ties is the astral, etheric or magnetic body. In its lowest aspect it is the body of form and it dissipates *pari passu* with the physical body. Being the link between the soul and the body, so long as it persists there will be a magnetic tie between the soul and earth which will hinder the soul's passing on to other spheres. At death the physical body in itself is nothing more than a cast-off garment, no longer fit for use, but because of its previous long use by the soul there has been set up in case of the ordinary man a strong magnetic connection between the soul and the body *via* the astral body. Hence simply as a sanitary matter these magnetic ties should be broken as soon as possible, and the quickest way to do this is by the use of fire in cremation.

THE HUMAN ELEMENTAL.

I understand that Theosophists speak of the higher and lower egos in man and I have heard the lower ego characterized as a human elemental, thus making two distinct entities in man;—the lower, or human elemental being the synthesizer of man's animal body and nature. Is this a correct idea and if so does the human elemental persist and ultimately become an independent human entity?

It is quite true that Theosophists speak of a higher and a lower ego in man and even of a third or divine ego. A discussion of the use of these terms may be found in the *Key to Theosophy* by H. P. Blavatsky who also speaks of the spiritual soul, the human soul and the animal soul, but says that "these, strictly speaking, are one soul in three aspects." *Key to Theosophy, Section VII.* At the end of *Section IX* in the same work she describes "the lower or personal ego" as follows: "the physical man in conjunction with his lower self *i. e.*, animal instincts, passions, desires, etc. It is called the 'false personality' and consists of the *lower Manas* combined with *Kamarupa*, and operating through the physical body and its phantom or 'double.'"

My understanding of the above quotations is that there are not two entities or beings in man in reality though apparently this may be so. The "false personality" or so-called human elemental is not a true entity and can have no continued existence apart from the real man. Man is a unit of consciousness or a unit life, he is not two units. The lower nature, the apparent entity or human elemental, is but the reflection in matter of the soul or real man. The soul by means of its synthetic power has built up for itself a form of matter which is in reality a host of elemental lives; the soul *itself* synthesizes these lives into a veritable universe—the human form. There is not, as I understand the matter, an intermediary *being* between the soul and the physical plane; the intermediary "false personality" is but one of the aspects of the soul itself.

It is quite true that in certain cases the physical body and passions together with a low form of induced intellectuality may cohere and persist for a time after the soul or real man has withdrawn to higher planes but such an apparent or false entity will in time disintegrate, the synthetic power will dissipate and the elements of which the apparent entity is formed will be resolved into their original planes.

Most certainly it is the duty of man to raise up and purify his lower nature, but he does not thereby make of this a distinct entity. Instead of being a temporary and false personality it becomes his true personality or purified instrument, a reflection on the lower planes of his own perfected nature on the spiritual planes.

No doubt by so doing he raises up each one of the unit lives in the host of lives of which this instrument is builded

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and it may be that each individual unit will in ages to come attain to the human stage of evolution and become man on a future earth.

In connection with this subject the third fundamental proposition of the *Secret Doctrine* should be studied. See Vol. I., p. 17; new edition, p. 42.

YOUNG FOLKS DEPARTMENT.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY MARGARET STUART LLOYD.

In the forest dark and grey,
The sad princess sleepeth still,
Until Love shall find a way
To release her fettered will.

MILDRED was sitting on a low chair before the fire. She was all alone in the cosy sitting room. Her long curls drooped over the page she was reading and so absorbed was she in the fairy tale that she did not hear her big sister Edith enter the room. Edith stole up softly behind her small sister and bent over to see what she was reading. Then she said, stroking the bright hair:

"'Sleeping Beauty' is very absorbing, isn't it, dearie?"

Mildred looked up with flushed cheeks and very bright eyes and answered:

"Oh, it's just too lovely! How I wish that I could have seen the forest and the dear Princess asleep, and then watched when the Prince came and wakened her!"

"So you think the story a true one, do you?"

"Well, sister, it seems as though it might have happened sometime, do not you think so? It is so beautiful it ought to be true."

"It is true, dearie, but not, perhaps, in the way you suppose. That is, I do not think that there ever was actually a princess who was charmed to sleep for a hundred years and then waked by the kiss of a prince."

Mildred's face grew thoughtful as she looked at her elder sister. "Dear Edith, I wish you would tell me exactly what you mean. How can a story be true and yet not be true?"

"Little sister, do not puzzle your brains so, and I will tell you what I think about the story of 'Sleeping Beauty.' You have heard of an allegory, have you not?"

"Oh, yes, I know! It's a story within a story."

"That is it, exactly. But it is more. If it is a true allegory it teaches the one who reads it something wise and beautiful, something that has to be searched for beneath the words. You might say that the truth in an allegorical story is like the perfume of a red rose. The outside story is like the rose, beautiful and full of color, while the real truth of the story is like the perfume of the rose, hidden, yet most lovely of all."

"I believe I understand what you mean, sister; but tell me, do you see allegories in my fairy book?"

"Yes, especially in the story you have just finished."

"Oh, please tell me, it will make 'Sleeping Beauty' so much more interesting."

"But perhaps you will think my explanation very dry?"

"Indeed, I will not, dear Edith. I would love to learn something true from my stories."

"Well, then, little sister, it seems to me that the story of the Sleeping Beauty is just a beautiful way of telling us about the soul. That is, the Princess is our Soul, the very inside of us, you know, dearie, that which is always whispering to us to do the noblest thing. When the Princess is enchanted it means that the soul is very ignorant, or that it has done wrong, perhaps because it did not

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know any better, and so it falls asleep. Then it needs a messenger from the Great Soul to wake it up. Do you understand?"

"I think that I do, Edith. Tell me, who is the messenger?"

"The messenger is the Prince."

"And what does it mean when he wakes the Princess?"

"You remember he wakes her with a kiss. This means Love. Because it is Love that helps the Soul more than anything else in the world. Very often a poor soul who has been unhappy and almost helpless is made happy and brave again by a loving word or some kind action. Did you know that even a little girl can wake the Sleeping Beauty?"

"What do you mean, Edith?"

"Each one of us, even the youngest, can be a messenger from the Great Soul, a Prince who wakes up the Sleeping Beauty. For everywhere there are beautiful Princesses, the souls of boys and girls, of men and women, who are fast asleep. They are bound by the spells of hatred, or selfishness, or ignorance. And the one who wishes to wake such a soul may do it by the magic power of unselfish love. Sometimes we have to try many, many times before we succeed in helping another, but if we have patience and keep persevering, we will surely succeed at last in waking the sleeping soul."

"Thank you, Edith, for telling me about the real Sleeping Beauty. I understand just what you mean, I think. But do you suppose that even I could find a Princess bound by a spell and wake her up?"

"Why, of course you can, little sister. Take, for instance, Mary Owens at your own school. You have often told me of how cross and disagreeable she was and how none of the girls liked her. Have you ever tried to be friends with her?"

"No, because she has been cross to some of the girls when they tried to be pleasant. She never plays in our games and she never talks with us. I think she fancies that the girls look down upon her because she is so very poor, but I am sure I never thought about it!"

"Yes, but you cannot know how much unkindness may have been shown her by others. She must have had a very unhappy life to be so shut up and so unfriendly. She is ugly and awkward you say, and perhaps she feels that she is different from the other girls and it makes her unhappy."

"I never thought of that!"

"Well, Mildred, I think that Mary Owens is a Sleeping Princess, and I believe that you may be the one to wake her and make her happy like other girls."

"Oh, dear Edith, I know what you mean, and I will try! Will it not be nice to become friends with her and to try by being loving and unselfish to wake up the sleeping soul? I am sure I can do a lot to help her and I am going to think of her as the Sleeping Beauty. Think of knowing a real Princess! And she will never guess that I am not really just little Mildred Lawrence, but a grand Prince, come to rescue the Sleeping Beauty!"

Mildred clasped her hands and looked into the bright grate fire as though she saw in the flames beautiful pictures of brave princes going to the rescue of spellbound princesses. And the big sister sat beside her saying never a word, but thinking of how much a little child can do to make the world more beautiful if she will use the magic power of Love.

All about us beauty lies,
  Sleeping in the souls of men;
At a loving touch to rise,
  Never to be bound again.

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REVIEWS.

The Pacific Theosophist, for November.—An article on "Hypnotism from a Theosophical Standpoint," by Mrs. J. C. Keightley, fills most of the space in the magazine. The subject is handled in an original way, and the article is distinguished by accuracy, orderly arrangement, and clearness of statement. "Buddhi," by Stanley Fitzpatrick, is an attempt to define spirit, mind, and matter. The philosophy of the article is sound, but the use of the foreign term is not very clear. The editorial on "Brotherhood Pence" is a ringing appeal for practical brotherhood on the line indicated by its title; and the "Branch Reports" make a fine showing of activities—ARETAS.

The Artist (London) for November, has as its leading contribution "Mysticism in Art Pictorial," by R. Machell, R.B.A., illustrated by nine excellent photo reproductions of the author's splendid allegorical paintings. In explaining the mystical meanings of his pictures, Mr. Machell writes like a Greek philosopher, displaying intellectual acumen as keen as the artistic sense revealed in his pictorial work. In refuting the notion that the mere representation of material things constitutes art, he says:

"I am sometimes inclined to doubt whether much more than half of the things we see are really seen with the physical eyes at all, so strong is the imaginative faculty, even in the most wooden-headed materialist who handles painting materials. But seeing is only one mode of perception, and the physical organ of sight is not the seer. The seer is the inner man, and one of the faculties of the inner man is called imagination. Now, what is this imagination if not an inner sight, a faculty which so controls and directs the outer organs as to enable the inner man to see the outer world by the light of the inner world in which he really lives?—thus interpreting and explaining to some extent the ordinary material scenes of this mystery of mysteries, Life."—ARETAS.

*Regeneration—the Gate of Heaven.**—This is a work which will prove of interest and value to students of occult subjects, but it is of too technical a nature to appeal to the ordinary reader. It treats of a very difficult subject with sincerity and directness, maintaining that perfect purity of life, by a standard far higher than that commonly held, can alone lead to spiritual knowledge. It is a scholarly work, and the English diction is of classical purity. The examination into certain esoteric passages in the *New Testament* and in patristic literature is particularly thorough, but, unfortunately, *hoi exô*, the exoteric many, will find these as incomprehensible and will be no more inclined to put them in practice than in the days when Paulas excoriated the profligate Korinthians. The author says: "The Art of Life consists in preserving the due proportion between the interest of the present moment and that of the future destiny, harmonizing the whole with the part. Earthly avocations are, after all, not ends in themselves; they are but the means by which men become perfected and become worthy of their divine inheritance. Things are good or bad only according to their utility, and therefore should be followed as far as useful, and not for themselves. . . . Every man carries his whole life with him in his hand, and he must so guide the interests of the moment that he mar not the welfare of the future. This careful self-scrutiny and self-direction is conduct, intelligent and planned, not emotional and fortuitous." Through the demonstrated facts of biology and

* Medford, Mass., Prophetical Pub. Co. (Box 9).

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physiology he shows that perfect purity of life, as an element of right-conduct, is absolutely essential for one who seeks to gain insight into things spiritual; and he then proves that the same was taught by the *New Testament* writers and by the fathers of the Christian church, as well as by all the great philosophers and religious teachers in every age. The concluding chapter on the "Great Renunciation" is a masterly analysis of the true object of religion.—ARETAS.

The Internationalist for November.—This number clearly reflects the spirit of the magazine's title, and is in thorough keeping with the animating principle of the new cycle of practical work. Indeed it formulates the ideals and hopeful plans for the new order of things more definitely and vividly than has hitherto been done; and under such headings as "A Civilization Reborn," "The Hero in Man," "On the March," and "International Brotherhood," the purposes that inspire the present activities in the Theosophical movement are given clear and virile expression. A large part of the material in the number is from the fertile pen of G. W. Russell; but the familiar pen-names and initials of Laon, A. P. D., Paul Gregan and A. W. D. also appear.—An article (illustrated) by Charles J. Ryan, on Newgrange, gives a detailed description of that Initiation-crypt of ancient Ireland.—ARETAS.

The Dream Child; by Florence Huntley *.—The author of this novel claims to write "from authority" through her connection with a school of Occultism, and blandly informs her readers that although she has "been under the continual instruction of a member of that school" for over ten years, her "education along the line of physical, spiritual and psychical laws and principles has proceeded slowly." This is only too painfully evident as is also her lack of education along the line pursued in the public schools. The novel reflects no credit upon the occult pedagogue or upon his none too modest pupil. As a merely imaginative work of fiction, it could be passed over as one of the numerous "shilling shockers" in which hack writers utilize Theosophical ideas by jumbling together, in cheerful incongruity, Divine Masters, moon-stricken lovers, astral bodies, and the forlorn spooks of Summer-land. But as the author claims to be a revealer of occult lore, and, announcing that she has forsaken the field of romance, threatens to inflict upon the public "a work which will conform to the rational instead of the poetic method in literature," the novel is open to severer criticism. The psychology of it is expressed by the equation $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = 1$. The human soul incarnates as a + and a —; and Mr. Positive wears trousers and a silk hat, or their equivalents in whatever country he happens to alight when he makes his meteor-like advent upon this earth from those celestial regions which our novelist locates in the depths of space; while Miss Negative rejoices in petticoats and a bonnet, or other appropriate finery. But sometimes one moiety of the soul arrives on the earth only to find that its better or worse half has failed to keep the tryst, or has missed the train, or something of the sort; and the resulting lonesomeness of that fractional being is terrible to contemplate. And even when these halves strike the earth simultaneously, their difficulties have only begun. One may be born in the interior of darkest Africa and the other in the central portions of yellowest China, so that often the prospects for that soul to pull itself together are small. Then there are so many millions of half-souls that they get hopelessly shuffled up; and the parsons and justices-of-the-peace, in their well-meant endeavors to bring harmony out of the chaos, and unify things, sort them out blunderingly and put together halves

* Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

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that don't belong to each other, thus making matters worse. Mr. Positive identifies the missing half of his immortal soul only to find that she is wedded to a jealous and athletic individual several sizes larger than himself, and is the mother of a large and interesting family. But these are only flights of the reviewer's fancy, falling far short of the dreadful realities taught in "the Dream Child." In that authentic story, the hero, Zanoni, is dispatched by his master in India to find his other half, presumably because the astute Hindu occultist did not desire such a half-hearted disciple. Zanoni, despite his name, is an Englishman, and his quest for his immortal semi-soul only results in his being locked up by his hard-headed parents in a lunatic asylum, where he pines away and dies, his other half also perishing soon afterwards from the same sort of sickness in an American hospital for the insane, to which her mismated husband had consigned her. There is an aroma of lunatic asylum all through the book, and one naturally falls to wondering if the "occult school" spoken of by its author were not an institution of that nature, and the "occult teacher" a sagacious physician who humored his patients in their disordered fancies.—ARETAS.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE most important event of the past month has been the holding of the Brotherhood Bazaars under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League. These were held on December 13th all over the country in most of the places where I. B. L. centres have been formed. At the date of writing only a few of the reports have been received, but all indicate the great success of the undertaking and the work of the I. B. L. and the T. S. A. will be much aided thereby.

In New York the Bazaar was held for four days, December 10th, 11th, 13th and 14th, in Scottish Rite Hall, on Madison Avenue, not far from the T. S. A. headquarters. The building was in every way most convenient for the purpose. The Bazaar proper was held in the large banquet room, where booths were fitted up to represent the different nations as follows: (1) America, (2) England and Scotland, (3) Sweden, (4) Holland, (5) Germany, (6) Italy, (7) Greece, (8) France, Spain and Japan. There were also a Killarney tent and a North American Indian tent. The decorations were very artistic. Each booth was draped with the flags of the nations represented, and the ladies attending were dressed in the appropriate national costumes. It would be impossible to describe all the booths in detail, but mention should certainly be made of the American booth decorated with the "Stars and Stripes," and one of the principal features of which was a beautiful large doll dressed for "America." The North American Indian tent attracted much attention, and the young Indian and the young squaw were correctly dressed and painted. A large collection of soapstone knives, pipes and horseshoes, and moccasins and rare relics made by the Sioux Indians had been sent to the Bazaar by the Sioux Falls Branch. "Rebecca at the Well," from which she drew forth refreshing lemonade, was kept very busy every evening.

Adjoining the Bazaar room was the Quaker supper room, the ladies in attendance wearing the old Quaker costume. Miss Chapin had charge of this, and it was a most successful feature of the Bazaar. At the top of the stairway leading to the hall was a booth for books, photographs, etc., and on the other side of the hall, adjoining it, was the Eastern tea room, the ladies serving tea being dressed in Oriental costume and the room being draped with rich Oriental

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tapestries and curtains. There were also many beautiful specimens of Benares brass work. Altogether there were about fifty ladies in costume at the Bazaar, each room presenting a very pretty and attractive scene.

On the evenings of the 10th, 11th and 13th in the large Hall, Mrs. Richmond-Green of Easthampton, Mass., gave a mystical interpretation of Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale," illustrated by Tableaux Vivants. At first it was intended to give this on two nights only but it was so successful and so well attended that it was decided to repeat it on the third evening, and the attendance on that evening proved to be the largest of all. Signor Operti, one of the best known artists in New York, had charge of the tableaux and is to be congratulated on his arrangement of the beautiful pictures. The last picture was particularly effective where Queen Hermione descends from the pedestal—King Leontes believing her to be dead and gazing at what he thought to be her statue. Tableaux were also given of a symbolical representation of the "Higher and Lower Self" and one of "Old Egypt," followed by the March of the Nations.

On the fourth night the unique entertainment of a tour around the world with the Theosophical Crusaders was presented. The stereopticon lantern slides had been specially prepared by Mr. W. D. Inslee, one of the best known New York photographers, from a selection of photographs belonging to Mrs. Tingley's private collection. This was one of Mrs. Tingley's many personal contributions to the Bazaar. Mr. J. H. Fussell gave an account of the Crusade and described the pictures as presented, many of which were entirely new and had never appeared on a screen before. Perhaps the most interesting of all were the views of many of the rock-cut temples of India and the Pyramids of Egypt. And of particular interest were the camp at Killarney, the Crusaders in Paris, the Crusaders on Elephants in the Courtyard of the Palace at the deserted city of Amber, and Mrs. Tingley at Darjeeling. Characteristic views were also shown of the inhabitants of most of the countries visited including an Australian aboriginal, Maoris, natives of Samoa, etc. Altogether this was the most interesting entertainment of the Bazaar. I understand that in all probability Mrs. Tingley will send these views to be shown in other cities.

Many of the Branches throughout the country sent gifts to the Bazaar. The North American Indian collection of curios was sent by the Sioux Falls Branch. Beautiful evergreens, leaves and berries were sent from California and were used to decorate a stand on which were placed copies of *The New Century* for sale and presided over by a little girl dressed as the "New Century." Beautiful shells were sent from Point Loma which Dr. Partridge had found in the caves there and had had polished. Some Spanish hanging moss was sent from Savannah and cotton flowers from Macon. R. W. Machell, of London, sent two very fine pictures—a flower piece and a symbolical painting, and J. B. Longman sent some of his beautiful pictures from Nashville. One was also received from Louisville, and from Paul R. Goudman of New York. Many other gifts were received which cannot be enumerated here for lack of space.

Reports have been received from Boston, Providence and Cincinnati—the Bazaars there being most successful in every way.

During the last week in November the Macon Branch of the T. S. A. held a Theosophical Jubilee. Mrs. E. C. Mayer and Rev. W. Williams went from New York to assist at the meetings which were held every day for a week. On Thanksgiving Day a supper was given by the Branch to over 1000 of the poor people. All the meetings were crowded and much interest was aroused in the International Brotherhood League in connection with

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which special meetings were held. Mrs. Mayer addressed a large meeting of ladies, attended all the influential ladies of Macon. Other special meetings were held and excellent reports were given by the newspapers. A full report of these meetings has already been given in *The New Century*. A large increase in membership has resulted from them.

A new Branch with a large membership has just been formed at Portland, Oregon, under the name "The New Century Branch."

The Pacific Coast Theosophical Committee have issued their usual monthly report of Branch Work and other activities showing the splendid work that is being done on the coast.

We regret to have to record the death of Mrs. B. H. T. Wilson, one of the charter members and most faithful workers of San Diego T. S.

A donation of Theosophical literature was recently made to the U. S. Prison, McNeil's Island, Wash.

NEWS reached us too late last month for insertion in our columns that Dr. Archibald Keightley had resigned from the Presidency of the Theosophical Society in England. Dr. Keightley had been contemplating this step for some time owing to his increasing medical practice. This does not, of course, mean that Dr. Keightley has resigned from the Theosophical Society. He has rendered faithful service to the cause in past years, and it is with great regret that we have to record his resignation from the office which he filled so well. No one, however, is more convinced than Dr. Keightley himself, of the necessity for carrying on the work at all times without regard to changes in personnel.

Readers will have noted that in our last number we published a very faithful picture of Dr. Keightley and Dr. Coryn. The latter as Director of the Home Crusade work, has been rendering great service along with Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump, and writes cheerfully of the progress made. They recently paid a visit together to Sweden, and news just received from there indicates that they achieved a great success. The number of members in England has trebled during the past year and a half, and the work goes on increasing all the time, demanding constant attention of all officers of the Society, but especially the President, and we have no doubt the members will elect some one who will be in a position to devote as much time to the work of the Theosophical Society in England as its growing demands necessitate.

J. H. F.

NOTE.—We regret that this issue is a few days late in appearance, but the holidays and extra pressure of work in other directions caused the unavoidable delay.

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The Brotherhood

FEBRUARY, 1898.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY
THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT
PHILOSOPHY SCIENCE AND ART

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF THE PATH BY
WM. Q. JUDGE

VOLUME XII: No 11.

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Universal Brotherhood"

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The Brotherhood of Humanity, the Theosophical Movement, Philosophy, Science and Art.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD is a Magazine devoted to the promulgation of the principles of the Brotherhood of Humanity in the widest sense. It is an organ whose aim is to show that the Unity or Brotherhood of Mankind is an actual fact in nature. If this principle were better understood by the multitude or even by certain classes of Society there would be less strife and competition and more sympathy and co-operation.

The demonstration of these broad ideas from the Ethical, Scientific and Practical points of view will prove that there is much agreement between these systems on this topic, and that it is an underlying ground-work by means of which all Religions and all Philosophies agree also.

This magazine will endeavor to show the great similarity between the Religions of the world, in their fundamental beliefs and doctrines as also the value of studying other systems than our own.

A sound basis for ethics should be found.

Those who would assist the cause of Brotherhood should realize that it is of the first importance to discover as much as possible concerning the nature of man and man's relation to the world around him. The laws that govern his physical, mental, moral and spiritual being should be studied and investigated.

It is hoped that every sympathizer with the cause of brotherhood will endeavor to assist us in enlarging the circulation of this magazine. Subscribers will greatly oblige by sending us the names and addresses of individuals known to them as willing to investigate liberal ideas.

All writers who are interested in the above objects are invited to contribute articles.

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THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

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AUM

[DEATH SPEAKS:]
The Great Beyond gleams not for the fool, led away by the delusion of possessions. "This is the world, there is no other," he thinks; and so falls again and again under my dominion.—*Katha Upanishad.*

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

VOL. XII. FEBRUARY, 1898. No. 11.

THEOSOPHY AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

BY ZORYAN.

AWAKE! Arise! dear child! wish only and thy dream is over! I touch thy lips and eyes and hair with Golden Flowers. I kiss thy heart with singing flame of Hope and Beauty. Open thy eyes: the Sun of the Eternal Truth is shining. Awake, and find thyself an Angel among the Angels, and do not dream thyself a mortal. A child of the ages, take thy hereditary share of endless progress. Thy past went forward to prepare the way, thy future is awaiting thee already. The space of endless blue gives thee access to every star of the Immortal Wisdom. Look! there is no check, no limit—all, all is thine.

The reader may easily see that Humanity is the child and Theosophy is the Angel, who awakes the child, and that Theosophy is no bare system of ideas, but the living speech and light and power of our Elder Brothers, those men who have attained to the Angelic plane, and of that higher plane itself and its innumerable Hosts, who speak through our inner souls, whether they look inside, or interpret the beauty and meaning of the outer nature. And when this is known and felt and assimilated, it is no more the outer nature.

If some one tells you that Theosophy is here in this one book, or in the mind of this one sage or in this society and nowhere else, do not believe him. It is only in your own heart, and it is because your heart is not your own. Your heart dwells in all things, and all things dwell in it—the flowers, the birds, the skies, your dear ones, your country and your God, the hope and joy of all humanity, the brotherhood of all existing. Everywhere it spreads the same mysterious golden glow, embracing and unifying all for it is an ever growing reflection of the Unknown which your soul may worship only in silent adoration.

The unbroken diamond Unity of the World's Heart, of which we are the undetached sparks, is then the reflection o and the outreach to that Infinite, Inscrutable Causeless Cause, which is so singly One, that there is no Second with which to compare, and know it more changeless and all embracing than space in which all planets move, more still, than silence in which all sounds find harmony and rest.

This is the first fundamental proposition of the *Secret Doctrine*, and with the other two it gives the framework for its philosophy.*

Now if the reader has studied well and grasped these three propositions, or rather feels himself in their grasp, if he feels himself a child of a Bright Ray of the Boundless Unknown, a candidate for the Eternal Progress, an heir of all Perfection, Wisdom and Bliss; if he keeps his eyes as free from prejudice as they

*The reader is referred to the *Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky. Vol. I., pp. 14-17, new edition, pp. 42-45.

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were free and hopeful in the freshness of his morning, if he keeps his heart aglow, as in the dawn of his childhood, when the first rays of the Sun kissed him sweetly with an undying promise, then well for him if he start all his thoughts from this deepest thought, which is no thought at all, though embracing all thoughts, as space embraces all forms; and starting from it never lose the thread that he may return again free, unbounded and unclouded—a brother of the Stars of the Eternal Space.

There is a book so ancient, so venerable, the oldest manuscript in the world, known but to the very few who have deserved to understand it. A few chapters of it, with commentaries added, are translated and published by H. P. Blavatsky, in her great work called "The Secret Doctrine." There the reader may find that these few chapters of the "Book of Dzyan" elucidate Cosmogony in a most logical manner, and not, as does the modern science, from a multitude of the innumerable Gods, called the atoms, of whose origin science, however, is silent, notwithstanding its theory of differentiation from a homogeneous something. The first two chapters of the Book of Dzyan describe that Unknown Unity, where Spirit-Consciousness, which is the Father, and Matter, which is the Mother, and the Universe, which is the Son, were all once more one; where time was not, for it lay asleep in Indefinite Duration; where the Universe was concealed in the Divine Thought and in the Divine Bosom. Then follows a description of how this concealed Universe, the Son—and there are many sons—emerged from this inner condition, its Matter expanding from within outward, and its Spirit appearing as a ray sent from the Unknowable Darkness to enlighten that which, being outward, needs its radiance to shine consciously.

Now, first matter is simply objectivity, very spiritual, homogeneous, clear. This spirit-matter is the Logos, the first Atom-Universe. It becomes now manifested Unity and differentiates into the Seven Lords of Being, which are one in Him, as thoughts are one in a brain. Matter divides also into seven planes, and then again into 49, from the subtlest down to the grossest. The Seven Dhyanis, or Lords, radiate new hosts of being, and so on to Devas, to elementals, even to the smallest mineral atoms, all is branched out and differentiated from that great Tree whose root is the Logos and which grows in the Eternal—Unknowable. The Tree of the Universe is periodical in its manifestation, and the farther the branch from the centre the more frequent is its period.

From Mahamanvantaras of 311,040,000,000,000 years, to planetary rounds each of many million years, then to human race periods, coinciding with geological periods, then to the tropical years of 25,868 years, to human life and post-mortem rest on the pure mind-plane, and then life again, then to common years, months, days, to the periods of sound several thousand times a second, and even to the 700,000,000,000,000 vibrations in a second in a violet light, all these are expressions of the same law and show that the leaves and shoots vibrate faster than the branches. Of course the Tree symbol should be understood mystically. It illustrates at once involution and evolution, immortality and reincarnation. It shows the Great One Life containing man ("I am the vine, you are the branches"; *Gospel of John*), men containing cells, cells containing molecules, molecules containing atoms. The one plan throughout the Universe. From it follows that, as the human body restores anew its lost cells in a wound, for instance, so the Planetary Logos restores again the lives of men on earth. This is reincarnation, the reaching and withdrawing of the tentacles of the higher ideal being, who

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lives through all this time.

That part of us which feels itself a Ray of Light Divine, will live eternally without the circle of the Time, and the phantom of our phenomenal appearance —but what cares it? It will go to sleep and pass away, as a lost and disregarded thought, a falsely constructed scheme, who mocked for a time the Unity of the Divine, but could not do it in truth without a Heart with which it refused to merge, and coldly turned its back to the Brotherhood of all mankind, and to the one great consciousness of All. But his angelic, sunny soul, the bright companion who so often spoke to him the words of Truth and Beauty, he of the Unfading Clime where ideas bloom like flowers, he who turns his face towards the utmost Light, he who has dropped again his leaf from the vibrating branch,—how many times he will be listened to again, always beloved, always dear, the Saviour of the phantoms—the strayed thoughts of Heaven,—thoughts of his own in ancient ages.

And so he comes again to the new phantom made from the silvery dream. He comes to a new baby, and the shattered fragments of the old phantom also strive to reach it, to darken the child and to tempt it bitterly. But he watches and enters it more and more as a flower garden of the immortal free ideal world. The child turns then to be a poet, or a Knight who fights for truth and fears no death, or a sage who helps the world, or simply a loving soul, who does its work quietly and is unknown. No wonder that it feels the gratitude and devotion.

One and undivided is the great Divine Soul and one is an Angel and one is the soul of man,—every Atom is one, for it reflects the Highest, in it there is a germ divine of the infinite growth and progress from its own infinite depths, and this is the highest and the first plane of Consciousness—the Divine plane. This is the same everywhere, being One in All, and above all knowledge, though from it spring all potentialities of knowledge and progress.

The second is Spiritual, the Soul of the World or of man, issued from the Divine only for a limited, though very great time, and destined to return back to it.

There the knowledge and the power are free and untrammeled, and united as one great sea, which gets self-conscious quality by the labors of the Mind, whose experiences it accepts not as something foreign, but as self-awakening, and transmits to the Mind as intuition. It does not think; it knows. It is unity of knowledge and existence. It is a reflection of the Divine.

The third is Mind, this is Light, outreaching from the One Truth, and from One Heart, and from One Soul, descending as a ray to all scattered existence of illusion to take it up into that kingdom where all is One. It is the Immortal Ego of man, his Leader, Guide and Saviour, it is an imperishable individuality which helps mortal, personal man to find an eternal Haven for its mental essence, it is the celestial swallow which dives from the ideal and unfading world into the world of dreams to invite and take the shadows, which are the earthly men, into the dreamless world. That aspect of it which looks and gravitates downward is called the lower mind.

The fourth is the force of desire, which is mortal, for when the desire is attained, then it dies. The possibility of desire itself shows that the Unity is broken. Yet it is useful, preparing for a way and helping the mind to gather its lost dreams into a personality. All passions are really forces of man just as much as of the universe. They are, as it were, a semi-conscious vapor trying to unite by outer agglomeration instead of inner awakening.

The fifth is the vitality which is perfectly instinctual, and gives for a time a rosy light for the pale, lost, dreams of the lower world, according as the attention of the higher three is directed to

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them periodically.

The sixth is this world of phantoms, of pale, lost dreams, of forms of thought, escaped from the children of the Mind, who were not perfect, dropped from the Unity, mistakes, as it were, for which the Angels are yet responsible, and must gather them through the living creatures of the earth and through man, their crown. For in man meet the two worlds. In his outer nature are creatures of the earth, in his inner depths are angelic forces and deeper yet the light divine itself, his Christ and Saviour, and through him the Saviour of all nature.

The seventh is this physical world and our physical body, an outer shell, a hardened dream, which gives the shape to the molecules of the lowest matter, soaked all through and through with the cohesive force of desire emanated from man.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT IS MIND?

BY DR. B. C. BUCHANAN.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, in his Principles of Psychology (Vol. 1, page 145), says that "we know nothing about it and never can know anything about it." Yet, as he himself, in the same volume, goes on to discuss "the Substance of Mind," "the Composition of Mind," and "Life and Mind as Correspondence," we need not be quite discouraged. We each of us have one of our own and we may well exercise it in the study of itself.

It may help us to arrive at a more satisfactory conclusion as to what mind is, by first considering what it is not. Says Prof. Ladd, in his Physiological-Pyschology:—"However our states of consciousness may be related to the states of the brain, the two are certainly not the same. What is true of all material elements is true of those of the brain; they can do nothing but move. And so far as we know anything about the molecular activities of the central nervous system which are most *directly* connected with the phenomenon of consciousness, they do not differ essentially from other molecular activities of this system *not* thus connected with consciousness.

Suppose it were possible with the microscope to discover the exact chemical constitution of every molecule of the substance of the brain," and that by some such process as that described by THE-MAN-WHO-DID-IT, in Mr. Lloyd's wonder-book, Etidorpha, we could look into the interior of our own brains, "and watch the motion of all the atoms in the phosphorized fats and the hurrying blood currents, as chemical changes take place, or as waves of nerve commotion in infinite variety move hither and thither among the countless nerve fibres and nerve cells; we should then discern but the physical functioning and product of the physical brain, the molecular activity of material particles. Strive as scientists may, to reason out consciousness as the product of the brain, they cannot identify the molecular changes continually taking place, in the work of nutrition and depletion, with the happenings of our consciousness.

The phenomena of human consciousness must be regarded as activities of some other form of Real Being than the moving molecules of the cerebrum. That the subject of the states of consciousness is a Real Being is a conclusion warranted by all the facts. Mental phenomena show what it is by what it does. The so-called mental "faculties" are only the modes of the behavior in consciousness of this Real Being. If the complexity of mental phenomena is bewil-

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deringly great, so the unity of consciousness is striking and unique. It is the same "I" from the dawn of self-consciousness through all subsequent changes. All the different mental phenomena of an individual are but different states of the one consciousness, and the binding force of memory is dependent on this unity.

It is too late for Science to object to the assumption of the non-material nature of mind, for the whole fabric of materialism rests and is built upon the hypothetical atom, which, to say the least, is super-sensible. The best efforts of modern investigation to describe the nature of atoms is not only incomplete, but often self-contradictory. What an atom *is* can only be described by telling what it *does*; but in telling what *it* does, we always find ourselves implying certain relations to other atoms, involving complicated hypotheses concerning its modes of behavior as caused by the presence and mode of behavior of some form of being that binds them together and makes them work to a *unity* of plan. And we can form no conception of a "plan" which is not a phenomenon of mind, and no conception of a "unity" that does not depend upon the unifying *actus* of the mind.

To "be really" and to be the one permanent subject of changing states are but different ways of expressing the same truth. It is for this reason that modern Physical Science, which affirms the eternity of matter, regards the atoms as having a permanent reality which does not belong to composite structures—the things of our experience—into which the atoms enter. The atoms are supposed to remain with unchanged natures through all the changes of relation which they may undergo. Their reality depends on their capacity for being the subject of so-called states. They follow a law, or an idea which recalls them to the *same states* when the same circumstances recur. To have a variety of changing states attributed to *it*, as the subject of them all—this *is to demonstrate* in *consciousness a claim* to *Real Being*."

So much for the line of thought carried out by Prof. Ladd, and it is not easy for a student of occult science to understand how he could reason so far without reaching the broader philosophy of the chapter on Gods, Monads and Atoms in the first volume of the Secret Doctrine, positing at the root of each Atom a God of life and intelligence, a god we call "the monad." Atom is one of the names of Brahmâ.

"States are changing, they have a transitory and phenomenal being," Prof. Ladd goes on to say. "The soul exists in reality above all other kinds of being, because it alone, so far as we know on good evidence, knows itself as the subject of its own states. And it arrives at the state or plane of self-consciousness in the mind, which is its vehicle for acquiring experience. It is a Real Being which acts, and knows itself as acting: which is acted upon, and knows itself as affected: which is the subject of states, and itself attributes these states to itself; which develops" [or evolves], "according to a plan, and so remembers and comprehends the significance of its past states, that it can recognize the fact of its own development," [or evolution].

But evolution is only one-half the equation, and herein lies the weakness of modern science. It must be balanced by involution. "Out of nothing, nothing comes," and rational minds can admit the word "creation," only in the sense of making a thing something which it was not before. In this sense man "creates" a garment, a house, a city; and higher Intelligences "create" men, worlds, universes. All that evolves in actuality on the objective plane and is known to us in phenomena, was first involved in potency on the subjective plane in the necessary correlate of noumena. So that mind and all the at-

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tributes of man are universal principles diffused throughout Kosmos, temporarily focussed and individualized in man. Everything on the subjective plane is an eternal *is*, as everything on the objective plane is an "ever becoming."

Involution starts from the highest plane of pure spirit and descends through psychic, intellectual and animal to the lowest plane of matter, spirit becoming ever more and more concealed as it is plunged deeper and deeper into materiality; a latent, sleeping nucleus, wrapped in sheath after sheath. We pay this price for our knowledge of matter in embodiment. It is because of this Divinity which thrills in the heart of every atom that evolution takes place on the physical plane from the simple and homogeneous up to the complex and heterogeneous. Evolution is an eternal cycle of becoming, and Nature never leaves an atom unused. From the beginning of the Round all in Nature tends to become man. He is held to be the highest product of the whole system of evolution and mirrors in himself every power, however wonderful or terrible, of nature: by the very fact of being such a mirror, he is man. Prof. Agassiz says:

"The progress in the succession of beings consists in an increasing similarity of the living fauna, and among the vertebrates especially, in the increasing resemblance to man. Man is the end towards which all animal creation has tended from the first appearance of the first paleozoic fishes"—and this tendency is inherent in every atom, says the Secret Doctrine. The One Law proceeds on the same lines from one eternity (or Manvantara) to another; the "fall" of spirit into matter then redeeming it through flesh and liberating it, using for these purposes the Beings from other and higher planes, men or minds evolved in previous Manvantaras (periods of manifestation) as we are evolving now.

The Oriental teachings say: "The Breath becomes a stone; the stone, a plant; the plant, an animal; the animal, a man; the man, a spirit; and the spirit, a God." In Occult Science, there are no "missing links," in its unbroken, endless chain; and each of these seven planes of existence involves and evolves progressively the seven principles which have their correspondences in the colors of the rainbow, in the primary tones of the musical scale and everywhere in Nature, including man.

Let us take the plane of the invisible gases. So far as Western Science can detect with its microscopes and crucibles, they are simply diffused substance, without form, life, desire or mind as we know them. For the purpose of suggestive illustration (although not with strict accuracy from the occult point of view) they may be considered to correspond to the Breath, with only one principle manifest, namely, substance and *six* latent. Then when the intelligent *vis a tergo* which propelled from the noumenal side of Nature that which manifests on the phenomenal side of Nature as gas, has acquired all the experience of the plane of gases (an experience which is recorded and preserved in itself) it climbs or is lifted up to the mineral plane. "The Breath becomes a stone." Here it adds form to substance, evolving two principles leaving five involved, and manifests then the properties of matter known to science. It enters into metals, gems and earths, learns the secrets of crystallization and makes the round of the changes possible to the mineral cycle and then its form is sacrificed, disintegrated by a growing plant, and it is lifted up to the vegetable kingdom. Substance and form are supplemented by life, three principles evident to our senses, four yet to evolve. "The stone becomes a plant." It has now the new experiences of germination, growth, maturity, reproduction and decay with new responsiveness to sunshine and moonlight, heat and cold, rain and dew. Here is a range quite impossible to anticipate

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from the limited horizon of the mineral plane. Through every variety of texture, color and odor, again the sacrifice is prepared and vegetable life is transformed into animal life, and to its three principles the plane of desire adds motive. "The plant becomes an animal" —four principles manifest, three yet latent. The animal secures food when hungry, and eats until desire is satisfied, drinks when thirsty, exercises from instinct, provides a home adapted to its needs, makes defenses, coöperates with others of its kind, for mutual protection, wages war on enemies, periodically feels the attraction of the sexes, begets its kind, tenderly rears its young, nourishes, protects and trains them, and becomes attached to places and things. All these are the purely animal functions. Here is a wide outlook, a vast range of experience. On such a broad basis a magnificent superstructure can rest. What shall it be? "The animal becomes a man." How? By sacrifice as before and being lifted up to the fifth plane, evolving the fifth principle, still leaving two latent. This principle is mind, the eating of "the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

The animal knows neither good nor evil. It satisfies its hunger and thirst regardless of the hunger and thirst of others or how the strength derived from food is to be expended. It protects its young, because they are its young, and not another's. It is self-seeking, but not selfish, because its self-seeking is its highest soul-expression and in it the Universal Soul works through instinct to lift the planes below it up to the animal. It is actuated by desire alone, its highest informing principle; hence it is not responsible and makes only physical Karma. Man reaches a critical point in evolution, a point where he is required to choose and where he exercises free-will. Choice always involves moral responsibility, hence moral Karma. In order that he may choose, knowledge is necessary, knowledge acquired by experience of both good and evil; and this he gains through the instrumentality of mind. And what is mind? Whence comes it?

The Sanskrit root word "man" means "to think," hence "a thinker." It is from this word very likely, that sprung the Latin "mens,"—mind; the Egyptian "menes"—the "master-mind;" the Pythagorean "monas," or conscious "thinking unit," and certainly our "manas," the fifth principle in man.

The vocabulary of the English language has grown with the development and requirements of its people. The history of the English speaking peoples is essentially a history of conquest and of commerce; hence we have no lack of words for secular and materialistic nomenclature. But when we enter the realms of metaphysics and the spiritual, our poverty of terms obliges us either to coin or to borrow from foreign tongues. The comparatively few Anglo-Saxon words that may apply to these higher concepts have been so degraded and abused by lax customs that they have lost accuracy as means of expression. The devout Oriental peoples on the contrary, having a heritage of ages of contemplation, meditation and devotion, have evolved in their languages, terms conveying gradations and shades of meaning yet unsensed and unsuspected by Western peoples in those fields of knowledge which lie just beyond the physical. So that in pursuing the deeper study of science and philosophy we find it helpful to adopt some of the Sanskrit terms which have for centuries embodied with clearness a definite meaning.

We must remember clearly that an illustration is never the thing illustrated, but only a stepping stone toward it. The reality can never be illustrated; it can only be experienced; but an illustration may help us to analyze, to classify and to understand our experiences.

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The seven principles in man are not circles or rings, nor do they float detached one above another, but they pervade and interpenetrate each other. Moreover each principle is gathered up temporarily and continuously from a universal ocean like itself; just as the air which now produces my voice and is an essential part of my life (Prana), is separated for the moment from the atmospheric ocean about us. The seven universal planes are not sharply divided from each other like the zones on a map, nor embraced one in the other, like a nest of Chinese boxes, although they are specific degrees of differentiation from the One; they overlap and merge into each other. Strictly speaking, life and consciousness and desire are universal and all-pervading, and all manifested things depend on an astral basis for their being; it should not be misleading when, for the purpose of study, we consider them separately, as we study the anatomical systems of physical man.

While we have been building up by the processes of Nature an animal man, for man is, at base a perfected animal, through substance, form, vitality and desire, the four principles of the lower quaternary; from the opposite pole of being, a beam or ray from the Universal Sun of life and intelligence is focussed in the Monad, which is the "God within" atom and man alike, the Higher Self which we name Atma. It never separates from its source. It is but a temporary loan of that which has to return to its source. It appropriates a vehicle or sheath, still spiritual, but a degree nearer the plane of materiality than itself, and comprising as its essence the highest, the purest and the most beautiful of the endowments which may be attributed to the character of the Christ, whether we look upon the Christ as an historical personage or a symbol and type divinely human in its ideal. And this principle, the sixth, we call Christos or Buddhi, Divine Wisdom. This Buddhi principle with Atma involved, again assumes a sheath or vehicle to bring it still nearer to the physical plane and this sheath is akin to it in that both are soul; and is endowed with the power of thought,—Manas, the Thinker, the Immortal Ego, man's fifth principle.

We now have the higher triad, formed by these three, Atma-Buddhi-Manas, sometimes called the Real Man, the Eternal Pilgrim, who has made the rounds in latency, during past Manvantaras, through the planes of substance, form, life and desire, recording and preserving the experiences of each plane, manifesting of its infinite potentiality on each plane, just so much as the limitations of matter would permit. Now, it would evolve on the thought plane, and mind must be its vehicle.

Mind is One—an essential unit—creative, potent and spiritual. It manifests in different degrees on the different planes of existence, and according to the capacity of the vehicle through which it manifests. The microscopic cells and molecules of man's physical body have a mind of their own. This physical mind manifests its intelligence in the organic function of digestion, in the circulation of the blood, in assimilating from the blood just such portions as the tissues need, and in setting to work to repair at once any injury done to the physical body; all of which goes on without our knowing anything about it, except in the bare demands for food, drink, air and rest. So the physical mind continually *creates* and *preserves* the substance of the body. The mind of the Astral plane, *creates* and *preserves* the form which is its special mission. The mind of the plane of pure life *creates* and *preserves* force,—the connecting link between substance and form. The mind of the Kamic plane *creates* and *preserves* the expression of will through desire unmixed with imagination or intellect. This fourth principle, Kama, is the balance principle of the whole seven. It stands in the middle,

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and from it the ways go up and down. It is like the sign Libra in the path of the sun through the Zodiac; when the sun (who is the real man) reaches that sign, he trembles in the balance. Should he go back, the worlds would be destroyed; he goes onward and the whole human race is lifted up to perfection. It is the basis of action and the mover of the Will.

In man, on the fourth plane, mind wells up as "I am I." Consciousness turns upon itself and distinguishes from itself everything that is not itself and recognizes its own eternal identity. It views itself both as subject and object, and analyzes its own attributes and powers. It is able to blend itself with any of the three planes below it; it is capable of rising and blending itself with the three planes above it. It *creates* and *preserves* self-consciousness, expanding until "the Universe grows I." How does this endowment of mind become the property of animal man?

The course of evolution developed the lower quaternary and produced at last the form of man with a brain of better and deeper capacity than that of any other animal. But this primeval man in form, was mindless, the Adam of the second chapter of Genesis, who was born an image of clay and into whom "the Lord God breathed the breath of life," but not of intellect and discrimination. The Monads which incarnated in those forms remained without self-consciousness for they were pure spirit and there is no potentiality for creation or self-consciousness in a pure spirit on this our plane until it is mixed with and strengthened by an essence already differentiated.

It becomes the task of the Fifth Hierarchy of Dhyan Chohans to bestow the connecting link between the Divine and the animal, to inform mindless man and make of him the Rational Man. The aggregate of all Dhyan Chohans constitutes the Universal Mind, the fifth plane of Cosmos. Those of the Fifth Hierarchy who endowed man with mind, are called Manasaputra. How did the Manasaputra get mind? Leibnitz conceived of the Monads as "elementary and indestructible units endowed with the power *of giving* and *receiving* with respect to other units, and thus of determining all spiritual and physical phenomena." The Manasaputra, countless æons before they endowed man with mind, were Monads endowed with the power "of giving and receiving," and during their myriad incarnations in lower as well as higher worlds, they assimilated *all the wisdom therefrom*—becoming the reflection of Mahat, or Universal Mind. They became men as we are now becoming men and arrived at the perfection towards which we are striving. This was in a preceding Maha-Manvantara—ages of incalculable duration (about 311,040,000,000,000 years), which had rolled away in the eternity a still more incalculable time ago (a Maha-Pralaya of equal duration with its twilight and dawn). They then passed into Nirvana and are at this stage returning Nirvanees. So far then from Nirvana being annihilation, it is said in the Sacred Slokas:

"The thread of radiance which is imperishable and dissolves only in Nirvana, re-emerges from it in its integrity on the day when the Great Law calls all things back into action."

This "thread of radiance," called the Sûtrâtmâ, is in each of us the golden thread of continuous life periodically manifesting in active and passive cycles of sensuous existence on earth and supersensuous in Devachan. On this luminous thread, like beads the various personalities are strung. It is the Higher Triad, the Reincarnating Ego, the Eternal Pilgrim. Those who had assimilated all the wisdom of their Manvantara "re-emerged" when they were "called." They overshadowed the mindless races, set on fire and expanded the latent elements of mind involved in man and refined them to the mental plane. This endowing of man with

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Manas is symbolized in the "Fiat Lux" of Free-Masonry, and also in a religious ceremony widely observed, by lighting many candles from one. The Manasaputra dropped a spark from the light they had, which settled and expanded within, and set aflame the unlighted brain-candles which were in readiness to burn, but could not light themselves. To construct a Thinking Man, Living Fire was needed, that fire which gives the human mind its self-perception and self-consciousness, or Manas. So I have pictured in this symbol of Manas, a flame. But this Higher Manas is yet too refined and too vast to enter wholly into an organism composed of but the four gross lower principles. So it shoots out a ray from itself and clothes it with astral matter nearer akin to the Kamic plane as now evolved than is its pure self. This astral dress, though it makes of Manas an active spiritual entity on this plane, still brings it into so close contact with matter as to entirely becloud at present its divine nature and stultify its intuitions. This ray, called the Lower Manas, is reflected directly into the plane below, Kama, and constitutes with it, Kama-Manas, giving man his brain-mind. This gives Manas during each incarnation a dual aspect and affinity. On its upper side it aspires to Atma-Buddhi, clings to it, and at death follows it to Devachan (the Heaven-World). On its lower side it gravitates to the animal passions. Right here, in Kama-Manas, is the turning point of evolution, the battle ground of the human soul. Here the struggle goes on between the higher and lower until *one* conquers, the choice is made and the quality and tendency of his ruling desire catalogue a man in the Great Book of Life as unerringly and as accurately as the ragweed and the fragrant jessamine are catalogued by the botanist.

Let us see what Lower Manas does for man in acquiring a knowledge of good and evil. Its function is pure intellection: alone it is colorless, calculating, incapable of affection or self-sacrifice. It confers the power to reason from premises to conclusions, and to grasp analogies: gives acuteness, subtlety, rationalized cogitation. It is tainted by each object presented to it and is altered into its shape and other characteristics. Its four peculiarities are: 1st,—to naturally fly off from any point: (the student who tries to practice concentration encounters this): 2d,—to fly to some pleasant idea: 3d,—to fly to an unpleasant idea (these three are due to memory), and 4th,—to remain passive: normally in sleep. These peculiar hindrances to the activity of Higher Manas are what it has to fight and conquer. Lower Manas retains all the impressions of a life-time and sometimes strangely exhibits them in a flash. Higher Manas stores up the essence of all incarnations and gives to each new one the results of past experience, in its tendencies and inclinations.

The special characteristics of Lower Manas are imagination—the image-making faculty—and the sense of separateness. The brute has neither. Imagination is a most potent factor in acquiring a knowledge of evil and equally so of good, when Lower Manas consummates at-one-ment with its "Father in Heaven," the Higher Manas, and shares its immortality. But while it is attached to the purely animal functions, it robs them of the automatic impulse of necessity, and arrays them with protean kaleidoscopic attractiveness, magnifies their importance, until man comes to feel himself a god in their exercise, while he is really degrading himself into a demon. God, he is, potentially, and the demon of lust and selfish greed is, after all, only "the god inverted." In the light of this single Manasic ray, reflected downward "things are not what they seem."

Imagination's magic wand touches the animal craving for food and drink, and they become in animal man gluttony and

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drunkenness: healthful exercise is exaggerated into prize-fighting; the simple animal instinct of self-preservation develops miserly avarice, unscrupulous competition, swindling schemes and cunning inventions of death-dealing instruments: attachment to place yields to a vaunting patriotism that derides the cosmopolitan: the attraction of the sexes, held as a sacrament by some of the ancient nations who surrounded prospective maternity with every influence that could appeal to imagination for the bettering and ennobling of the race, has gradually become licentiousness, legalized and illegal that stops at no sacrifices of others: and hand in hand with it walk criminal evading of parentage and cruelty to children and the helpless. Civilized nations have made of selfishness an ethical characteristic and of vice an art, and instead of the healthy king of animal creation which man was in the Third Race, he has become now, in the Fifth, a helpless, scrofulous being, the wealthiest heir on the globe to constitutional and hereditary diseases: the most consciously and intelligently bestial of all animals: his vitals consumed by the eternal vulture of ever unsatisfied desire. All this through the delusion of imagination and the illusion of separateness.

A metaphor in the Katho-panishad says:—"The senses are the horses, body is the chariot, mind (Kama-Manas) is the reins, and intellect (or free-will) the Charioteer." And St. James says:—"Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body." III-3. That is exactly what we need—to "turn about their whole body." Up to the evolution of animal man the ethics of tooth and claw has prevailed, establishing the survival of the fittest as the means of perfecting man's physical organism. But from this point, "right-about-face" is the command issued for onward progress. The involuntary sacrifice of the lower planes must now be voluntary. Self-seeking must yield to altruism. THIS IS THE LAW, and mind must be its executor. Every thought we think either aids our fellow-men or retards them: yes,—and all the planes below man.

"For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves'.
They follow the law of the Universe—
Each thing must create its kind:
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind."

We are daily creators of not only our own future, but the future of that humanity of which we are a part; and just as humanity rises in the scale of being, the lower planes are lifted toward the human. The sage who said, "My mind to me a kingdom is," might well have said, "My mind to me a universe is"—the only universe we shall ever know. The form, the color, the sound, the beauty of Nature are creations of the mind. Two men view a ripening field of wheat. One sees what distance apart the stalks are on the ground, the size and fullness of the heads, and estimates the number of bushels the harvest will yield and how many dollars they will represent. The other sees a theme for verse and tuneful song, the poetry of its waving billows, the glint of the sunshine on its russet gold, and in all the expression of the tender and bountiful love of the All-Father. It is the same wheat field. Why such different views of it? The difference exists in the quality of the two minds. Vibrations and contacts are all that exist in Nature. Our minds, which are the reality, create all the rest in sensation and feeling. The mind sees no objects whatsoever, but only their idea. The ancients held that all things whatsoever existed in fact solely in the idea, and therefore the practitioner of Yoga was taught and soon discovered that sun, moon and stars were in himself.

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It is desire (Kama) that leads and propels to creation,—of worlds—cosmic children—as well as their pigmy inhabitants. It is the bond between entity and non-entity. Desire leads to knowledge; first along paths familiar through the animal instincts, where imagination leads us ever in a childish quest for the treasure that lies where the rainbow rests. Desire leads to knowledge and may be directed by mind to higher planes, where knowledge joined with truth and justice becomes Wisdom, and where creation reaches out into the Infinite. Job says, "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" XXVIII, 12. In another chapter he gives the answer, "With the Ancient is Wisdom"; (the "Ancient" is man's Higher Ego) "and in the length of days" (that is, in the number of its re-incarnations) "is understanding." XII, 12. St. James says, "The Wisdom that is from above" (from Higher Manas) "is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." III, 17. How different from the worldly-wisdom of to-day!

But this Higher Manas, the source of pure Wisdom, is yet asleep in all of us. Some of us show the restlessness of sleepers near their awakening, perchance disturbed by dreams. The sleeping faculties of the mineral realm dream of growth; the vegetable world swayed by sighing or shrieking winds, dreams of independent locomotion and voluntary voice; animals tamed by man, who dominates the globe, look wistfully into his eyes and dream of his wonderful powers. And we too, dream; of immortality—the cherished dream of all mankind; we dream of love which brings completeness, pure, unselfish and free from passion; we dream of justice and brotherhood and omniscience. Shall not our dreams come true? When Lower Manas shall project itself up toward Higher Manas, it will form the Antahkarana, the connecting link between the two, and then genius and prophecy and spiritual inspiration can flow from their source above down into the brain mind.

Those who have traveled this unknown way send messages back, and this is one of the messages: "Higher Manas is unconditionally omniscient on its own plane." Think of it! Omniscience your heritage, and mine, when we have learned to cross this little bridge; never again to falter through ignorance, never to go astray through delusion. The very *desire* to do and to become is the promise and potency of attainment; for desire is the mover of the Will, and in the realm of *thought*, the real world, Will rules supreme. The world of thought is a sphere whose radii proceed from one's self in every direction and extend out into space, opening up boundless vistas all around—"the centre which is everywhere, the circumference nowhere."

We hardly know the meaning of the word "Will." It suggests to us the arbitrary or the despotic, while in fact the highest exercise of Will comes from a knowledge of Nature's laws and directing our will in harmony with them. Creation is but the result of Will acting on phenomenal matter, the calling forth out of it the primordial divine Light and Life. All of man's inventions are created first in the mind and then precipitated into matter. The human Will, the Will of Higher Manas, is all-powerful, and the Imagination stands next to it in power and is its inseparable ally. When imagination is check-reined, trained and guided, it becomes the Constructor in the Human workshop, the King faculty. It evolves in the astral substance an image or form which may then be used in the same way as an iron moulder uses a mould of sand for the molten metal. Will cannot do its work if Imagination be at all weak or untrained. Matter is held suspended in the

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air all about us. The Adept (one who is at home in Higher Manas) selects a form, and Imagination photographs it, sharply definite in every line, in a mind picture, and then Will precipitates from the air the pigment to fall within the limits laid down by the brain, the most highly evolved organism in the world, "the exhaustless generator of force and form." Or the Adept disperses the atoms of an object to such a distance from each other as to render the object invisible, and can then send them along a current formed by his will in the ether to any distance on the earth. At the desired point, the dispersing force is withdrawn when immediately cohesion re-asserts itself and the object re-appears intact.

These, and yet more wonderful powers belong to Mind, the recital of which seems to us enumerating the attributes of Divinity. They will be man's possession in the future. They *are* the possession of a chosen few now. They would be ours to-day were it not for blind dogmatism, selfishness and materialistic unbelief. When we shall free ourselves from these and hush the cries of the animal within, then we can hearken to the Voice of Silence and walk illuminated by the clear, steady brilliance of the *Divine* Light of *Mind*.

THE GENESIS AND PURPOSE OF MUSIC.

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

ONLY a very few people, if indeed any, can be considered as wholly unsusceptible to the influence of music. But because of its intangible and indefinable properties, the value of this influence, when considered in its aspect of moral guide and character moulder—is mostly underrated. Music as an instructor is *sui generis* and employs a method all its own, differing fundamentally from any other method, through which intelligence can be imparted to the human understanding. Thus it is not through reflection or ratiocination that the element of music enters our consciousness, but on the contrary depends for its true appreciation upon the suspension of these very functions. Evidently there are centres in the human constitution, that do not require the slow and cumbersome machinery of thinking and reasoning to transmit impressions into our consciousness. If we read a poem or study a painting, our profit of the mental and moral wealth contained in these art presentations, is directly proportionate to the extent our intellectual faculties—our perceptive, reflective and reasoning faculties have been employed in the process. A poem or a painting, however exalted its character may be, must be *intellectually understood* in order to be thoroughly appreciable, while when listening to music every effort to analyze its technical make-up unfits us at once to partake of its inner moral sense.

The account which Mozart gives of the mode and method of his musical conceptions may serve as a case in point for the likelihood of the view here taken. The wonderful conceptions of his master-genius which he embodied in musical compositions, entered his consciousness without—as he himself tells us—any assistance of the intellectual faculty. The several elements of the composition appeared to him before his inner vision as the flitting scenes in a moving panorama, presenting detail after detail, the one passing out of his consciousness as the other entered, until the whole totality, full-orbed and rounded out in all its details emerged from the unknown and invisible, to pass in dramatic order before his mind. This final review, when the entire composition in its minutest

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details and in all its glory appeared upon the scene, he describes as resembling the pictorial representations of a strong, fine dream and carrying with it a feeling of the most absorbing rapture.

Thus music seems to draw its elements from a source far beyond the reach of intellection, and carries on a direct communication between the human soul and the Universal soul. The intelligence thus received might be called "direct knowing," attained to without the agency of the lower, intellectual mind. The painter and poet, notwithstanding their own intuitions, can reach the consciousness of their fellow men only through reason and reflection, inasmuch as their genius in order to be intelligible must be clothed in form or symbol. Descriptive arts such as poetry, painting and sculpture, refer to the estimates of a weighing and balancing reason, and though the forms and figures assumed by these arts, may strike us as new and original, in their details they are nevertheless copies obtained from the phenomenal world. Hence we may hold, that the truths revealed by the pencil, chisel or word, can reach our consciousness only through individual thought processes. Thus the *word* in which the poet finds a vehicle for his ideas, depends for its more or less true appreciation upon the discerning and judging capacities of the reader's mind. The musical composer depends upon no forms or verbal limitations when paving his way to the consciousness of his fellow men; his creations have no patterns in the world of form, but are the limitless expressions of original spiritual vision, delivering the intuitional messages without the distorting medium of ratiocination.

The value of music as a moral guide is therefore easily conceived. The moral idea when reaching us through the instrumentality of intellection becomes more or less colored by its intermediary channels. But through the agency of music we are ushered directly into the sanctuary of divinity and receive the moral idea in undefiled purity, serene and holy as its source. Language fails utterly to describe or even to hint at the thrills of silent bliss that pierce our being when we listen to the magic of harmonic sounds. An indefinable feeling of oneness or identity with every unit of existence creeps over the soul; we experience a sense of boundlessness, and disappear in the universal. Lifted up by the mighty, soul-stirring waves of rhythm, we feel as if carried through spheres of love and beauty towards the altar of eternal truth. There, with the stormy bursts of passions and desires silenced, with the whole sensorium of the mind in a temporary suspension, spiritual verities become exposed to the gaze of the soul, as we drink from the ever flowing fountain of holy truth the exhilarating draughts of moral and spiritual regeneration. Through the medium of music our souls are made to vibrate in unison with the World-soul, and its mighty reservoir of purity and love pours out on us its riches. We become suddenly filled with a sense of exalted morality and sympathy for the forces and powers that make for good; feelings of self and personality, ever attendant on our ordinary life, dissolve in such moments into compassion and a limitless largeness of heart—like the flitting shadows of night melt away to a rosy dawn when the sun wells up an ocean of light over an awakening world. The moral impulses received during such "journeyings with deity" are of highest order, and furnish an ideal guide for human conduct. It is true that these exalted notions do not always obtain a permanent seat in our ordinary consciousness, but give way to other influences when the music has ceased to rule us with its melodies; but it is also true that every repetition of subjecting oneself to such elevating influences, traces deeper and more defined channels in our mind until finally a direction of

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thought has been established, and the tide of our moral nature turned permanently towards the good and the ideal.

The influence which music exerts upon the animal creation is another evidence of its super-intellectual source. For were music an output of intellectual processes, it would have remained wholly lost to the animal consciousness, especially to those of the less developed order, as in the latter there can hardly be suspected any elements of thought and reason. Therefore it must be through the instinct, which is identical in essence, though not in degree, with the human intuition, that the harmonies of music can find a response in the animal consciousness. And it is further to be noted that the lower the position the animal occupies in the natural evolution, and the less it can be suspected of possessing reflective powers, the more susceptible is it to the influence of music. Thus the snake charmer has in his pipe or flute a power to which the most dangerous reptile finds itself compelled to surrender. Rats and mice are extremely fond of music, and may under its influence expose themselves unconcernedly to impending dangers. The skylark and the nightingale whose musical presentations are not without technical precision must, in lack of any other instructor, be supposed to obtain the notes for their musical performances directly from the great conservatory of "the harmonies of the spheres."

But not only animals are susceptible to music. The movements of the molecules that constitute what is termed material substances are regulated by the rhythm of sound. I once heard an old German professor affirm that in the grand organ in one of the European cathedrals—I think the Strassburger Münster—is to be found, a note, which if sounded alone would shatter the Temple to dust. This stupendous power of sound has already entered the region of more or less recognized facts. Already have ordinances been issued by a number of cities both in the United States and in Europe in which music bands are prohibited from performing on iron bridges. This universal power of music to introduce changes in the constitution of things and objects exposed to its influence indicates irresistibly the interrelation in which all nature's products stand to each other, from the atoms of a piece of metal up to the highest arch-angel—united through the universal medium of rhythm.

To the ancient this mighty instrumentality for the play of universal energy was by no means unknown. Orpheus, we are told, moved the birds in the air and the fishes in the deep by the melodies from his godstrung lyre. Even trees and rocks yielded to the magic of his divine overtures and moved in accord with his melodious strains, yes, even the grim visage of the ferryman on the river Styx relaxed its deadly sternness, when Orpheus upon his journey to Tartarus, let his instrument vibrate in the dismal regions of the underworld. In the fabled theatre of Orpheus, where all kinds of beasts of prey assembled to form his grotesque audience, is likewise indicated the power music exercises over the brute creation. As long as the performance proceeded, the various instincts and appetites of the animals were held in check, and species—at other times the most irreconcilable enemies, fraternized in a spirit of touching brotherhood; but no sooner had the last strain died away before their native promptings asserted their power, and a warfare of everyone against everyone set in with all the fury of murderous instincts.

Amphion, another interpreter of Apollo, is credited with having built the walls around Thebes by causing rocks to move in accord with the tones from his flute and to assume the shape of symmetrical structures. These and a multitude of kindred traditions seem to indicate that mankind once were in the possession

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of an insight into the potencies of sound, and of power to manipulate them, but lost these attainments by their heedless pursuit of the sensuous and purely material, and by their neglect of the intuitional and divine, as it is only through the activity of the latter that we can succeed in bringing into play the dormant powers which lie as germs in the mysterious depths of human nature.

Thus music would seem to serve as a link connecting the visible to the invisible, being a vehicle or means by which man may obtain knowledge concerning his divine ancestry, and be guided by it when entering upon self-conscious relations to spiritual forces. What, then, is the character of this marvelous element —all pervading and all controlling—*i. e.*, what is the genesis of music?

The manifestation of all life and consciousness, of form and substance, proceeds through the endless flow of impulse welling out from an unknown and indefinable source. It is this undifferentiated, ever-moving energy, lying back of and engendering all motion, that is included in the term *monad*. The latter can therefore not be thought of as a monad, but as *the* monad, as the contemplation of its essence and mode of action conveys to one's mind the idea of a wave of vital force that moves from shore to shore of universal life—if the expression be permitted—casting up infinite varieties of form and substance. Each of these manifestations—be it a pebble, a worm. a man, or angel—expresses in terms of form and substance the degree of development attained by the monad in its course through universal evolution. Though in itself invisible and unknown, the monad reveals to us the course and character of its movement by bringing about conscious relations between its essence and the available senses of our nature. Thus the monad addresses the physical being through his fivefold sense-perception, as sound, light, smell, touch, taste, each of these functions expressing but the different aspects of one and the same original energy.

In sound, however, we find a substratum to all the other elements of sensation. For as the key to growth and development lies in motion so the character of motion is contained in the mystery of sound. Thus in sound we find a register of motion—an index, so to speak, in which the whole sweep of universal motion has an appropriate correspondence. As for instance, to use a rough explanation, the sound following a bullet whizzing through the air, describes the course and movement of the bullet, so the monad, moving through Universal evolution must give rise to what we might conceive of as ideal or undifferentiated sound. That a force-current however, may be manifested, its course must be disturbed, like a smoothly flowing body of water reveals it course and strength by the ripples produced by an obstacle placed in it. Likewise electricity, magnetism, heat, gravity and a number of other forces become known to us only through disturbances caused by terrene conditions in the current of some cosmic energy. The sound or rather its abstract conception moves in mighty waves through the various planes of cosmos, ever registering the course and character of the monadic movements. To our physical ear this "sound" however is ideal silence as its currents sweep through our auditory nerve centres without conscious appreciation by the latter. First through a disturbance of its homogeneous essence set up by mechanical changes in the medium through which it flows, this "sound" becomes audible to our hearing apparatus, and from subjectivity passes into objectivity.

From the definite relations always existing between a cause and its effect, it follows that a given disturbance of the subjective sound wave must elicit a corresponding objective sound; and a sympathetic arrangement of these disturbing

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causes would naturally give rise to facilities, through which an intelligible interpretation of this inaudible sound might be brought about. Such a systematic arrangement is found in our tone-scale, and by striking a series of notes on an appropriate instrument we succeed in setting up such disturbances in the sound substratum that its reponses address our ears as music.

If this be so, the influence of music cannot possibly be overestimated. For if we admit that sound holds in its bosom the method of monadic unfoldment, it must be through and by music that we possess an instrumentality by means of which we are able to elicit from old mother nature an answer to the questions of life and death. Thus by setting up a vibration that could disturb the movement of the life energy at work in fashioning—let us say—a flower, the consciousness ensouling that flower would be elements of our knowledge. Similarly with other objects of natural and spiritual evolution. The soul would be capable under the magic guidance of music, of entering into self-conscious relations with the numberless lives and essences that surround her.

This is the grand mission of the musical genius: to succeed in arranging such a system of mechanical agents that the vibrations set up by them may elicit just such revelations of the World-soul that correspond to and express his ideal conceptions. He must possess the entirely intuitional power of discerning the relations existing between the symbol and the idea; between divine thought and material form. Through his intuition, the composer obtains an idea from the Universal Mind—*i. e.*—he permits a ray of the eternal true to reflect itself in his soul. Next he feels the want of imparting this divine message to his fellow-men. But to refer them to his own source and method of information would be of little use as only a mind endowed with the same purity and responsive readiness as his own could enter into a direct relation to the ideal. So the genius proceeds to define his idea and to trace its silent current in the monadic stream. His art he now applies, and by skillfully producing a series of mechanical sounds, corresponding to the character of his spiritual vision, he creates a disturbance in the mystic "silence" and interrupts the current in which his idea floats. Thus interrupted, the idea manifests in terms of tones and melodies, and reveals its meaning to listening mortals.

To the extent the composer has succeeded in evoking vibrations that correspond to his intuitions, to that extent is his composition true; and to the extent his mind has been pure and holy, to that extent is his composition ethically exalted, as only the morally developed mind is capable of reflecting the moral idea. And this at once leads us to the conclusion that as well as music pure and elevating, so there must likewise be music impure and degrading. Yet as music in itself—in its own eternal essence—must ever be considered as perfect, ever divine—it follows that all discords and impurities which we meet in a great number of modern compositions must be attributed to the defective nature of the composer. If he has a morally exalted nature; if the principles which constitute his moral, mental and physical make-up are harmoniously developed and capable of giving an adequate response to the elements or principles potentially inherent in music, his compositions will be divine, and he a teacher of highest order.

Such is the music of a Wagner and others, whose creations, be they elaborate symphonies, religious hymnals or popular melodies re-echo in the human heart the infinite harmonies of pure, untainted Being. Again if the moral nature of the composer is only partially developed, enabling to catch only disconnected and disproportioned aspects of

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the fullness he attempts to interpret, his productions will reveal only distorted ideals to his listeners, and in place of being morally elevating, his music becomes morally corrupt. For evil is but misconstructed or misrepresented good, and an unequal stimulation of the seven centres or principles in the human constitution disturbs the balance of soul-growth, by causing an overplus of potency in one principle, and a corresponding atrophy in others.

Music therefore, like all other manifestations of the perfect through the imperfect, has its two poles of expression, has its pair of opposites, its good and evil sides—guiding and directing the individual either to heaven or to hell as the case may be. And being thus exposed to an energy which by its very nature eludes the deliberations of reason and reflection, the individual finds himself to a large extent at the mercy of his composer. For through the mighty agency of rhythm the latter can sway the minds of his listeners as completely as a hypnotizer can control his subject. According to the character of the music so will the person subjected to its influence find his several constitutional principles affected.

If the composer's inspirations are of a wholly kamic order, the evoked vibrations will solely affect the kamic principle of the listener and arouse its activity in an abnormal degree. And as no stimulus is given to the remaining principles, the balance of the inner man is disturbed and the mind plunged into a state of moral chaos. Dormant appetites will awaken and clamor for gratification, and finally some favorite passion obtaining control of the victim hurls him headlong into the commission of deeds, which his nature, left in its ordinary balance, would never have sanctioned.

As such moral convulsions of the individual mind may seriously retard, and even inhibit the evolution of the soul, it becomes of eternal importance to mankind to avoid all kinds of impure music. The music furnished by our saloons, variety theatres and even at times by military bands, by their onesided pandering to the nurture and growth of some one or other passion and appetite, at the expense and starvation of nobler promptings add in a baleful measure to the sum total of human wretchedness. When society as a whole shall have learned to realize the stupendous power active in music, either for good or for evil, the moral forces of this world shall become equipped with a new armament in their crusade against the powers of darkness.

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THE LARGER WOMANHOOD.

RY C. M. N.

(*Continued.*)

THE SECOND GOOD LEVEL.—RIGHT PURPOSE.

The second is *Right Purpose*. Have good will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath: so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing bye."

IT has been said that selfishness is the ruling trait in human nature; that every good deed, every philanthropy, if traced to its secret motive, will be found to have its root in selfishness. The rich man builds great institutions of learning or charity to perpetuate his name. The man in business labors to amass a fortune that he and those he loves may enjoy the luxuries and culture of life. The unlettered man labors with the same motive, to bring to himself the fulfillment of his humbler and ruder desires. Even the mother who sacrifices so much for her child, says MY child, with a love as selfish as it is great.

Our purpose to be Right, must be unselfish, and therefore it must start from the heart. It is a lesson that we learn slowly. Often its only successful teacher is sorrow. Like the sorrowing mother who went to Lord Buddha, asking aid for her stricken child, after a long and painful search for a cure for her sorrow, we are often obliged to say "Ah, sir, I could not find a single house where there was mustard seed and none had died" and finding so the "bitter balm" and knowing "that the whole wide world weeps with our woe" we realize the true brotherhood of man; and by driving out in such measure as we can, the sense of separateness, we can begin at the root of the matter in our own hearts to foster right purposes. We must remember that the selfish devotee lives to no purpose.

Having purified our purpose, we must fix it in our hearts. It must not be the sport of our impulses and emotions, to be pursued with frantic zeal to-day and half forgotten to-morrow. It must be in very truth a purpose. It is written, "Ere the golden flame can burn with steady light the lamp must stand well guarded, in a spot free from all wind. Exposed to the shifting breeze the jet will flicker and the quivering flame cast shades deceptive, dark and ever changing on the soul's white shrine." So must we plant the lamp of our Right Purpose deep in our heart, must fix the pure white light firmly upon the corner stone of the foundation of our being, that it may not flicker with the winds of passing thought, and by casting deceptive and ever changing shadows lure us from our great aim.

Based upon the broad foundation of the brotherhood of humanity our Right Purpose will be far-reaching in its effects. We will in very truth have good will to all that lives, letting unkindness die, and greed and wrath. To all that lives, to man and beast, to friend and stranger, Good Will! When Buddha brought the message to the world the earth lay hushed and peaceful under the mighty magic of the words. Hundreds of years afterwards celestial beings sang the same song at the coming of another MASTER and all the earth rejoiced. But in our hearts the discords of life arise and drown the echo of this song of life. And yet, somewhere in every human heart, this mystic song still rings. Some call it "the cry of life" but it is a song, the faint and broken echoes of the good will to all sung by all the Masters of pure heart. To bring out and restore this lost harmony the great "lost chord" of human brotherhood; "To point out the

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way, however dimly and lost among the host, as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness," such is the work before us. Were such a work confined to one brief life we would indeed be overwhelmed with the sense of its magnitude. As it is we stand upon the threshold with fear and trembling until we realize that each word and thought must be a power for good or evil. That each of us is in the place, and the only place for which he is fitted, that "He who does not go through his appointed work in life has lived in vain," and that "it is better to do one's own duty even though it be devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well." "It is better to perish in the performance of one's own duty, the duty of another is full of danger." Knowing these things we turn bravely to the work nearest our hand. We are cheered and encouraged by the knowledge that the kindly action done in the seclusion of our home, the conquering of our impatience in the nursery, the kind, good thought held firmly over some erring friend, in the silent midnight, while we watch beside some bed of sickness, are forces as mighty as Nature herself and will bear their karmic results just as surely as will the conquering of a nation, and are, in their place, just as important.

Right Purpose must take into consideration all the circumstances surrounding the individual. What would be a right purpose for the woman without home ties might be a radically wrong purpose for the woman with a home. The deed that would be a high duty for the woman without a family of children might be the reverse for her whose heart and hours were full, caring for the souls in little bodies.

It is safe to say that nothing is a right purpose which calls us from the duty that lies nearest our hand. Therefore it will be seen that no set rule can be laid down, but each one's conscience must be the guide.

We stand upon the threshold of our seemingly narrow individual lives and our hearts are overflowing with the grand thought of good will to all that lives, and we would fain rush out to do and die, if need be, for this great suffering humanity. We see the greed and unkindness all around us and we wish to carry this loving message to the world. Our hearts are on fire. Our impulse is strong. Our imagination is exalted. Our purpose is kindly, and upon the surface unselfish, for we feel that we would willingly suffer if we might do this work.

A tiny hand plucks at our skirt. The homely duties of the household call us back to our every-day life with a shock, that for the time robs us of enthusiasm, and we feel that we have missed our opportunities. Many of us have known these experiences, have grieved over them and wondered and sighed, "It might have been."

Dear Sisters, there is the mistake we all make so readily. Those duties we sighed for were not *our* duties. Our own comes to us always, without fail. Neither is there anything great or small.

When in the family, if we can be a companion, a true helpmeet for some honest man, rather than a plaything and a drag, we are accomplishing much indeed. When we can make the home over which we rule a centre of strength, peace, self-control and purity, for the members of it who must go out into the warring elements of the world to fight the battle of life; when we can make it a place to which they can return to regain their self balance, and get a fresh start, always from the right point, we are doing no mean or insignificant thing for humanity. Indeed were such homes the rule instead of the exception there would be little outside work necessary.

There too, we may learn and teach the difference between sympathy and sentimentality and between love and its caricature, animal desire. Lessons that

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must be well learned and lived in our homes before we can hope for true social purity.

And then the children, what a wealth of opportunities they bring. Is it nothing to help some soul learn the lesson of self-control; to teach the child that your gentle but firm control of it is but to the end that it may learn to control itself; to watch for its mental health and comfort while you care for the physical body; to trace with loving finger the page of Spiritual wisdom, the learning of the soul, at the same time as ou help with the gathering of material knowledge necessary for this life, and so see the spirit, soul and body grow fair and strong together and so know that you have accelerated the upward progress of one soul?

Who, realizing the grandeur, the breadth and depth of these duties (which for the vast majority of women are our duties) can long for larger opportunities and broader fields of action?

Why, Sisters, do you not know that wives and mothers may, if they will, work hand in hand and heart to heart with Masters for the uplifting of humanity in this and coming generations?

Only we must learn to do our duty without looking longingly to another's work and to do our whole duty by every duty.

There are other duties which we all share in common with the women who have no home ties. These are our duties to our own circle of friends. Here as elsewhere we should base kindness upon true unselfishness. In the times of sorrow, temptation and wavering which come to all of us, we should be steady, patient, kind and unchanging, thereby being truly helpful, a friend indeed, a friend in need. To the friend and to the stranger, we should give the true courtesy of honest kindness both in judgment and manner.

These are large lessons which can be learned in any walk of life, and which we can always learn best in the surroundings in which we find ourselves.

Every cause has an effect. In honestly striving to form and firmly hold these right purposes to do our duty well without selfishly longing to do some other duty that looks larger, for the gratification of the vanity of the "I" so prominent in us; in learning to truly rejoice when the Karma of some other brings to her what seems from our standpoint, ripe opportunities for large duty, and the strength and purity of purpose to perform the task, we are setting up causes that must result in the higher, broader growth of our own character. By it we are gaining mastery of ourselves, without which we cannot hope to stand firmly on the upper levels of the path; without which we will surely lose our balance at some perilous point in the road and topple headlong into the abyss only to travel all the weary road again with infinite pain and labor. Aye, truly are they blest, who learn this lesson of self-mastery on the lower levels of the road. Thus shall we be prepared by our own work for constantly widening fields of labor.

Opportunity comes only to the prepared and we can add with equal certainty, it never fails to come to the prepared. Nature has no misfits, we are all in the places we are in because we belong there and nowhere else.

"Take, then, as much as merit has in store for thee, oh, thou of patient heart. Be of good cheer and rest content with fate. Such is thy Karma, the Karma of the cycle of thy births, the destiny of those, who in their pain and sorrow are born along with thee, rejoice and weep from life to life chained to thy previous actions." "Act thou for them to-day and they will act for thee to-morrow. 'Tis from the bud of renunciation of the self that springeth the sweet fruit of final liberation."

Remembering these things and living upon these lines we shall be strong, and

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tender, and courageous. Our lives shall be like sweet airs passing by. We shall sow day by day, the seed whose Karmic harvest shall be final liberation, for Karma never fails.

"Sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots and bitter things
From poison stocks; yea, seeing too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a 'then' as 'now'?
Haply much better, since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little naked grey spring buds."

So is each faltering but sincere effort upward of the little naked, grey spring bud whose sure fulfillment will be the perfect flower of the larger womanhood.

(*To be continued.*)

GOTAMA THE BUDDHA.

A SKETCH OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

PART II.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

WE left Gotama standing on the pinnacle of worldly happiness, the darling and hope of a great nation, wedded to a princess of incomparable beauty and loveliness of character and the happy father of a boy whose artless prattle was the joy and music of his life. As he traversed the marble terraces of his palace in the full enjoyment of all that art and wealth could invent and procure, or wandered through its gilded corridors, forgotten were the lessons he had learned amidst the frivolities and unrealities of his father's court. The past with its gleams and flashes and dim foreshadowings of something higher and more enduring than earthly and material things; with its fleeting perceptions and intuitions of a domain of life and light, the heart's true home, the spirit's glorious habitat, all these in the sunshine and effulgence of pleasing and sensuous delights in which he lived and moved, all were forgotten, their memory faded away and Gotama like many a pilgrim, with senses charmed and lulled by the melody of sweet sounds and the sight of some enchanting bower by the wayside, in a moment of weakness and forgetfulness strayed from the upward and onward path and lying down, dreamed the happy hours away. But dreams have their ending; the awakening comes at last and we have to arise and face the stern actualities of to-day and realize that we must be up and doing.

Years rolled by with Gotama, and his awakening dawned at last. The same old thoughts and restless feelings, the same desires and longings and aspirations began once more to operate within him. He felt again that inward yearning and craving after something indefinable which eluded his every attempt to grasp and comprehend it and without the acquisition of which, life must be a blank, and existence but a protracted misery. There was now this great difference in favor of Gotama. Formerly he had no one to whom he could unfold and make known without fear of ridicule his inward thoughts and feelings, no one who could give the key and explain the

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strange mental state in which he then was, but now there was Gopa to whom he could have recourse in his dark and joyless moments and make known the inward mental unrest and disquietude of soul which were again agitating and operating within him ; and she the pure-minded spiritual Gopa proved herself to be a true friend and counsellor in what was to be the most important epoch, the great turning point in his life. She divined the nature and meaning of the great crisis that was at hand ; that the throes of a new birth into the higher life were coming on and knew also what it all meant for her, that the time was drawing nigh, that the hour was about to strike when that great soul must break away from all the ties that had bound him, and forsaking kindred and friends, must go forth to the accomplishment of his high destiny. Gopa had doubtless learned from some aged member of the court, the wondrous incidents of his birth and the remarkable predictions of his future greatness as a Buddha destined to bring light to mankind and deliver the world from the darkness and thraldom of ignorance. Pondering over these things within herself, and ready to sacrifice everything which makes life dear, in order that Gotama might achieve the great mission awaiting him, it came to pass, that when absorbed in meditation on the great problems of life and death, wearied with vain and fruitless attempts to resolve them and indulging in pessimist ideas, Gotama gave expression to his feelings of despondency, it was Gopa who raised him out of the Slough of Despond into which he was again sinking and portrayed to him the future in bright and vivid colors, and encouraged him to arouse and prepare himself for his life's work.

Noble and magnanimous Gopa ! It was indeed a dire and terrible sacrifice for her to make ; to part and become separated, how long, she knew not, from one in whom was centred the hopes of her earthly existence, to forego the joys and endearments of domestic life, the converse and presence of the one being around whom the tendrils of her affectionate nature clung, as clings the ivy round the oak, for her the admired, the loved of all, to become bereaved of husband, to drag out existence and henceforth to roam the world, its tired, weary denizen. This the fearful prospect before her ; but she heeded not and in making this great renunciation, became enrolled into that great sisterhood of noble and true-hearted women whose daily sacrifices of self remain so often unnoticed and unknown. And now the same old thoughts and feelings had again assailed him. The same vague restless craving after an ideal which eluded all his efforts to give it form and expression, and that terrible inward vacuity which like an incubus crushed him down, that feeling of infinite compassion for the misery and suffering afflicting humanity, combined with a deep yearning to become the means of alleviating the lot of mankind and deliver it from the heavy burden under which it groaned and grieved, all these caused the life of Gotama to become a very unhappy one. "Nothing is stable on earth," he used to say, "nothing is real. Life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted and extinguished and we know not whence it came or whither it goes. There must be some supreme Intelligence where we can find rest. If I could attain it, I could bring light to mankind. If I were free myself I could deliver the world."

"If I were free myself!" In these few words lies enfolded the secret of the unhappiness Gotama was enduring, the bondage of his higher self to his lower nature with its strong passions and propensities towards the indulgence of those pleasures of sense, whose tendency is to obscure and depress the divine within us, until at last, men and women become metamorphosed, changed into mere ani-

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mated bundles of selfishness, the origin of all the ills and evils which afflict humanity. To burst the bonds, to break the yoke of this galling servitude of self was now the great problem that absorbed the attention of Gotama and engrossed all his powers of thought. And this has been the great problem of all ages. Many have been the expedients tried and suggestions put forth and systems of philosophy elaborated, specious in their pretensions but which have proved *ignes fatui*, deceitful illusions luring benighted mortals to irremediable failure and disaster and this must ever be so, as long as we are regardful of self and its gratification, as long as we are attracted and become attached to the phenomenal, the unreal and untrue, and live content their willing slaves. It is only when self is conquered and passion subjugated, the feelings curbed and restrained and thought disciplined, when worldly ambition and inordinate desires for the things of time and sense are cast away; when the true, the noble and manly become embodied in our words and actions, then and not till then do we become partakers of the Divine nature, emancipated and freed from those gross and sensual impediments which bind us to earth and deter us from entering into the enjoyments of that ideal Kingdom, the domain of light and life, the great common heritage awaiting us all at the termination of our weary pilgrimage through time.

For the solution of this great problem, the circumstances in which Gotama was placed, were unfavorable. Prince and heir of a mighty monarch, the darling and hope of a whole nation, with the accumulated weight of national, marital and parental duties devolving upon him, how could he think of shirking their discharge, how divest himself of the cares of state, how tear himself from kindred and friends and above all forego a love and affection like that of Gopa, which lighted up and illumined his life with the glow and sunshine of her own happy nature? These were the great sacrifices, the self-denials which he erroneously thought must be made ere he could be free. Was it worth the effort,—this inward victory which brought with it no popular applause and excited no acclamations of admiring multitudes? The question was moreover complicated with considerations which placed him in a great dilemma. It was not a question of duty and interest, for in his case, they were welded together and formed an undivided whole. It was one merely of happiness. Happiness was associated with the discharge of his princely duties as a monarch, a husband and parent, and happiness was the goal of victory over his lower nature; but where came in the duty to sacrifice and ignore the former in order to obtain the latter, which might after all prove illusionary in its character. Gotama long pondered over the matter, long the question remained undecided, oscillating as in a balance, until at length occurred an event which gave the necessary momentum in deciding and determining his future destiny and which is graphically described by a learned French savant, Barthelemy St. Hilaire in his biography of Gotama.

One day when Gotama with a large retinue was driving through the eastern gate of the city on the way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man broken and decrepit in body. The veins and muscles over the whole of his body were quite visible, his teeth chattered. He was covered with wrinkles, bald and hardly able to utter hollow and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick and all his limbs and joints trembled. "Who is that man?" said the prince to his coachman. "He is small and weak, his muscles stick to his skin, his flesh and blood are dried up. His beard is white, his teeth chatter, his body wasted away and leaning on his staff, he is hardly able to walk and stumbles at every step. Is there any-

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thing peculiar to his family or is this the common lot of all created beings?" "Sir," replied the coachman, "that man is sinking under old age, his senses have become blunted, suffering has destroyed his strength and he is despised by his relatives. He is without support and homeless and people have abandoned him like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature, youth is followed and defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends will come to the same state. It is the appointed end of all creatures." "Alas!" replied Gotama, "are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them? As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn the chariot quickly. What have I, the future prey of old age, what have I to do with pleasure?" and Gotama returned to the city without going to his park.

Another time the prince drove through the southern gate to his pleasure garden when he perceived on the road a man suffering from illness, parched with fever, his body wasted, covered with mud, without a friend, homeless, hardly able to breathe and frightened at the sight of himself and the approach of death. Having questioned his coachman and received from him the answer he expected, the prince said: "Alas! health is but the sport of a dream and the fear of suffering must take this frightful form. Where is the wise man who after having seen what he is, can any longer think of joy and pleasure?" Then he turned his chariot and went back to the city.

A third time he drove to his pleasure gardens through the western gate, when he saw a dead body on the road lying on a bier and covered with a cloth. The friends stood about crying, sobbing and tearing their hair, covering their heads with dust, striking their breasts and uttering wild cries. On witnessing this painful scene the prince exclaimed, "Oh! woe to youth, which must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life where a man remains so short a time! If there were no old age, no diseases, no death, if these could be made captive forever." Then betraying for the first time his intentions, the prince said: "Let us turn back. I must think how to accomplish deliverance."

The time for decision was now approaching. The choice was soon to be made and another incident put an end to his hesitation. He drove through the northern gate on the way to his pleasure gardens when he saw a mendicant who appeared outwardly calm and subdued, looking downward, wearing with an air of dignity his religious vestment and carrying an alms bowl. "Who is this man?" asked Gotama. "Sir," replied the coachman, "this man is one of those who are called Bikshus or mendicants. He has renounced all pleasures, all desires, and leads a life of austerity. He tries to conquer himself. He has become a devotee. Without passion, without envy, he walks about asking for alms." "This is good and well said," replied the prince. "The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge and the refuge of other creatures. It will lead us to a real life, to happiness and immortality." With these words the prince turned his chariot and drove back to the city. The die was cast, the decision made, and life, eternal life was his choice.

But in resolving henceforth to become a devotee and renouncing worldly grandeur, an almost insuperable barrier was raised against his carrying it out by the action of his aged parent, who, remembering the wondrous prophecies uttered at the time of his birth was now alarmed at the prospect of his son's becoming a devotee. He doubled the prince's guards and issued strict injunctions they should

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never lose sight of him nor cease watching his every act. Wherever he went, whatever he did, Gotama felt conscious of the presence of spies who would act up to their instructions and thwart his endeavors to carry out his design. Gotama, however, bided his time, and at last seizing a favorable opportunity when his guards, wearied out by continual watching had fallen asleep, he aroused Tshanda, his faithful groom, and ordered him to saddle his horse without delay. Ere quitting his room, he turned to take a last fond look at the sleeping forms of Gopa and his darling boy. A moment and the great deeps of his affectionate nature welled up, a great wave of mental anguish caused his stalwart form to reel and bend, as bends the stately oak before the tempest, a moment and it was gone, then mounting his horse, Gotama rushed forth followed by the groom, away! away! from the dwellings of careworn men; away from the madding crowd; from the din and noise of worldly strifes and cares, from the syren charms and illusions of the world, to the calm tranquility and enduring peace of a hermit's life.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

BY KATHERINE H. BUNKER.

SPENCER defines life as the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations and perfect life is made up of accurate correspondences.

Life is distinguished from death by one unfailing test—which is growth. We cannot conceive of growth without evolution or an unfolding. In the lower forms of life growth is only apparent in modifications of form, and these modifications must necessarily be accompanied by increased experience.

The expression used in evolutionary philosophy—"adaptation to environment"—carries with it this idea. The bird or insect which has lost the use of its wings from lack of necessity to use them may be assumed to have added to its experience, or the experience of its kind, the knowledge acquired as an earth-bound thing together with that which it obtained as a creature of the air.

Or, to take an illustration whose data will not extend over so wide an area as evolution. We see traits and capacities evolved by necessity in single individuals. For instance, a child or man becomes blind; by virtue of necessity he develops the power of distinguishing by the sense of touch things which could not be so recognized by one who sees with the eyes. Here he has added to his experience as a being with sight that of one who has developed an added power of perception. In these cases there is the continuous adjustment of the internal relations, or those which initiate and keep going the life impulse, to the external relations which supply the experiences through which and through which alone enlarged knowledge may come.

Seed alone cannot bring forth a harvest. In order to do so, the seed must give expression as a plant to the vital impulse locked up within it. The internal relations which not only give the impelling force to growth but determine the specific characteristics of type, variety and species must be continuously and harmoniously adjusted to the external relations of climate, soil and season. The correspondence must be a continuous and harmonious one. During the growth of the plant every effort of its entire existence, every force of its life impulse, is given up to the physical

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manifestation of itself as a plant in stem, branch, leaf and flower in turn and in strict harmonious sequence before the forces are turned inward to culminate as seed in the complete fruition of its life. The amount and quality of the seed so produced to give rise to future plants depends entirely and always upon the perfection of the physical manifestation—in other words, the external relations. If the gardener or some predatory animal or insect prevents the growth of branch and leaf, there can be no harvest or seed as the result of growth. The bare stalk remains as the only evidence of the vital impulses contained within the original seed. Also should the external manifestation of life show itself in excessive physical growth by virtue of faulty adjustment of external to internal relations there is an equally barren harvest, for all the life impulses have been dissipated in the production of that which perishes. Thus it is seen that without the perfect correspondence between the life impulse within and the material manifestation without, an equal balancing or harmonious adjustment of the internal to the external and *vice versa*. There can be no completion of the cycle by which alone existence can be measured.

Everything throughout the universe proceeds by virtue of absolute harmony. There can be no such thing as real isolation either internal or external. All forms of existence are interdependent.

Each planet has its own cycle, but could not maintain its course independent of the influence of all the other planets any more than it could apart from the influence of the sun itself. The absurdity of any planet attempting to start a cycle alone, even under the influence of the central sun, is manifest.

In man we see the action of the same immutable unswerving law. In his physical structure we find each cell has its own distinct functions in building up colonies of cells—each colony has its own work in maintaining the integrity of the separate physical functions of the body. The body could not grow or even maintain vitality if these relations should become inharmonious. Nature is always striving to restore perfect adjustment where any fault exists; she makes the attempt to throw off any cell or colony of cells which is out of harmony with the whole. Failing in this, the result is disease, decay and death. This universal law of harmonious adjustment applied to the external physical or evident relations must be equally applicable to the internal or causative and real relations, and becomes therefore a necessity for either growth or change, in other words, for life itself.

This necessity for harmonious adjustment of the internal relations to each other, of the external relations to each other and of the internal to the external being true in all forms of existence whether vegetable or animal life or the forces of the solar system, how much more necessary must it be to the race as applied to the relations between man and man. To say that we can live apart from and independent of each other is not only going in opposition to every law of nature but is a crime against our brother.

Harmony is perfect law. Discord or lack of harmony is crime. Any attempt of the individual, whether that individual be the cell, man, or planet, either in the physical or spiritual aspect to maintain its individuality regardless of the whole of which it is a part, or to express itself as a unit under the idea that it is or can become a law unto itself must bring upon itself the same penalty which attends a like effort on the part of the cell in the physical body.

"To live to benefit mankind is the first step," says the Voice of the Silence.

"Do not fancy you can stand aside from the bad man or the foolish man. They are yourself though in a less degree than your friend or your master. But if you allow the idea of separateness

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from any evil thing or person to grow up within you, by so doing you create Karma which will bind you to that thing or person till your soul recognizes that it cannot be isolated. Remember that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame; for you are a part of it; your Karma is inextricably interwoven with the great Karma."—(*Light on the Path.*)

THE KINDERGARTEN OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MARIE A. J. WATSON.

CHAPTER FOURTH. (*Continued.*)

KARMA THE RESULT OF EVOLUTION AND INVOLUTION.

AGAIN we read that matter must be refined, uplifted from its gross state and spiritualized. If this is true, says one critic, then matter must grow or evolve. This is true in a sense. Material Science claims, and rightly too, that the atoms of a man, a tree, a mountain, a dog or a cat, are of the same elements. An atom cast off by a man and taken up by a cat, does not make the cat other than cat-like. As soon as the atom becomes the cat's property, it is feline in its nature;

An illustration on the physical plane may make clear the distinction between the growth of matter *per se*, and the appearance of its growth; take the silk as it comes from the cocoon of the silk-worm, and contrast it with an elegant costume. Here we see the raw material, or matter in its simpler form transformed into a creation of beauty by the genius of *mind*. Thus may the soul by its creative faculty, by its aspiring to ever higher and higher forms of beauty transform matter to the corresponding thought within. We all know that there are artistic souls appreciating art in its various aspects, who are yet unable to express on the physical plane what is still captive on the psychic; they cannot manipulate matter in that specific direction. So we see that it requires something more besides the desire of the soul and the material, and this something is *skill*, which can only be had through training, through experience, the gaining of adeptship. The sculptor in embryo when handling his clay, at first produces crude forms, the soul within knows they are crude, and his ideal ever transcending his representation of it, he ventures again and again, improving with each earnest effort, until finally the majestic statue stands before him. We have music within even so far expressed as to be "running in the head," and yet we cannot make the beautiful melody audible, the instrument is not fitted for expression. Is it thinkable that God inflicts this necessity upon the soul? *Never.*

The whole Universe is open and accessible to the soul, it may go and help itself from out of the bountiful abundance of Infinitude. Nothing can restrict the soul's progress, but the soul itself, and when we recognize the significance of this truth the first barrier is burned away; for that which at a superficial glance seems only a theory becomes a fact when we search beneath the surface. The eddies and ebb-tides in the phenomena of our present life cannot and do not betray the whole truth, and the catch phrases of the materialistic thinker, reasoning from the standpoint of present results, are faulty and in the main untrue, for they seek the causes in the scum and dregs cast up by the ocean of time.

Karma, which the soul has been making ever since it became a conscious, thinking entity, is a necessity of the law of Cause and Effect; and when it appears to us as if we had no definite control over our environments, as though we

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were mere puppets dancing to the wire strings of fate, let us not forget to look backward for a glimpse of the truth into the mighty past. Then, too, we must remember the oneness of all, and how our Karma is interwoven with that of millions of souls. There is the race-Karma, national Karma, family and individual Karma; what an intricate problem to solve where the factors are so innumerable! In our limited knowledge of the immeasurable past we can only generalize, and deduce from great truths and broad principles, and thus obtain but an elementary outline of the Karma of a soul.

Karma always works in the most needed direction, and when we say it is a person's Karma that places him thus or so, it is equivalent to saying, that the particular phase of existence or experience in which the soul finds itself, while it is of its own making, is still the best possible unto it. We may not like it, we may not be in harmony with it, but that gives us no right to judge a soul, because in the nature of the case we cannot judge correctly; "we would bear false witness against our neighbor," since we know not where a soul truly stands, nor what is necessary to the further development of that soul, and therefore we should hold our peace. Let us endeavor to live up to our highest ideal of manhood and womanhood, and so inspire each other with nobler aims, with broader views, with greater charity, with diviner love. For after all there is no evil as an opposing absolute principle. The Absolute is colorless, and what appears in Manifestation as good and evil are only relatively so. Things are only lower or higher in their progressive relation. Any plane viewed from the altitude of a higher one may seem evil from its relativity rather than because it is a specific evil. In the evolution of human consciousness the first flickering ray is feeble, and knowledge of good and evil is limited, and as it expands, the responsibilities multiply in the proportion to the growth, bringing *Karma* in its train which the great Souls who have trodden the path have learned to obliterate on each plane as they have mastered that plane.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

Modern science regards forms as the sources of life; but metaphysical science looks upon forms as being the products of life. Metaphysical science teaches that space itself is life; and that there is no such thing as dead matter in the Universe. It teaches that life is everywhere, and all beings are connected together by a common link. The whole world consists of various states of will-power, and as all wills originally arise out of one will, they are all related together, and may be made to act and re-act upon each other. As the sun-shine penetrates through a glass window in a room, so the influences of the Astral Light enter into man, and as the rain is absorbed by the soil, and stones and rocks are impenetrable to it; so there are certain elements in man which absorb astral influences, while other elements in him resist their action, and he can become, like the stones and rocks, impenetrable to them. Good attracts good, evil attracts evil, good improves the good and causes it to become better, evil attracts evil and is rendered worse thereby. Good and evil influences come from the Astral world, and stimulate to action the corresponding elements existing in man. This ether is the messenger between the invisible and visible worlds.

There are necessarily various gradations of the Astral plane, and to which correspond material or objective phenomena. Upon whatever plane of consciousness the creature is, it is, strictly speaking, in its own world, and while on that plane cannot be conscious on any other. So upon whatever plane the being functions, from that plane it receives its nourishment and inspiration; and it

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likewise contributes or benefits only upon its own plane; it cannot go higher than its source; nothing can come out of the sphere of the mind but what has been drawn into it. If the Astral element in man can be sent into another man, such an Astral element may also be embedded in metals or other substances, and leave its influence in them; which explains the efficacy of amulets and the healing power attributed to certain places, the magnetism or Astral influence sent there by the power of the will remains effective so long as the influence permeates it.

So we see it is by the will of man that this atmosphere or originally pure Astral light can become vitiated or polluted. The animal not having developed within it the moral consciousness ot right or wrong doing, cannot pollute the Astral atmosphere. The character of the Astral Light is determined by man's free will; his thoughts are the food supplies which build up this atmosphere and from which man again re-absorbs his soul nourishment or inspiration. As a responsible and progressive being learning from experience, man, as an individual or as a race, is necessarily liable in the childhood stage of his career to mistakes, errors, and periods of perverted activity. But as an organic being, the child also of infinite perfection, he is a God in embryo. Hence, when man identifies himself with the laws of harmony in the Universe becoming, thereby, himself a part of the law, the inborn divinity will bloom to perfection.

The Astral Light is composed of magnetic forces which are being continually modified by man's will; according to the intensity of the will are these currents of force projected either for good or evil. When man opposes his finite will to the Divine will, or in other words when man considers himself divided and apart from all, when he caters to self, believing himself to be a separate thing from the universe, he dwarfs himself and his powers and objective phenomena will show the result. Life then becomes poisoned at the fountain head, with discord and disease at the core and the inner life can but reflect such conditions to the outer. We are all in our objective state just what we reflect from our Astral counterpart, and again the Astral World is the mirror of the objective. The psychical body is necessary to help to build up the spiritual man, as the animal body was necessary to help build up the human man, every infinitesimal part has its use, and contributes its share to the great whole. Man should realize this fact and when each shall strive for the best, we shall have the best as a result; we must not forget that the units make up the whole.

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IN DREAM OR WAKING

BY VERA PETROVNA JELIHOVSKY.

(*Continued.*)

A YEAR had fled by. New Christmas holidays had come, another New Year's Eve had stealthily crept in, to take the place of the one which was "seen in" by the little gathering in the house of the hospitable would-be magnate.

The wish Lila Rianoff burned at the stroke of twelve a year ago had found its fulfilment; her aunt and Anna Karssoff, and a good many more of her Parisian friends now thought of her as of one absent, for it was long since she was safely reëstablished under the paternal roof, in her beloved Russia.

However, she was not the only defaulter. Many of last year's party were missing. Out of the few who still were true to their purposes was Anna Karssoff, who was making brilliant progress at the Conservatoire, and also her especial friend Nicholas Saradsky. She had only one year more to stay in Paris, but he had two. And yet it was the ardent desire of both their hearts not to return home otherwise than in each other's company. Their reasons were plausible enough, for were it in the least bit possible, their way to Russia would be through the Embassy Church. But neither of them had much more than brilliant expectations, and so their wedding was postponed until a happier future.

Many of their friends were speculating on the subject, but the only one who knew exactly how matters stood, was Lila Rianoff, a letter from whom Anna was now reading, gaily smiling to herself, almost laughing aloud. The letter was so long, so full of details, of happy humor and wit, that Anna lingered a long time over it,—such a long time, indeed, that she was still far from the end when Nicholas rang at the door. The girl well knew who it was who rang so energetically, and ran to open the door herself, letter in hand.

"Well," asked the young fellow, "are you ready to start? And is it the opera or the variétés you have made up your mind for? Oh! I see, you have some good news."

"Very good news, indeed!" exclaimed Anna. "Lila is engaged to be married."

"To be married, and to whom, pray?"

"To Tlyinsky, doubtless."

"So that after all he had turned out to be the man of the bridge?"

"The man of the bridge, exactly. In this letter she tries to be as reserved as usual, but her heart is too full. It's the funniest, the happiest letter you can imagine. She is evidently perfectly convinced that Tlyinsky *is* her right fate, as the moment they met they felt like very old friends indeed, that at first glance they both knew they belonged to each other, that they loved—oh, more than that, that they always had loved each other, from the beginning of time, no matter whether they did or did not meet in actual life. So there is no help for it, they must be married."

"What an imagination the girl must have! It's all this new-fangled doctrine of the transmigrations of the soul, I suppose. May I have a cigarette?"

"Yes, do. But you are not right with regard to this question of transmigration. It is no transmigration, no metempsychosis at all, but repeated lives, or rather one continuous life, which is no more broken by death than by sleep."

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"So, something like Buddhism, then?" asked Saradsky not over eagerly, in fact more interested in the cigarette he was lighting, than in the topic of their conversation.

"Not quite. Lila has lots of fancies and ideas of her own. And she is so set on them, it's no use contradicting her, or even arguing with her. Some of the Parisian Spiritualists tried to convert her into their ranks, but without success. She says they differ on too many points."

"Ah! the whole business is utter bosh!" was Monsieur Nicholas Saradsky's verdict. "As well share the Persian belief, that Allah always creates husband and wife in one piece, then divides it in two and sends the halves to search for each other in this big world of ours. No wonder so many mistakes are committed, so many wrong halves take each other for the right ones."

"Exactly our case, I believe," stated Anna, in a tone the coldness of which was just a trifle too marked to be real.

But this statement her fiancé immediately tried to disprove in such a practical way, that the girl ran from him, and he ran after her until two chairs and a table were upset and a rug displaced.

This pleasant game was interrupted by the arrival of two future lady doctors, who had also known and liked Lila and with whom Anna could discuss the news at a greater length and altogether more satisfactorily than with Nicholas, who, she said, "was only a man, after all, and so could never show proper feeling."

"And did she actually recognize his face?" eagerly asked one of the girls.

"No, she did not," said Anna, "Lila would not dissemble with me, or with any one else in such a matter, and she says quite positively his face played no part in the recognition." . . .

"Of course!" sneered the only man present, "the recognition was purely of the spirit."

At this the girls threatened to go into Anna's room, to read Lila's letter in peace, and Nicholas held his tongue.

"Well," went on Anna, "the whole business is altogether uncanny. You know what a sensitive plant Lila is—how she always shuns new acquaintances. Indeed, her manner is only too cold and reserved even with the people she cares for. And—well, would you believe it? Three months ago, the very first evening they met, she talked to him as openly and freely as if they were the oldest of friends. But besides, there are two most wonderful particulars. Firstly, this Tlyinsky turns out to be a very close relation of the Kitaroffs. He is a nephew of the old man—the son of Kitaroff's own sister. But these two had quarrelled long before Tlyinsky was born, so the nephew and the uncle do not know each other."

"May I ask, is the nephew as rich as his uncle?" asked Saradsky.

"Oh, no! far from it, Lila writes he has nothing but what he earns."

"What a pity," regretfully said one of the visitors. "Were she to marry Kitaroff, would not she be just rolling in wealth!"

"God forbid! To marry a horrid old ruin like that."

"Oh, no! I mean the son, not the father. Was it not the young fellow who proposed to her?"

"Mademoiselle, you are utterly misinformed," put in Saradsky. "You ask Miss Anna Karssoff here present, she being the only reliable source of information, and moreover one of the *dramatis personæ* in the Kitaroff Comedy of Errors." Anna did not deign to take any notice of her fiancé's sneering remarks.

"That's the worst of it," she said. "The younger Kitaroff did not propose, at all, but his father did. Both father and son acted abominably to her, but the old man had some notions of honor, at least, whereas the other one, this dilapidated young monkey, with dandi-

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fied airs, is altogether too used to pay everything with money and deserves to be horsewhipped for the way he treated Lila."

Anna's guests laughed.

"The loving father and the dutiful son serenading under the same window. That's fun."

"But you ought to have seen the way Lila disposed of them. At first she was so hurt, so indignant, that her impulse was to throw Kitaroff's jewelry out of the window and never to set eyes on the worthy pair again. But when her anger cooled down, she thought she would have some fun out of the young fool."

"Well done!"

"It was very well done, indeed. She wrote him a very polite little note, asking him to call on her the same evening, and at the same time sent word to me and to one or two more friends so that we knew what to expect. Her aunt was also present and was in an awful fume, saying Lila was a young fool and was going to spoil the greatest chance a girl may have in life. Well, at the appointed hour, as sure as clock work, Monsieur André Kitaroff puts in an appearance, freshly shaven, dressed, shod and gloved like a fashion plate. Seeing Lila was not alone, he pulled a long face at first, but after a while Lila put him in the best of spirits and when his excitement was at the highest, she said: 'By the way, Monsieur André, here are the beautiful things you and your kind father sent me, you will oblige me by taking them back, likewise the note in which your father proposes to me. No doubt, it was most kind, most thoughtful of you to show me in such a delicate way you would be glad to have me for a stepmother. But kindness is a little too hasty sometimes. As to your venerable parent, please, tell him, I have too great a solicitude for his happiness to marry him, without loving him. So I must thwart your hopes of becoming my step-son.' And all this with the sweetest smile, in the sweetest tone of voice!" concluded Anna. "Well I may live to be a hundred but I shall never forget what a pitiful object this unsuccessful lady-killer looked. And the climax was reached when Lila's little cousin, who was not there at all but was purposely locked in the next room, began to snigger quite audibly."

Here Nicholas, who heartily enjoyed the story every time he heard it, also sniggered, the two girls joined him, and the merriment grew general and quite loud.

"Now to the second wonderful circumstance of this affair. Would you believe, that almost the very first words Tlyinsky ever said to her: 'I can not account for it, but do you know, Miss Rianoff, we have positively met before. I know you, but where we met before, puzzles and perplexes me, a sort of recurring thought, one can't drive away.' And a few days later, in Lila's home, he looked at her, with the same puzzled expression, and again said: 'As you sat there playing the piano, I positively could not get rid of a picture which repeatedly rose before my eyes. And is not it strange that a landscape I am not aware of ever having seen should be so vivid before my mental vision? It is a ravine or may be a gorge, all buried under deep snow, and a bridge, an old fashioned bridge, with a steep arch, also some tumbled down building close by.' . . . In fact, the very surroundings of Lila's own dream. Is not it wonderful!"

(*To be continued.*)

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A COMMERCIAL WARNING.

BY THOMAS FRANKLIN.

THE centre of commercial activity for the whole world is the city of London. In its very heart is an open space, bounded on one side by the Royal Exchange, a massive pile of architecture. To the left is the Bank of England, filling a whole block, a gloomy stone structure without a single window to break the monotony of its outlines. On the right is Lombard Street with its banks which represent the greatest monied interests of the world. Facing the Royal Exchange is the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor for his year of office.

In the open space the throngs of people are incessant, and the traffic unceasing, for seven important thoroughfares pour in their streams. Every one is hurrying along intent on his own concerns, unheeding others.

Across the front of the Royal Exchange, under the façade, in bold letters cut into the stone, plainly to be read at a distance, are the words "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

Such words in such a place! To the thoughtful person they appear as a warning, a portent, to remind the overbusy man that strive as he may to gain possessions, he but courts failure, for the earth and its fullness belong to the Lord.

What a diversity of interpretations would be given to these words by those who daily pass and repass them. Who is the Lord who claims ownership of the Earth? The Governor of the Bank of England, if interrogated, would, from a Christian standpoint, give an "orthodox" rendering; but call at the Rothschilds' office, across the street, and another interpretation would be given. Passing to the Sassoons' sanctum, the East Indian's deity might be presented. And so on and on, until you might doubt the very existence of a Lord; more especially if Queen Victoria should graciously inform you that Great Britain claims dominion over the seas, and over a third part of the earth.

What then belongs to the Lord? It looks as if man had gobbled up the earth and its fullness.

A stock-broker, hurrying along in front of the Royal Exchange, was asked this question, and he replied testily: "Oh, you are trying to mix up religion and business, and it won't do," and he passed on.

In the days of ancient Rome's greatest magnificence, returning conquerors were awarded the proudest of all honors, a triumphal procession. It paraded with all its gorgeous splendor and rows of captives along the Via Sacra, through the Forum to the Capitol. Alongside the conqueror in his chariot rode a man repeating aloud the words *Memento necri*, to remind the conqueror that he still was mortal. Was it by coincidence that these words of warning were chiselled into the stone of the Royal Exchange?

When we ponder, it is seen how generation after generation has appeared upon the scene of this world, and for a brief period has claimed possession of parts of the earth, but all have passed away, taking nothing with them.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," is a very comprehensive statement. It seems to include not merely the surface of the earth, but the whole of nature with its elements, earth, air, fire and water; also all natural powers and forces, materials and opportunities, in fact everything supplied by nature. All of these are said to belong to the Lord. Who is this mighty owner, the Lord? There is a teaching, which

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seems to have been well known to all nations of antiquity, that at first the world was a vast unity, one great Being. As evolution proceeded, the One became many, by emanating parts of itself, and so sub-dividing. The First Cause, the great force and energy of nature sub-divided into innumerable smaller centres of force or souls. These lesser souls, all parts of the one Being, have since been proceeding with their separate evolution according to law. Some souls are now occupying the forms of the mineral kingdom; others have reached vegetables and plants; others are ensouling animals; and the more advanced have entered human beings.

All natural objects are but the outer expressions in physical matter of the souls which are within them, and these souls are integral parts of the One Great Being, who is the Lord. The souls in the lower kingdoms are working upward to the human state, and in some far distant cycle will enter human forms. Perfected humanity is the flower of evolution, the highest point attainable in this world. The One Great Being, the Lord, the Universal Soul of the world, operates through man to raise all parts of Nature to a higher state. Hence it is that man is given dominion over the lower kingdoms. But responsibility always accompanies power, therefore man should comprehand and rightly perform his duty of helping the less progressed.

Since the earth belongs to the Lord, what is man's relation to it?

The ancient teaching said that man is the soul, which emanates from, and is a part of, the One Great Being, the Lord, and his soul, like all others, assumes a form periodically, endowing its body with the power of thinking and reasoning. This body during life uses various things, such as houses, clothes and the productions of nature. But do nature's products really belong to these bodies? Clearly not, for fire, shipwreck or other disaster may remove them, and at the death of the body all are relinquished. Man has but a temporary use of the earth, of nature and of its powers and materials; he is but a steward or caretaker in charge of them for a time, for truly the Lord is the real and only permanent possessor.

In the position of steward, man's duty is to make a right use of nature and her products, not by appropriating them to himself and preventing his fellow beings from sharing in their enjoyment, but by using them for the general welfare.

There is a law at the very heart of nature which is man's best guide as to duty, the law of mutual helpfulness or coöperation. Its basis is in the fact that all souls are parts of the One Great Being, the Lord; and therefore all are brother souls, bound together by the bonds of love and a desire to help each other.

How clearly nature exemplifies this law! For a tiny seed to produce a plant, the help of all the elements is necessary, the soil and water, the air and sunshine; if one of the elements fails to help, no plant can be perfected. Similarly all the organs of the body must coöperate by performing their functions for the preservation of health and vigor. The same holds good and is imperative among human beings if happiness is to be attained. Selfish appropriation of Nature's products which belong to the Lord, which is an infringement of the law of Brotherhood, is the cause of misery and suffering.

If man would recognize the soul as his real self, would allow the divinity of his nature to be his guide, instead of following selfish instincts, he would know and feel the inseparable link connecting him with all his fellows. The sympathy felt for suffering, the strong desire to help and relieve others less fortunate than ourselves, are the voice of the soul, the song of the great heart which beats in all.

"You cannot mix religion with busi-

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ness," said the stock-broker. It is true that there is a good deal of business which does not accord with the law of brotherhood, for it does not tend to the general welfare, but rather to personal ends.

Nature and her products which should be for the use of all, are monopolized to subserve the interests of the few. Although nature is bountiful in her gifts, producing more than sufficient for all, yet the majority of mankind are deprived of the necessities, let alone the comforts of life.

Would we banish this suffering and misery, which are the disgrace of our civilization, we must introduce into business a knowledge and practice of the laws of nature, which teach helping and sharing.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" stands engraved at the centre and heart of our commercial world, like the warning words which appeared to Belshazzar at the feast.

Will they be read in their true meaning, and practically applied, or will the history and downfall of Babylon be repeated?

Criticism, says Dr. Johnson, is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense.

The power of invention has been conferred by Nature upon a few, and the labor of learning these sciences, which may be by mere labor obtained, is too great to be willingly endured, but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others, and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness kept ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of critic.

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE T. S. A.

BY J. H. FUSSELL.

TO a Theosophist the headquarters of the Theosophical Society in America at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, naturally forms one of the chief centres of interest in the metropolis. No doubt most of the members have heard some description of it even if they have not visited it, for since its acquisition there have been three largely attended conventions held in New York, viz., in 1893, 1896 and 1897, and members from all over the country, from San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle and other places on the Pacific Coast, from Denison, Texas, in the South, and from nearly every State in the Union; from Toronto in Canada, and from England and Ireland, have attended these, or, passing through the city, have paid a welcome call at the headquarters. Yet many of our members in different parts of the world, in Greece, India, Australia and other countries have not had an opportunity to visit the headquarters, and it is for them that this account and the illustrations are specially given.

Many of the members have not heard of the slow progress of the Society in this country in its early years, nor of the persistent perseverance of William Q. Judge, which alone kept it alive after H. P. Blavatsky went to India. Often in those early days he was the only one at the meetings of the Aryan T. S., yet he knew that by keeping up the meetings and not breaking the chain he was generating a force that would ultimately find expression in a great society, as ours has now become. Compare those first days of difficulty with the almost universal recognition that Theosophy has now won for itself, and then perhaps it will be possible to understand the great opportunity and privilege that is before each member to-day to spread the truths of Theosophy throughout the length and breadth of America, but do not forget that great pioneer, William Q. Judge, who has made this possible.

The first headquarters of the Society was but a small office, with a desk and two chairs, and hardly room to turn around in. By degrees, however, the work grew and an office was taken in Nassau Street, consisting of three small rooms, one of which was used as the "Path" office for the magazine and the sale of books, and the other two for T. S. business.

In the meantime the Aryan T. S. had grown and was holding very successful meetings, and at a meeting held on December 10, 1889, a resolution was passed that the Aryan Theosophical Society have a fund to be placed in charge of a committee of five, for the purpose, among others, of obtaining a permanent headquarters for the Society. This plan was carried out and was so successful that in 1892 the present headquarters was purchased by the Aryan Society and rooms provided in the building for the general headquarters of the Society in America.

On the first floor is the Aryan Hall part of which has recently been partitioned off for a private office for Mrs. Tingley. In the hall is now also kept the reference library which was formerly on the third floor. By bringing it down stairs there has been a great saving of expense to the T. S. A. and the library is also more convenient and under constant supervision.

On the second floor in the front is the T. S. A. office where the records are kept and all secretarial work done; the circulating library is also kept here. Adjoining it is the office of the President which is also used as the editorial room of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. This office used to be Mr. Judge's private office and

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in it is the desk which he used for many years.

On the same floor at the back is the Theosophical Publishing Company's offices the sides of which are lined from floor to ceiling with books. The demand for books has increased so much during the past few years that it has become a tax on the Publishing Company to transact all its business in this limited space. On the third floor the room that was formerly used as the Headquarters room and reference library is now used as the E. S. T. office The front large room and also the rooms on the top floor are occupied by some of the working staff. The hall room on the third floor is used by *The New Century*.

In the basement in front is the Aryan Press by which such excellent work has been done and on which some of the most interesting and important documents that members have received have been printed. Every room and every inch of space is utilized and if the society continues the rate of increase that has marked the past two years it will certainly have to obtain larger quarters.

Is not this a splendid growth, a great success? The small seed planted by H. P. Blavatsky, tended so carefully by William Q. Judge has grown into a great tree and is now blossoming and bearing fruit under the wise care of our present great Leader. Who could have dreamed of so great success twenty or even ten years ago and yet the possibilities for the future are even greater. The good which has already been done has made possible a still greater work to-day and in the days to come, in which all may take part.

"**Unflinching Will and firmness in the Leader, unwavering obedience to him of the Group. One Will, one Head, one Heart** in the many. A many-limbed hydra with one head as a change to the old myth."

From the words of a great Teacher.

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THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE.*

THE TWO PATHS.

AND now, O Teacher of Compassion, point thou the way to other men. Behold, all those who, knocking for admission, await in ignorance and darkness to see the gate of the Sweet Law flung open!

The voice of the Candidates:

Shalt not thou, Master of thine own Mercy, reveal the Doctrine of the Heart? † Shalt thou refuse to lead thy Servants unto the Path of Liberation?

Quoth the Teacher:

The Paths are two; the great Perfections three; six are the Virtues that transform the body into the Tree of Knowledge.‡

Who shall approach them?

Who shall first enter them?

Who shall first hear the doctrine of two Paths in one, the truth unveiled about the Secret Heart? ⸙ The Law which, shunning learning, teaches Wisdom, reveals a tale of woe.

Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that, possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!

Behold how like the moon, reflected in the tranquil waves, Alaya is reflected by the small and by the great, is mirrored in the tiniest atoms, yet fails to reach the heart of all. Alas, that so few men should profit by the gift, the priceless boon of learning truth, the right perception of existing things, the knowledge of the non-existent!

Saith the pupil:

O Teacher, what shall I do to teach to Wisdom?

O Wise one, what, to gain perfection?

Search for the Paths. But, O Lanoo, be of clean heart before thou startest on thy journey. Before thou takest thy first step, learn to discern the real from the false, the ever-fleeting from the everlasting. Learn above all to separate Head-learning from Soul-wisdom, the "Eye" from the "Heart" doctrine.

Yea, ignorance is like unto a closed and airless vessel; the soul a bird shut up within. It warbles not, nor can it stir a feather; but the songster mute and torpid sits, and of exhaustion dies.

But even ignorance is better than Head-learning with no Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it.

The seeds of wisdom cannot sprout and grow in airless space. To live and reap experience, the mind needs breadth and depth and points to draw it towards the Diamond Soul.* Seek not those points in Maya's realm: but soar beyond illusions, search the eternal and the changeless SAT,† mistrusting fancy's false suggestions.

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* "The Voice of the Silenee and other Chosen Fragments from the Book of Golden Precepts for the daily use of Lanoos (disciples) translated and annotated by H. P. B." Published by The Theosophical Publishing Company, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

† The two schools of Buddha's doctrine, the Esoteric and the Exoteric, are respectively called the Heart and the Eye Doctrine. The *Bodhidharma* Wisdom Religion in China—whence the names reached Tibet—called them the *Tsung-men* (Esoteric) and *Kiau-men* (Exoteric school). The former is so named, because it is the teaching which emanated from Gautama Buddha's *heart*, whereas the Eye Doctrine was the work of his head or brain. The Heart Doctrine is also called the "seal of truth" or the "true seal," a symbol found on the heading of almost all Esoteric works.

‡ The "tree of knowledge" is a title given by the followers of the *Bodhidharma* to those who have attained the height of mystic knowledge—Adepts. Nagarjuna, the founder of the Madhyamika School, was called the "Dragon Tree," Dragon standing as a symbol of Wisdom and Knowledge. The tree is honored because it is under the Bodhi (wisdom) Tree that Buddha received his birth and enlightenment, preached his first sermon, and died.

⸙ "Secret Heart" is the Esoteric Doctrine.

* "Diamond Soul," *Vajrasattva*, a title of the supreme Buddha, the "Lord of all Mysteries," called Vajradhara and Adi-Buddha.

† SAT, the one Eternal and Absolute Reality and Truth, all the rest being illusion.

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For mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects.* It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions. Seek, O, Beginner, to blend thy Mind and Soul.

Shun ignorance, and likewise shun illusion. Avert thy face from world deceptions: mistrust thy senses; they are false. But within thy body—the shrine of thy sensations—seek in the Impersonal for the "Eternal Man"; † and having sought him out, look inward: thou art Buddha.‡

Shun praise, O Devotee. Praise leads to self-delusion. Thy body is not Self, thy SELF is in itself without a body, and either praise or blame affects it not.

Self-gratulation, O Disciple, is like unto a lofty tower, up which a haughty fool has climbed. Thereon he sits in prideful solitude and unperceived by any but himself.

False learning is rejected by the Wise, and scattered to the winds by the Good Law. Its wheel revolves for all, the humble and the proud. The "Doctrine of the Eye" ⁑ is for the crowd; the "Doctrine of the Heart" for the Elect. The first repeat in pride: "Behold, I know"; the last, they who in humbleness have garnered, low confess: "Thus have I heard." ‖

"Great Sifter" is the name of the "Heart Doctrine," O Disciple.

The wheel of the Good Law moves swiftly on. It grinds by night and day. The worthless husks it drives from out the golden grain, the refuse from the flour. The hand of Karma guides the wheel; the revolutions mark the beating of the karmic heart.

True knowledge is the flour, false learning is the husk. If thou would'st eat the bread of Wisdom, thy flour thou hast to knead with Amrita's clear waters.* But if thou kneadest husks with Maya's dew, thou canst create but food for the black doves of death, the birds of birth, decay, and sorrow.

If thou art told that to become Arhan thou hast to cease to love all beings—tell them they lie.

If thou art told that to gain liberation thou hast to hate thy mother and disregard thy son; to disavow thy father and call him "householder"; † for man and beast all pity to renounce—tell them their tongue is false.

Thus teach the Tîrthikas the unbelievers.‡

If thou art taught that sin is born of action and bliss of absolute inaction, then tell them that they err. Non-permanence of human action, deliverance of mind from thraldom by the cessation of sin and faults, are not for "Deva Egos." ⁑ Thus saith the "Doctrine of the Heart."

The Dharma of the "Eye" is the embodiment of the external and the non-existing.

The Dharma of the "Heart" is the embodiment of Bodhi, ‖ the Permanent and Everlasting.

The Lamp burns bright when wick and oil are clean. To make them clean a cleaner is required. The flame feels not the process of the cleaning. "The branches of a tree are shaken by the wind; the trunk remains unmoved."

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* From Shin-Sien's Doctrine, who teaches that the human mind is like a mirror which attracts and reflects every atom of dust, and has to be, like that mirror, watched over and dusted every day. Shin-Sien was the Sixth Patriarch of North China, who taught the Esoteric Doctrine of *Bodhidharma*.

† The reincarnating Ego is called by the Northern Buddhists the "true man," who becomes, in union with his Higher Self, a Buddha.

‡ "Buddha" means "Enlightened."

⁑ See page 233, footnote No. † The Exoteric Buddhism of the masses.

‖ The usual formula that precedes the Buddhist Scriptures, meaning, that that which follows is what has been recorded by direct oral tradition from Buddha and the Arhats.

* Immortality.

† Rathapala, the great Arhat, thus addresses his father in the legend called *Rathapala Sutrasanne*. But as all such legends are allegorical (*e. g.*, Rathapala's father has a mansion with *seven doors*) hence the reproof, to those who accept them *literally*.

‡ Brahman ascetics.

⁑ The reïncarnating Ego.

‖ True, divine Wisdom.

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Both action and inaction may find room in thee; thy body agitated, thy mind tranquil, thy Soul as limpid as a mountain lake.

Would'st thou become a Yogî of "Time's Circle"? Then, O Lanoo:

Believe thou not that sitting in dark forests, in proud seclusion and apart from men; believe thou not that life on roots and plants, that thirst assuaged with snow from the great Range—believe thou not, O Devotee, that this will lead thee to the goal of final liberation.

Think not that breaking bone, that rending flesh and muscle, unites thee to thy "silent Self." * Think not that when the sins of thy gross form are conquered, O Victim of thy Shadows,† thy duty is accomplished by nature and by man.

The blessed ones have scorned to do so. The Lion of the Law, the Lord of Mercy,‡ perceiving the true cause of human woe, immediately forsook the sweet but selfish rest of quiet wilds. From Aranyaka § He became the Teacher of mankind. After Julaï || had entered the Nirvana, He preached on mount and plain, and held discourses in the cities, to Devas, men, and Gods.¶

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

Thus saith the Sage:

Shalt thou abstain from action? Not so shall gain thy soul her freedom. To reach Nirvana one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

Have patience, Candidate, as one who fears no failure, courts no success. Fix thy Soul's gaze upon the star whose rays thou art,* the flaming star that shines within the lightless depths of ever-being, the boundless fields of the Unknown.

Have perseverance as one who doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; † that which in thee shall live for ever, that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge,‡ is not of fleeting life: it is the Man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.

If thou would'st reap sweet peace and rest, Disciple, sow with the seeds of merit the fields of future harvests. Accept the woes of birth.

Step out from sunlight into shade, to make more room for others. The tears that water the parched soil of pain and sorrow bring forth the blossoms and the fruits of karmic retribution. Out of the furnace of man's life and its black smoke, winged flames arise, flames purified, that soaring onward 'neath the karmic eye, weave in the end the fabric glorified of the three vestures of the Path.

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* The "Higher Self," the "seventh" principle.

† Our physical bodies are called "Shadows" in the mystic schools.

‡ Buddha.

§ A forest, a desert. *Aranyaukas*, a hermit who retires to the jungles and lives in a forest, when becoming a Yogî.

|| *Julaï* is the Chinese name for Tathagata, a title applied to every Buddha.

¶ All the Northern and Southern traditions agree in showing Buddha quitting his solitude as soon as he had resolved the problem of life—*i. e.*, received the inner enlightenment—and teaching mankind publicly.

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* Every spiritual EGO is a ray of a "Planetary Spirit," according to Esoteric teaching.

† "Personalities" or physical bodies called "shadows" are evanescent.

‡ *Mind* (*Manas*) the thinking principle or EGO in man, is referred to "Knowledge" itself, because the human *Egos* are called *Manasaputra*, the sons of (universal) Mind.

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THE SEARCH LIGHT.

IN the dying hours of the old cycle the struggle between the forces of light and darkness becomes accentuated. This is apparent in every department of life.

By giving place to personal vanity and weakness within ourselves we resist the beneficent action of the divine powers, furnish a resistance to the spread of truth and block the way of progress. All are tried to the utmost.

A spirit of aggressiveness is frequently so fostered by some that it leads to a complete transformation of character and destroys the higher ideals which they profess to uphold and of which they are the glib exponents.

The following quotations are as useful to-day as when they were written and it seems important to reiterate them with still greater emphasis. What is said of the Theosophical Society and Theosophy is true of all organizations and teachings. When the living spirit is sacrificed for the outward form, and when personal aims and ambitions are allowed to dim the strength and beauty of true principle, those who sincerely love truth above every other consideration will defend its interests and endeavor to work in accordance with its ideals.

Just as we should defend our country from the invasion of enemies seeking its destruction so we must protect the interests of the Cause which we love; but let us always strive to do this in the true spirit of brotherly love and avoid agressiveness.

Several years ago Mr. Judge wrote, in answer to a question as to what true and earnest Theosophists could do against the black age:

Nothing *against* it, but a very great deal *in* it; for it is to be remembered that the very fact that it is the iron or foundation age gives opportunities to be obtained in no other. . . A very slight cause produces gigantic effects. To aspire now ever so little will bring about greater and more lasting effects for good than at any other time. And similarly, evil intent has greater powers for evil. These great forces are visibly increased at the close of certain cycles in the Kali Yuga. The present cycle, which closes November 17th, 1897—February 18th, 1898, is one of the most important of any that have been. Opportunities for producing permanent effects for good in themselves and in the world as a whole are given to Theosophists at the present time, which they may never have again if not taken advantage of.

The following is taken from a letter written in H. P. B.'s time:

The Theosophical Society was chosen as the corner-stone, the foundation of the future religions of humanity. To achieve the proposed object, a greater, wiser, and especially a more benevolent intermingling of the high and the low, the alpha and the omega of society, was determined upon. The white race must be the first to stretch out the hand of fellowship to the dark nations, . . . This prospect may not smile for all, but he is no Theosophist who objects to this principle. . . .

As we find the world now, whether Christian, Mussulman, or Pagan, justice is disregarded, and honor and mercy are both flung to the winds. . . . If the Theosophists say, we have nothing to do with all this [the sorrow and crime in the world]; the lower classes and inferior races (those of India, for instance, in the conception of the British) cannot concern us, and must manage as they can, what becomes of our fine professions of benevolence, philanthropy, reform, etc.? Are those professions a mockery? And if a mockery, can ours be the true path? Shall we devote ourselves to teaching a few Europeans—fed on the fat of the land, many of them loaded with the gifts of blind fortune—the rationale of bell-ringing, of cup-growing, of the spirital telephone, and astral body formation, and leave the teeming millions of the ignorant to take care of themselves, and of their hereafter, as

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best they can? Never! Perish rather the Theosophical Society with both its hapless Founders, than that we should permit it to become no better than an academy of magic, and a hall of occultism! ("*An Important Letter, Lucifer, Vol. XVIII, p. 501.*)

In a letter to Mr. ——— in the early days of the Society we find:

You have ever discussed, but to put down, the idea of a universal brotherhood, questioned its usefulness, and advised to remodel the Theosophical Society on the principle of a college for the special study of occultism. (*Occult World, p. 104.*)

For to have the Theosophical Society a part of the School of Antiquity would mean the dissolution of both organizations.

The mysteries never were, and never can be, put within the reach of the general public, not, at least, until that longed-for day when our religious philosophy becomes universal.—(*Idem.*)

Those who seek to advance their own theories often misuse quotations and mislead the unwary. Those who are interested in the *School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity* will note the importance of not arriving at wrong conclusions as to its meaning, scope and purpose. When the true philosophy is more universally diffused throughout the world; when Universal Brotherhood is nearer a visible realization, *then will the Mysteries come within the reach of all, but not till then.*

In this connection the following should be especially noted:

You see, then, that we have weightier matters than small societies to think about; yet the Theosophical Society must not be neglected. The affair has taken an impulse which, if not well guided, might beget very evil issues. Recall to mind the avalanches of your admired Alps, and remember that at first their mass is small, and their momentum little. A trite comparison, you may say, but I cannot think of a better illustration when viewing the gradual aggregation of trifling events growing into a menacing destiny for the Theosophical Society.—(*Occult World, p. 119.*)

All who seek to reverse the true order of things and try to limit the divine philosophy within channels as narrow as their own conceptions, will ultimately find themselves in a prison cell of their own making within which their power for retarding the work of brotherly love will be confined.

The ethical life is the basis of true Occultism; "By their fruits shall ye know them."

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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DUTY.

BY E. A. NERESHEIMER.

THEOSOPHISTS have entered upon a path of duty which is broader than the ordinary line of personal duty; the one is but an extension or rather a better comprehension of the other.

The faithful performance of the small duties of every-day life are the seeds from which grow fruitful trees extending beneficent branches in all directions. A higher conception of the relation of oneself to mankind and the universe is the result of experience gained in the byways of correct application to principle in small things on our journey through evolution.

Like an extension of belief from the crude forms of dogma and creed which grows by successive stages into knowledge that the Universe is governed by divine intelligence according to law, order and eternal justice, so is the conception of duty which we recognize as owing to friend and kin enlarged by conscientious attention to small things, into the broad field where it becomes an all-embracing force harmonizing with the plan of nature.

Self-denial and abnegation like the desire to do one's duty spring from love—love that is not for self, but love which is the reflection of the universal ocean of love, often unconsciously exercised by man in the small and large acts done for the benefit of some one else; these acts when done without attachment to result go to increase the world's welfare and become the property of the race—Universal Karma.

The deep absorption in an act to the extent of making the actor oblivious to the existence of his personality is an energy employed for the benefit of the world. If this energy is consciously applied in the direction toward an ideal by the performance of acts for the betterment of the condition of humanity, then he, who so does, is treading the path of broader duty which is bound to produce the greatest felicity—absorption in the ideal world.

However the path of action is obscure and so is the path of duty. Many are the sins that have been committed in the name of duty done for principle.

At the first blush of awakening of the mind to a cosmic ideal it inclines sentimentally to and impetuously relates everything to grand principle. Our artificially built up natures, the nervously delicate structure which the mind has builded and woven often lead into error and leave us on insecure ground. The high conception of the principle which we have formed is rarely attained to in practice.

Pride of personality in one form or another, subtle but insidious, steps in and produces failure after failure; principle has to do duty to cover mistakes and hide even depraved intentions.

It is well therefore to go slow with the broader duties. When one is in doubt let him wait and if he be in earnest attend scrupulously to smaller duties, until time has brought around the cycle from obscurity towards the light; we cannot as yet solve the world's eternal ways.

When enthusiasm lags and the broader duties become mixed in the mind, let him who is thus befogged abstain from expending his energy on artificially wrought up ideals but stand firm and remain content with correct performance of every day common sense duties.

Large beneficent results grow from correct beginnings.

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FACES OF FRIENDS.

As one of our illustrations this month we give the first of a series of groups of faces of friends, many of whom will be well-known to most of the old members but we do this mainly for the new members and our readers. The central sun of the present group all will recognize as our beloved old pioneer, Dr. J. A. Anderson, the mainstay of the Pacific Coast and whom we have made prominent and this is interpreted by some at this time as a sign of great promise for the future work and if he should accept the nomination of Vice-President of the T. S. A. which many greatly desire he will still further strengthen the Society.

Immediately above Dr. Anderson's is the portrait of Mrs. Alice L. Cleather, one of the staunchest friends and supporters of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and a member of the Crusade around the world. To the left is F. M. Pierce, another Crusader and a member of the Executive Committee of the T. S. A. and to the right is H. T. Lotter one of the old members and devoted workers of the Kansas City Branch.

Everyone will recognize the face below Dr. Anderson's as that of H. T. Patterson, another Crusader, one of Mr. Judge's firmest and closest friends; he is also a member of the Executive Committee and Vice-President of the Aryan Branch, New York. To his right is Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer, the Superintendent of the children's work and on the left is Mr. Basil Crump, the Secretary of the T. S. in England and whose mystical interpretations of Wagner's music dramas —a series of articles running through this magazine—and lectures thereon have delighted and interested so many. Mr. Crump and Mrs. Cleather have worked together in this direction and in a recent tour of England aroused the greatest interest not only in Wagner but through him in Theosophy. We hope to see both of them at the next Convention.

At the top of the picture appears the face of William Lindsay who although so youthful in appearance has for many years been one of the staunchest members in England and more than anyone else helped to hold the fort while the Crusaders were on their tour. He has recently come to this country and members have become familiar with his name in connection with the Brotherhood Bazaars.

To his right is the well-known face of Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati and whose work in the past is well-known to many. Then below comes Mme. Olivia Petersen, a native of Greece, whose work both in Paris and Boston has greatly helped the Branches in those cities. Next is Mr. Iverson L. Harris of Macon, Ga., then Mr. C. Sandham of Liverpool. Mrs. Sarah W. Cape an old Aryan member, a well-known worker at the Headquarters of the T. S. A. for many years who has looked after the interests of the entire household with unflagging zeal. Mrs. Stevens of Buffalo who has done so much in the practical Brotherhood work of helping destitute and unfortunate women in the "Wayfare." Mr. J. T. Campbell of England, well known as a vigorous speaker at many meetings of various societies around London where he never fails to introduce Theosophy in a popular way.

At the bottom of the picture is Dr. Gustaf Zander, President of the T. S. in Sweden; he may fairly be called the Father of Theosophy in Sweden. Well loved by everyone, he has cared for the interests of the movement since its inception in that country.

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Miss B. Wakefield, of Sioux City, Iowa, well known in connection with the work of Lotus Groups and one of the oldest workers and most devoted in the United States.

Major J. A. Clark, of Baltimore, Md., editor of the *Quill*, in which have appeared many interesting articles on Theosophy.

Mr. Alpheus M. Smith, President of Chicago Branch, and who is now devoting all his energies in making preparations for the Convention in that city.

Mr. Robert Crosbie should not need an introduction. His is one of the most familiar faces among T. S. members and his splendid work in Boston and in carrying on the *Theosophical News*, giving weekly information of the Crusade during its absence around the world is well known to all.

The next above is Mme. H. de Neufville, of Amsterdam, Holland, an old and faithful friend of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge. It has been largely owing to her efforts that Theosophy has achieved so great success in the Netherlands.

W. S. Wing, of Denver, Col., one of the old members of the T. S. in America, and a great friend of William Q. Judge.

C. Thurston is another of those who needs no introduction, a trusted friend of William Q. Judge, and beloved by members throughout the United States and England.

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STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

IN one of the weekly papers published in New York there recently appeared the following question:

Is the doctrine of reincarnation, as taught by Theosophy, contrary to the Christian faith?

The position taken in answer to the question in the paper referred to was (1) that this doctrine is contrary to the Christian faith, and then follows the statement (2) that Theosophy teaches that the soul at death passes from the body into some other body—that of man, beast or insect; also (3) that Theosophy involves a denial of the creative act, and is consequently in its last analysis, pantheism.

We may very properly consider these statements in this column as it is evident from the above that there are some who do not understand the theosophical philosophy in regard to these questions and as students it is well to know the objections they make.

(1) What is meant by the Christian faith?

We need not quibble in regard to this. It will be generally conceded that the true Christian faith must be founded on the teachings and words of Jesus. Let us take this view then and turn to the record of Christ's teachings. In St. Matthew XVII, 10, the disciples ask Jesus "Why then say the Scribes that Elias must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. . . . Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist."

Here is given not only an assent to the doctrine of reincarnation but an instance of it stated by Christ himself. There is also an indirect reference to it in the following when the disciples asked him: "Who did sin, this man or his parents that he was born blind?" (St. John IX, 2)—the question being meaningless apart from the fact of reincarnation. Then again the injunction of Christ "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," or according to the revised version, his promise, "Ye shall be perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," (St. Matthew V, 48), is in whichever way we read it a mockery apart from reincarnation. Perfection must be perfection on all planes of being, on this plane as well as on other planes. That we are not yet perfect on this plane and in the lessons and experiences of earth life cannot be denied and in order to learn these lessons and gain these experiences, and thus gradually attain to perfection we must return here where alone such can be learned and gained.

The doctrine of reincarnation is not contrary to the teachings of Christ but in perfect accord and harmony therewith. Christ's teaching that "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," (St. Matthew VII, 2), and St. Paul's that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Galatians VI, 7), both of which statements are expressions of the universal law known in theosophical literature as the *law of Karma*, fail utterly of their meaning apart from reincarnation.

(2) The first part of this statement is a very crude one of the doctrine of reincarnation, but most certainly the soul having once inhabited the human form does not return on the pathway of evolu-

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tion and enter into the lower kingdoms of animal and insect. Having once passed through one kingdom and entered another, the door is shut behind, the soul goes ever forward, it cannot go back. Metempshychosis or transmigration of souls in the sense of the soul's return to lower forms is not upheld, but the contrary is distinctly shown, in Theosophy.

(3) If by creation is meant the making of something out of nothing, then most certainly this view of creation is not held by Theosophists. *Ex nihilo nihil fit* is a proposition, the truth of which cannot be gainsaid. Theosophy is pantheistic in the sense in which the teachings of St. Paul are pantheistic. When speaking of the Deity, he says: "In whom we live and move and have our being," and in the sense of the true meaning of "omn presence," and of Goethe's description of Nature, "At the roaring loom of time I ply, and weave for God the garment thou seest him by."

Nature is not God; stones, trees, flowers, animals, even men, planets, suns, are not God; but all are expressions, manifestations, "garments" of the divine, all are *in essence* divine and all in their evolution are ever *becoming*, to use Plato's idea, more perfect as expressions, as manifestations, showing ever more clearly the divinity which is at the root of their being. Again let me ask is this contrary to Christianity, or rather let us say, the teachings of Christ—what other meaning can be given to: "perfect as your father in heaven is perfect"? How is this possible unless man in essence is already perfect, and remember that "the kingdom of heaven is within you" and the only place where God can be found is within.

Christ, Buddha, Lao-Tse, and all the great teachers and saviours of humanity have taught Theosophy. There is but one Truth and all the great religions are but expressions of it as the colors of the spectrum are expressions of the one White Light. Students of Theosophy, i. e. of *Divine Wisdom*, are searchers after the Truth and recognize these teachings which we call Theosophy in the teachings of all the Sages of the past and of all time.

THE LOWER NATURE.

IN connection with the subject of "The Human Elemental" treated of in last issue an answer by William Q. Judge published in the *Theosophical Forum*, April, 1892, is interesting and instructive. The question was as follows:—

> Is it possible that our lower nature is composed of groups of elementary beings (sub human) which under the higher tutelage can be welded into a force for good, rather than a something evil that has to be cast off?

The editor of the *Forum* replied dissenting from the view presented in the question and Mr. Judge's reply refers also in part to the editor's position as will be seen.

W. Q. J.—The editor is right in saying the lower nature cannot be cast off, but must be subjugated. We might as well say we can annihilate universal mind as to say we can "cast off" anything that is a part of nature and going to make us what we are. The lower nature must be discovered in all its ramifications and carefully subdued, as thus it is transformed and not cast off. But I cannot agree with him in respect to "sub-human elementals" composing us and which he calls "fanciful." They are not fanciful, even though the questioner views them in the wrong light and the editor in no light at all. If there is any point strongly made in occultism it is that we are a compound of lives, that every part of us is so made, and hence it follows that our lower nature is made of these lives. There is no vacuum in the universe void of a life. But while this is so, these lives, in so far as they go to make up man, are not to be considered as separate beings from himself whom he can "educate," as inferred in the question, from a position

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as man which is apart from them. They exist in him, and as he lives and thinks so he impresses on them his thoughts and acts, and as they are leaving him every moment of time it follows that a stream of these lives of many grades and sorts is continually being projected from him into space and forming his own karma. For they are unintelligent and only act in their own way, just as water acts when it runs down hill. If we regard them as beings that we are educating we will fall into superstition, but if, on the other hand, we say they do not exist and have no place in us, as the editor infers, we will never come to right knowledge of the universe as it is.

They are matter, in fact, and a certain quantity of it comes into the charge, so to say, of every man, and every one is therefore responsible for the impressions he gives to the atoms that make him up, and if he does not live aright he will have to suffer the consequences sooner or later. For these very elementals are the means whereby karma operates, for without them—considering atoms as points of sensitiveness—there would be a break and no way for karma to have effect. If they do not exist, then there is no way to make the connection between matter and mind and thought and circumstance.

The conflict between the higher and the lower can be made easy only by the old rule "to look on all parts of the universe as containing spiritual beings, the same in kind and only differing from each other in degree."

How to conquer this lower nature is a problem that perplexes many and has been the cause of much anxiety and worrying. What a struggle, what a conflict! How can it be ended and peace attained? I think we are too prone to spend time and energy in thinking about it and in straining and making desperate efforts to reach the much desired result. The contemplation of the awful struggle—as we style it—excites self-pity, self-commiseration, which are really forms of egotism. Then perhaps by a supreme effort the lower nature is stilled for a time and we think it dead and that we have completely risen above it; perhaps we are proud of this achievement and congratulate ourselves on our victory, but—in a little while we fall again, it may be lower than ever before. Why is this?

It is well known that a drunkard who realizing the evil of his condition suddenly reforms and cuts himself loose from a habit of many years is in the great majority of cases liable to return to his old habit. The case is exactly parallel to that of a man who has climbed a mountain and unaccustomed to the height and the purer atmosphere becomes dizzy if he looks down. The drunkard or the one who is endeavoring to conquer his lower nature, if he looks back with horror at his former condition or if he congratulates himself on his conquest, by that very attitude makes possible, nay almost certain, his downfall again.

It is not by one gigantic effort that this conquest can be attained, but by the slow, steady and constant effort, and by being content to take one step at a time. It is not by dwelling on the evil that we have escaped from, nor on the evil which still oppresses us but by constant aspiration and the never relaxing endeavor to do the good, that we may rise to higher things. The secret of overcoming is to be positive in our attitude, not to say I will not follow this evil thing, but that I *will* follow this good thing. If we follow the good, the evil will cease to find room or to have part in our lives.

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A NEW MUSICAL GENIUS.

BY MARGARET STUART LLOYD.

NEAR the city of Los Angeles in California there is a quaint little house surrounded by a large and beautiful garden filled with flowers and shady trees. Here two little sisters live with their parents and here one of the two children is passing a childhood which later will be among the treasured records of genius.

This child is Paloma Schramm, nine years old, a musician from her birth and one of whom the great German professor, her teacher, says: "It was she who convinced me of the truth of reincarnation." How otherwise was to be explained the actions of a child who at the age of three improvised lovely melodies and baby songs and who, when she was but four, remembered and repeated correctly all the principal motifs from the opera of "Lohengrin."

She has now been studying the pianoforte for two years. Her musical sense is marvellously acute and her interpretation of the works of the great masters perfect. Her professor, with much wisdom, comprehends that his work lies in training and guiding a musical power which already exists in the child. She is therefore being carefully trained in composition as well as in technique. Her poetic fancies are well encouraged, but all her musical compositions are required to be flawless in form before they are pronounced good by her teacher. Paloma has played a few times before an audience and on each occasion has plunged all who heard her into a state of amazement that so childish a frame could contain so mighty a soul of music.

Every sound in nature reflects itself in her little compositions; the flight of butterflies, the murmur of doves, the sound of the breeze in the wood; the grief of a mother over the loss of her child; the melancholy sobbing of "Heimweh," all these she expresses with exquisite feeling.

More than one child who has given promise of genius has had what might have been a wonderful life for the uplifting of humanity spoiled in youth, by the undue indulgence and flattery of foolish friends and the artificial atmosphere of the concert hall and stage. From all these errors Paloma's parents are striving to shield her. It is true that she has appeared at a public concert in her native city, but this was necessary in order that means might be furnished for her to continue her musical training, and her parents hope that this may not have to be repeated.

For the most part Paloma lives a simple child life. She and her younger sister spend many hours in the lovely shady garden. Here they have a large playground and a mimic theatre, built for them by their father. Whenever the children are taken to hear any opera great excitement afterward goes on in the little theatre. For all the play is repeated for the benefit of a large audience of appreciative dolls, that calmly listen to Paloma and her sister and never are rude enough to look bored.

Each child has a miniature theatre laid out underneath the trees, with tiny lakes and rivers, waterfalls and bridges and diminutive houses peopled by a colony of dolls. Then there are the pigeons, the only other inhabitants of this child's paradise. Each pigeon has its own name and the children keep a daily journal in which is set down the history of their feathered friends. Dearest of all is a lame wood-pigeon, a "paloma," as the Spaniards call it. This bird has a strange history, which, however, is vouched for by Paloma's father.

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One evening Mr. Schramm was sitting with his children in the garden, reading to them the libretto of their favorite opera, "Lohengrin." It was in the sweet dusk and the children were listening with rapt attention. Just as the father reached the climax of the legend, where the swan changes to a dove, a bird fluttered from the trees overhead and fell on the open book. It was a lame wood-dove, quite tame, and part of one foot had been shot away. The parents of the children have never discovered from whence the bird came, but it immediately attached itself to Paloma and has since been her constant companion. It sleeps beside her pillow at night and follows her all the time she is in the garden. When she is at the piano it haunts her and remains there, showing every evidence of an appreciation of the music.

What shall be the future of Paloma cannot yet be told, but the promise is great. At present she is living the life of a simple and healthy child, and all her beautiful fancies and natural impulses are being wisely directed. Her parents have been asked as to her religious views but philosophically answer, "The child will develop her own religion." Would that every child might be educated with as much wisdom!

Her musical genius has been pronounced by competent critics to be unique in the world at this present time. Her parents are not very musical, the father being a machinist. "She must have lived before!" has exclaimed more than one person on listening to her playing.

M. S. LLOYD.

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MARIE'S VALENTINE.

BY ELIZABETH WHITNEY.

"GIRLS, are you going to make any Valentines this year?" asked Marie, as the group were walking home f-om the gymnasium after basket-ball practise.

"Oh yes, let's!" said Olive.

"It is a lot more fun than buying them," said Marion.

"Can't we do it together?" asked Edna.

"When?" said Olive.

"Oh, come to my house, Wednesday after school. Nothing is going on then. Be sure to bring your water-colors and paper. I say we rule out all printed pictures and verses and make it all original," said Marion.

"Oh dear, I *can't!*" objected Olive.

"See here, Olive Warner," and Marion faced Olive sternly, "if you don't stop *this minute*, you'll *spoil* it all! I'd like to know why it is that we *never* try to do anything all together, that *some* one doesn't object!"

"Of course you can do it, Olive," said gentle Bliss. "And if you get *stuck*, you know we will all help. We always do have to help each other any way. One person alone never does very much."

"Here we are at my house," said Marion. "Good-bye Olive, and don't be foolish. Girls, do be sure to come just as early as you can." And Marion ran up the steps while the others sent a chorus of "Good-byes" after her.

Promptly on Wednesday came the laughing group of girls.

"How will we begin, girls?" said Edna.

"Well, of *course*, we must put a *heart* somewhere," said Marion.

"Of course," Olive added, in a tone of voice that made Marion exclaim, "For *goodness sake*, girls, *don't* get *sentimental*."

"Valentines without sentiment would be very funny things, I'm sure," said Olive in an aggrieved voice.

"Well, *sentiment* is one thing, and *getting sentimental* is another," began Marie.

"Hear—hear!" called out Edna.

"Well, it *is*," continued Marie. "Sentiment is the love of beautiful pictures, and music, and fine ideas; the *noble* things you *feel* in people and in nature; and *getting sentimental* is,—well—it is—"

"Just being *dead foolish*, that's all," supplemented Marion.

"I guess it's what you think people are thinking about you," said Bliss.

"Specially boys," laughed Edna.

"Humph!" said Marion, who was used to three brothers and their numerous chums, "I don't see anything to be afraid of in boys! They are just as sentimental as girls anyway. Wait till you see the valentines they send!"

"Well," said Marie, "*mine* is going to be '*perfectly peachy*.' I'll give you three guesses where it is going."

"Yale," said Olive and Edna in unison.

"Guess again," said Marie.

"It *can't* be you've forsaken 'Yale' for 'Princeton,' after all you've said!" exclaimed the girls.

"Guess again," and Marie held up her valentine in such a tantalizing way, that the girls clustered eagerly around her, Edna exclaiming, "What *on earth* are you doing to it, Marie!"

"Well, in the first place, I'm putting in the sun, to make a kind of 'halo of glory' over all. It is the kind of thing you always do see in the people you lik.e Then the heart has a crown around it. I'm going to put stars over here, and a verse like this:

"When starlight into sunshine turns,

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The flaming heart of true love burns,
Its radiance is for thee,
Its crown is purity.' "

"I say girls, that *is* 'a peach,' exclaimed Edna.

"There is a good deal of 'Harvard' color about it," speculated Olive.

"Well, Valentines are sent to some one you think a good deal of, and that means 'Yale,' or 'Princeton' for Marie," said Marion decidedly.

"'Three times and out,'" quoted Marie, "Girls, you simply can't guess, for I'm going to send mine to some one I *don't like at all.*"

"Oh—Oh—Oh!" came in a chorus of astonishment.

"Of *all* queer things!" said Edna, catching her breath.

"Girls, she is getting brain-fever," said Olive.

"No, 'Valentines on the brain,'—a new disease," said the gentle Bliss.

"Dreaming!" exclaimed Marion. "Pinch her and wake her up! She is talking in her sleep!"

"I'm awake enough," said Marie, "but really and truly I *did* dream about it."

"Oh, what fun!" "Do tell us about it!" chorussed the group.

"I was in the *loveliest* sunshine," began Marie, "*much* lovelier than any I have ever seen when awake. And I felt so happy and seemed to love everybody in the whole wide world. It seemed just as though the sunshine was a part of everyone; only in a lot of people it was no larger than stars. The sunniest people seemed to wear something like crowns, very shining and white. And I wanted *all* of them to wear the same.

"Oh, it was *perfectly lovely*, girls!

"Then it seemed to me that those who were the most different from each other, like boys and girls, could help each other better than just girls alone, or boys alone. Indeed it was the people the most different from each other who made all the sunshine by working together. The boys I meant to send Valentines to, had a lot of the white sunshine about them. The one I dislike most of all was sort of cloudy and I felt I must help in some way to make a pure radiance for him. When I awoke it all seemed to connect with Valentines and I decided to send one to the boy I *didn't* like."

"I don't believe I *understand* your valentine, Marie," said Edna, "but it certainly is *different*."

"I think it is perfectly lovely," said gentle Bliss. "If you can just feel that girls and boys are made to help each other, it is all so jolly and pleasant, and you don't get a bit sentimental."

"I guess that is why all the boys like Marion so much," said Olive, "she understands them all. I wonder why *all* girls don't have brothers!"

"Well, there's a difference in brothers, you know," said Edna. "Some are so nice to their sisters and others are simply horrid."

"I think it is the *mothers* that make all the difference," said Marion, who adored hers.

"I've noticed that the *sunshiniest* families always have lovely mothers. Of course the fathers are lovely and help—that is what they are for—but it seems to be the mothers who *keep* it so."

"Why, Marion, *you* understand my valentine," said Marie. "It seemed in my dream that the girls had to *keep* the pure white radiance in order to help clear away the clouds. Wherever they see a cloud they are to send a bit of the radiance to make it clear and lovely."

"I don't see why girls and boys should feel they are so *different*," said Bliss.

"They are not," said Marion. "I know I'm a boy *inside*. Girls are *important*, of course, but I wish every day I *was* a boy, sure enough."

"Ugh, Marion, how *can* you!" exclaimed Olive.

"Olive, it is an *awful* pity that you havn't brothers, or *something*," said

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Marion, "you wouldn't feel so afraid of boys then, and get so sentimental."

"I tell you, girls," she continued, "boys are the best thing going, if they only have the right kind of mothers to begin with. You see the right kind of mother is a regular chum. She *understands* things. She *never* scolds, and you know perfectly well that if you told lies or killed people, she'd be your mother and stand by you, just the same; only she has a way of making you *feel* that you *wouldn't* do such things, no matter how much you *want* to."

"Three cheers for Marion!" exclaimed Edna.

"Three cheers for our darling mothers!" added Bliss.

"Mine is expecting me at home in ten minutes, girls, I *must* leave your fascinating company," said Olive.

"I must go also—wait for me," said Edna.

"Girls, can't we meet again, to finish our valentines together?"

"Oh yes," said Bliss, "come to my house Friday."

"All right—Good-bye Marion, I've had a *lovely* time—"

"So have I—"

"And I—"

"Thank you *so much* for the lovely afternoon, Marion—Good-bye—"

"Good-bye, girls!"

"Good-bye" — "Good-bye" — And the merry group was gone.

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LYING IN THE GRASS.

[SELECTED.]

Between two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colors pass.

Before me dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing color on bare throat and head,—
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,
A fourth is mowing and the fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood,
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her even-song of love is but half said:

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush rose;
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair;
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay;
Their clear, high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad;
They dig themselves warm graves, and yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad!

I long to go and play among them there;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstacies;
What Godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and Loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
And fleeting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight.

I do not hunger for a well stored mind;
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star,
That trembles on the horizon's primrose bar,
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through:
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

EDMUND GOSSE.

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TO MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THE following letter was read to the members of the Inner Council on January 7th, and would have been sent to all members if time had permitted. As this has not been possible, I place it in these columns by request.

JANUARY 7, 1898.

DEAR COMRADES:—I take this opportunity at the beginning of the new year, at the approach of the new cycle, to assure you that I am not unmindful of your needs. At no time since I stepped publicly into this work have I been able to give as much attention to each Branch as I desire. The increase in membership, and the wide public interest aroused in Theosophy have brought increased work with few additions to the number of trained helpers. The strain, therefore, on myself and those comrades closely associated with me at the centre, has been very great.

The Branches and centres organized by the Crusade around the world required my first attention. They had not the opportunities of the older members nor the experience in connection with the organization during past years, and so it was necessary to give them personal attention in order that the help given them by the hurried visit of the Crusade might bear its full harvest of good fruit.

In the midst of all this work I was called to found the *New Century*, and even then, when it seemed that I had reached a point that I could undertake no more, I was importuned by Mr. Neresheimer to take charge of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. I accepted this duty feeling that in so doing I could indirectly help my fellow comrades.

By some of these means I have accomplished but little in comparison to what will be possible when I am relieved of some of the detail work which I have to undertake at present. When the time comes that I have more trained helpers around me who can do this, I can then get closer in touch with all through personal correspondence and otherwise.

Theosophy is no longer obscure. At the beginning of this new cycle we are entering upon a more glorious field of work. To recall the struggles of H. P. B. in the early days, when with three or four persons around her she faced the obloquy of the world, and later, William Q. Judge, left in America almost alone, sowing the seed which made later develments possible, and then to look at the success to-day is indeed encouraging and inspiring. The trust of the members carried through the Ark of the T. S. when in times of shadow it was endangered; to-day, when no permanent harm can befall our work, that same trust should be maintained. This Movement must go on advancing; it cannot be retarded; no limitations can hinder it. Above and beyond all boundaries exists the Universal Theosophical Movement.

Let your minds dwell in unity on such a thought and the beginning of the new cycle, the 18th of February next, will be a marked day in the history of this Movement. It will be a pivotal point from which we can, by acting on the broadest lines of brotherly love, enter the new age with opportunities heretofore undreamt of.

To all members who have helped to uphold my hands in this great work, I send my most heartfelt thanks and assure them that they have by their faithfulness made greater work possible for me in the future. Let all keep in line and act, and triumphant victory will surely follow.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

NEW YORK.—The Aryan T. S. is having very successful Sunday evening meetings, the "Question and Answer" plan proving very attractive to the public and the meetings are crowded every week. Recently at the closed meetings of the Branch, held every Tuesday, the objects of the International Brotherhood League have been discussed and it is proposed to take up, after these have been completed, the Question and Answer plan as at the Sunday meeting.

There was a very full attendance at the meeting held on the 18th when the delegates for the Convention were elected; it was a most enthusiastic meeting and several times the audience rose to their feet and cheered Mrs. Tingley. When Mr. Neresheimer read the letter dated January 18 in regard to the Convention which he has sent out to all members the audience rose again and cheered. Mrs. Tingley was present and spoke briefly in answer to a question stating that she did not approve of adopting political methods in regard to the Convention and the election of officers. There were also present, Mr. Iverson L. Harris from Macon, Ga., Mr. Clark Thurston from Providence, R. I., Mr. W. A. Stevens from Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. L. F. Wood from San Diego, and all spoke. The presence of Mr. Harris was like a strong fresh breeze from the South as he told of the splendid work the members are doing in Macon and of their enthusiasm. He said that the whole town was ready and anxious to hear about Theosophy and that instead of urging members forward they had rather to restrain their enthusiasm as Mrs. Tingley had stated that the time was not yet ripe to take full advantage of it. He also said that this great interest and enthusiasm is all due to something which the three members who attended the Nashville Exposition took back with them to Macon and which they had not taken with them to Nashville, it was as though some power which heretofore had lain dormant had been awakened. That Brotherhood was no longer a theory but a positive demonstrated fact, as was instanced by the practical work of the International Brotherhood League.

Mr. Thurston also spoke of the I. B. L. work in Providence, that this work had struck a new keynote and had awakened dormant energies and shown the tremendous possibilities that lay right at our very hands and that only those who actually began to carry out the plan of work of the I. B. L. could know the life and power that was in it to reach humanity, and to demonstrate the higher teachings of true Brotherhood.

W. A. Stevens spoke of the "Wayfare" in Buffalo, started and conducted by Theosophists, and of the many instances in which help had been given to unfortunate and destitute women, not only by providing shelter for them but by caring for and helping them and also by getting them established in positions where they could earn a living. This work has attracted so much attention that the County Committee have given to the Home a thousand dollars to aid the work this year.

The Monthly Report of the Pacific Coast Theosophical Committee is as usual a very interesting 4-page sheet and gives news of all the Branches on the Coast, also of I. B. L. meetings, the Brotherhood Bazaars and Lotus Groups. The Secretary, Amos J. Johnson, writes a New Year's Greeting to all the Coast Branches and also the yearly report of the San Francisco T. S. In the latter he states that "The year 1897 has been a very prosperous one for Theosophical work—perhaps the most prosperous in

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the history of the society. Perfect unity of action has been manifest, meetings have been well attended, a large volume of work has been performed and there has been a considerable gain in membership." He also states that "the movement here was never stronger than it is to-day."

"A valuable form of propaganda instituted during the year is the placing of leaflets on Coast and River steamers. By this means the outlines of Theosophy are presented to the travelling public, as evidenced by the distribution of 30,000 leaflets during the year." An account is also given in the Report of the visit of the Crusade in February of last year and to the inauguration of the I. B. L., the work of which has been taken up with much enthusiasm on the Coast.

Caracas T. S., Venezuela, reports great interest being taken in their meetings, and that much appreciation of their efforts is shown by a large attendance of visitors.

Syllabuses of Discussions for Branch and public meetings have been received from Fort Wayne, Ind., San Francisco, Cal., and Louisville, Ky., and contain some very interesting subjects.

The Annual Convention of the T. S. A. has been arranged to take place on February 18th and 19th, in Chicago, Ill. Official notification to Branches was sent out by the President on January 3d, and quotes from a statement made by Mrs. Tingley, as follows: "We are now approaching the beginning of a new cycle. The date, February 18th, must have a great significance to all members. The promise for the future appears before us as almost a living reality. The record of this day will pass down to posterity as one of the most important in the history of the movement . . . This convention promises to be stupendous,—one such as we have never had before, and in keeping with the importance of this great cycle."

Mr. A. M. Smith of Chicago has already arranged for reduced rates of a fare and a third for the double journey to and from Chicago, and has been making arrangements in regard to halls, etc. A special feature on Sunday evening, February 20th, will be the holding of a great Brotherhood Congress which will be of the same character as the great Crusade Meetings, which were held around the world and for which great preparations are being made. On Saturday evening a lecture on the Crusade will be given, illustrated by 100 stereopticon views, which were specially made for the New York Brotherhood Bazaar Entertainment from Mrs. Tingley's private collection of photographs.

Among others who will be present at the Convention are Dr. Anderson, and we hope others also from the Pacific Coast; Judge O'Rourke, A. A. Purman and several others from Fort Wayne; W. T. Hanson and I. L. Harris from Macon, Ga.; W. C. Temple, from Pittsburg, who will be well remembered by all who attended last convention, for his magnificent speech and the stand he took in regard to our Society and the Movement; R. Crosbie, G. D. Ayers, Miss Guild from Boston; a large number from New York; C. Thurston from Providence; W. A. Stevens and Mrs. Stevens and a large delegation from Buffalo; Dr. Dower and others from Syracuse, and indeed delegates from all over the States.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF T. S. IN AUSTRALASIA (N. S. W.).

In a letter received from T. W. Willans, of Sydney, N. S. W., is the following:

"We have just finished our annual Convention of the T. S. in Australasia, N. S. W., this evening. It was a huge, unqualified, splendid success! Harmony, good will and brotherly love in complete control as at last memorable Convention when the Crusaders were here. Neresheimer vote carried with great applause, all standing. Vote for Mrs. Tingley as Leader and warmest of thanks for all

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the help she has given us carried with deafening cheers, all standing. Membership increased during the year over 100 per cent."

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN EUROPE (ENG.)

Clifton Branch. *Report.*—(Since November 17th, 1807). We have had our usual "open" meetings in the Branch room during the past month, on Sunday evening and Tuesday evening. Mr. Percy Leonard has been with us again since the beginning of last month, and has been helping greatly with the work, lecturing at workingmen's clubs and last Sunday (December 19) by invitation, to an audience of about 700 in a Baptist chapel. "Theosophy in Daily Life" was the subject, and his speaking was evidently much appreciated, as he was enthusiastically invited to continue speaking for ten minutes beyond the usual time allowed. Most of the audience seemed thoroughly interested. Reports of public lectures and Branch meetings are sent to the local newspapers by Mr. Leonard, as well as letters to the editors when suitable occasion offers.

The annual business meeting of the Branch was held about three weeks since, when Mr. Edgar Price was reelected Treasurer, Mrs. Greenfield, Secretary, and Mrs. Edith Clayton was reelected President.

On Sunday, November 23, we held our first I. B. L. meeting in Bristol. Miss Margaret Townsend presided and Mr. Percy Leonard, Mrs. B. E. R. Everett (from Cardiff) and Mrs. E. Clayton also spoke. Mrs. Williams, principal of the Clifton Kindergarten, provided the music, of which we had several selections. All present were very attentive and seemed much interested.

The Halifax Branch of the T. S. E. (England) is having the most wonderful success and attracting the attention of the whole town. This branch was one of the new centres formed by the Crusade, and through the great devotion of Mrs. Wood Foster and her son has become one of the strong centres in England.

As this will be the last report of the work given in the pages of this magazine before the Convention, it is not out of place to refer to the great increase in interest in Theosophy all over the world and in the recognition of the Universality of the Theosophical Movement. Through the Crusade links have been made between the T. S. A. and all parts of the world, and the closest ties exist between the T. S. A., and members all over the world. The progress made during the past two years has been simply amazing and the more so because the T. S. like all other organizations must at one time—when the Crusade was on its tour around the world—have felt the financial depression which affected the whole of this country.

Letters have been coming from all quarters expressing great trust and confidence in Mr. Neresheimer and the desire to sustain him in his arduous duties, and at the same time urging his continuance as President, since Mrs. Tingley, in reply to many requests to consent to take office declared months ago that she would not take any official position in the T. S. A., and it goes without saying that Mrs. Tingley does not say nay to the proposition in regard to Mr. Neresheimer.

January and February are usually the busiest months of the year at Headquarters when reports come in from all the Branches in the country. This year is no exception to the rule. Every department in Headquarters is busy and to get through the amount of work which to some would seem appalling is only possible through the hearty coöperation which exists between all the members of the staff.

Having been at Headquarters and closely associated with the work for over five years, first as private Secretary to William Q. Judge in the E. S. T. and then as Secretary to the President and

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also closely associated with Mrs. Tingley, I have been privileged in being able to watch the growth of the movement during these years and I can say that the Theosophical Movement throughout the world and that part of it which we call the T. S. A. have risen to a point of prominence and great usefulness. Those who have never heard of Theosophy are beginning to experience what is best described as a hunger for some explanation of their lives which nothing but Theosophy can satisfy and those who have heard of Theosophy are, in innumerable instances being compelled, by something within themselves, to seek for further light. But the greatest evidence of the growth of the movement is in my opinion to be found in the fact of the practical expression of Theosophy and Brotherhood by members all over the world. Theosophy has long been a power in the minds of members, but it is now becoming a living power in their *lives* and that which more than anything else has called it forth has been the opportunity for such expression presented by the International Brotherhood League.

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL.

A most interesting article from Dr. Buck which we hoped to have had in this issue arrived just too late, but we intend to give it to our readers next month. *Editors.*

NOTE.—To the members of the T. S. A. and the subscribers to the magazine I desire to state that I took up the work of Editorship of the magazine only for a short time at the urgent request of Mr. Neresheimer and others. I did this with great reluctance. I have endeavored with the assistance of Mr. Neresheimer to popularize the Magazine and bring about the changes which were necessary for its advancement. I regret that the limitations due to other work have prevented my doing all that should be done, but the time was not ripe for many things. My purpose has always been to keep as close as possible to Mr. Judge's wishes, and should I in the near future discontinue my editorship I feel sure that as long as it is carried on to serve principles and not personalities, it will be a success.

I also wish to call the attention of readers of this magazine that I am only responsible for the opinions expressed in unsigned articles and in the *Students' Column* and of course in all articles signed by myself.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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DEVOTED TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY.
THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT.
PHILOSOPHY · SCIENCE · AND · ART.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF THE PATH BY
WM. Q. JUDGE.

VOLUME XII: No 12.

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Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, Editors.

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The demonstration of these broad ideas from the Ethical, Scientific and Practical points of view will prove that there is much agreement between these systems on this topic, and that it is an underlying ground-work by means of which all Religions and all Philosophies agree also.

This magazine will endeavor to show the great similarity between the Religions of the world, in their fundamental beliefs and doctrines as also the value of studying other systems than our own.

A sound basis for ethics should be found.

Those who would assist the cause of Brotherhood should realize that it is of the first importance to discover as much as possible concerning the nature of man and man's relation to the world around him. The laws that govern his physical, mental, moral and spiritual being should be studied and investigated.

It is hoped that every sympathizer with the cause of brotherhood will endeavor to assist us in enlarging the circulation of this magazine. Subscribers will greatly oblige by sending us the names and addresses of individuals known to them as willing to investigate liberal ideas.

All writers who are interested in the above objects are invited to contribute articles.

It is in the hands of our readers to push the circulation of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD to an almost unlimited extent. **All profits arising from the publication of this magazine, or from the business conducted by the Theosophical Publishing Co., are devoted to propaganda of Brotherhood. All who assist us in this work are directly helping the great cause of humanity.**

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A U M

"Oh ye men and women, sons of the same Universal Mother as ourselves, ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose souls like ours belong to the Eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dream state and to see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race. * * *

"It is only an age of darkness for those who cannot see the light, but the light itself has never faded and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it and live in it."

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

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THEOSOPHY AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

BY ZORYAN.

(*Continued.*)

THERE are Seven steps of downward course from the All to One, from One, a Monad, to its Ray, from Ray. . . here Three are falling into Four.

The Monad sends its messenger, the Ray, upon its cyclic journey to the other shore.

Where has the Ray to journey, if not to the All again? But THAT dwells only in the darkness of the Unknown.

How is the Ray to win Self-consciousness eternal, so that its Monad may be radiant throughout?

It is through matter that consciousness appears, it is by limitations that we see the space, it is by multiplicity that we know the Unit.

It is by the non-self, by having fought with thoughts that are not ours, by being pressed with flickering flames of passion, which try to blind and quench our inner steady light; by being lost in the raging ocean of mocking dreams which entice our sunny hopes into their vortices and eddies but to tear them down; by the hardness and unwieldiness of our heart and the cruel sea-faring frame of death and negation, that we may affirm our Higher Self, whose silence speaks when once aroused in our own mysterious depths, and which rises proudly in its protest, Imperishable, Unconquerable, Divine, "*a bright star dropped from the Heart of Eternity, a beacon of Hope, on whose seven Rays hang the Seven Worlds of Being.*" (S. D. I., p. 145, new edition.)

What will the Pilgrim do on these four lower planes, whither he has fallen? Will he send the thoughts of his heart to meet the thoughts coming from opposite direction, so that he may know the difference between the Inner Eternal Real Life and outer apparitions, or will he drift taking his enemies for granted. Will he attest the Unity seeing now for the first time disrupted shadows? Will he be aware that these upside down black reflections mean negations of the invisible white realities of him, who sees, of his own inner light, which makes the consciousness of these negations possible? Will he recognize in these dark and powerful outlines the first appearing edges of the reality more tremendous, vast and spiritual, than he knew before, or frightened will he shrink into ease again? Will the depths below awake the heights above? Will the stronger shadow reveal still stronger light, the outer spaces open inner spaces, so that he may forever live in a more glorious, more self-conscious light?

Impelled by Karmic Law he dwells on seven globes of these four planes. Not all at once he gains experience, but very slowly he descends without a shock. Nature is merciful and gives enough of time.

Seven times he has to journey through

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the seven globes of earth, of which his mortal eyes see only one, as it lies on the lowest plane of the four. At first he moves his shadows, but in the middle of his journey he descends himself.

When he begins to see the shadows to last beyond his thoughts, soft is their matter then, their aspect bright and joyous, their song melodious as that of a morning lark. Longer and longer do they last, passing through three stages of the elemental essence, and all seems a sport on the great field of space and time. When the fourth is reached, the shadows reflect more radiance of the steady thought and become "Sparks of the Lower Kingdom, that float and thrill with joy in their radiant dwellings." These will not be extinguished, for they are the great mineral World, and the Great Serpent of Spirit takes this end of his shadowy tail and makes it sparkle brightly. It is his great knowledge that makes atoms omniscient in their circular and scintillating flights. The smallest of the small has found refuge in the greatest of the great, and all angelic hosts are helped. Did not they deserve it? Have not they obeyed the call to grow, expand and differentiate to the smallest limits, so that each of them would have a field to help and interpenetrate mutually and to reach the oneness consciously by harmony of multiplicity? Has not each one of them made this grand work not for himself, but for all the Host of Hierarchies? Did not they weave this web of Light out of their own hearts, where Universal Music told them what to do, so that every atom which flashed out is one grand note of a celestial song?

The First, the Mother, heard and came down and took the singing, fiery things into her mouth.* Her magic touch gave the hearing powers to the atoms, and sent them back to the same angels who emanated them, with message from the Mother. This was the message of Life, the dreams coming back as living beings, the songs returning as radiant sisters, gifts rich and celestial, as only Divinity can make them. And the great privilege is given that Egos themselves will help and lead awakened atoms into the plants, plants into sacred animals, animals into men, and who will dare all hazards of past Karma and for that great joy, that their dreams came true by mercy of the Great Mother, that they are now alive, that they can answer back their love, that they now can be led into the eternal, instead of simply being absorbed by those who thought them out.

It is at this stage of evolution that crystallized and organic life awakes, and centres form themselves and grow from within. Herbert Spencer calls it integration, combining here two kinds, one which grows from outside, another from inside, while all the world of difference is between them. He did not discern the current of evolution rising from below to meet that descending from above, the new centres ascending in the angelic dreams to meet their Lords and be one with their thoughts and with their heart. Evolution is not presented to his mind in the shape of a cross between the upward and the downward stream. That part of his mind which discussed the subject seems to be dreaming yet. Besides, this physical outside–inside adjustment is only a skin-deep shadow of the real one, which is life awakening in Life.

So it is now no more a returning of the shadows. It is Divinity itself, the greatest of the great, and yet so humble as to enter into the smallest things, it is the great One Life ascending Jacob's ladder, the stairway of angelic dreams, which descend toward it to give it form and dress.

Who then awakens now, the Shoreless Life in centres, essences and forms, or centres, essences and forms in Shoreless Life? Can consciousness exist without these two?

S. D. I. 310 (new edition). The first is the Mother, . . . [the serpent biting its own tail.]

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See those crystallic, sparkling, joyous beauties! Wrapped in a seven-fold robe of glory they thrill in rapture of their morning dream—a dream so sweet, so tense, lasting through the ages. Oh how many things they learn! If we wish to examine these, in our own soul we can read the history of evolution.

Where has our essence acquired that fixedness of form, that instant grasp of geometric intuition, that rhythmic motion of the waves, that breezy flight of aerial forms? How many lessons learned? Do not we build our houses in a crystallic shape? Do not we desire transparency, which is the harmony of atoms? What suggested to man, if not a sparkling diamond and an electro—out-reaching amber, to "evolve his shining eyes, his floating hair," as Coleridge puts it? What represents the highest symbol of all, if not the dew-drop in the lotus? O sweet is the first touch of the mother and the memory is pure!

Then come the plants. See how gently they try to draw together and unite the riotous extremes. They do not crystallize suddenly, neither have they patience to form basalt hexagon-prisms out of solid lava with tremendous force and steady effort of millions of years. See how they unite in themselves solids, liquids, gases in one form. See the wonderful synthesis of forms, and how it was produced. It was done by gentle force of harmonious vibrations of vital force from the one centre to millions of cells and branches, all responding with one accord to the same intracellular soft and tender touch and flow; a splendid lesson to the human cells of societies and orders, which bids disaster to those who carry independence to that point of vigor, where soft response of tender nature is no more extant, or to those who depend not on their harmonious hearts but only on frigid rules. O morning roses, tell where have you got your sunny fragrance, tell how you drew the charm from Mother's endless treasures hidden, what made your cells so vibrant with one harmony of concord, that you produced a magic wonder. Teach us then magic, waft to our memory, when we were flowers, waft the fragrance of the morning of our own ancient genesis, blow to us the breeze of reminiscence, which *is* our pleasure now when we inhale thy balm, O roses, in gladness of the duties done, results achieved in distant ages.

Now come through shady woods, walk upon the meadow. Every waft of scent-laden breeze tells thee a story. which is written deep on the ancient records of your soul. In every scent you feel a force, a passion, a sigh, a joy, a strife. Even your face makes an expression, that you may read in a mirror. Look on your inner mirror, look as life to life, read the story, learn and understand.

And those forms, those leaves, those petals! Do not you see a strength in an oak-leaf, a tenderness and harmony in a rose, a violence in a thistle? Oh! even now you do remember, when your arm rises in a sweep of power in an oak-like curve, when it gently makes caressing motion in a curve of a rose-petal, when it strikes like a sharp thistle-leaf.

(*To be continued.*)

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RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

BY BASIL CRUMP.

VIII.—PARSIFAL.

Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws —eternal Harmony, the World-Soul's SELF: a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting Right, and fitness of all things, the law of love eternal.—*Voice of the Silence.*

Through voluntary suffering and renunciation man's egoism is already practically upheaved, and he who chooses them, let his object be whate'er you please, is thereby raised already above all notions bound by Time and Space; for no longer can he seek a happiness that lies in Time and Space e'en were they figured as eternal as immeasureable.—Wagner's *State and Religion*

IN approaching a brief study of this, the crowning drama of the Master's life-work, one must have the whole cycle of his previous mystical works in mind. Then it will be perceived that they all represent different phases of the complex struggles undergone by the human being in the course of its evolution. The last of these struggles was depicted in *Tristan and Isolde* where we find the demons of the lower mind finally vanquished and the soul at peace with itself in conscious union with the World-Soul. In the introductory remarks on that work I alluded to the Thread-Soul connecting all the dramas, and I showed from Wagner's writings and correspondence that he was occupied at one and the same time with the three widely different yet closely allied subjects of the *Ring*, *Tristan and Parsifal.*

But there is now something more significant to add. Wagner tells Liszt that *Die Sieger* (the forerunner of *Parsifal*) could only become intelligible after digesting *Tristan*, "especially the third act." Coupling this with the fact that he at first intended to introduce the figure of Parsifal in this same third act, we get a clue to the Master's meaning. In the figure of Parsifal we see the product of the struggles depicted in the previous dramas. He stands alone as a *perfect being;* there is no female figure on or near his level, because in him the "head" and "heart," the Eternal Manly and the Eternal Womanly, are united as they there needs must be in one who has attained the power to redeem. Let us recall Wagner's words on the *Ring* drama: "Nor is Siegfried, taken alone (the male alone), the perfect Man: only with Brynhild becomes he the redeemer."

The great theme of the *Parsifal* drama is that of Compassion, the highest aspect of that love which was the keynote of Wagner's life, and whose sacred power is contained in the chalice of the Grail. During the composition of *Tristan*, Wagner wrote to a friend, "In all my relations to the suffering world I feel led and guided by one thing alone—*Compassion.* If only I could give myself thereto without reserve then all my private woes would be overcome." And there are numberless anecdotes of the greatness of his heart. Battling ever with unheard of difficulties, suffering as only such a highly strung, sensitive nature can suffer, he was yet constantly sharing his last shilling, his last crust, with a more needy brother. It was he, too, who said, "No individual can be happy until we are all happy; for no individual can be free until all are free." Says M. Kufferath, "He was, himself, all his life the compassionate being he imagined as the hero of his last work." Herein lies the secret of Wagner's power; he had *lived* all his dramas in his own heart and mind.

Besides *Die Sieger*, the drama in which the Buddha and his philosophy were to be introduced, Wagner had earlier sketched *Jesus of Nazareth.* But in both these subjects he felt the disadvantage

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of dealing with historical figures, and so he blended them in the mythical figure of *Parsifal*, making him the hero of a mystery-play in which the essential elements of the great religions of the Eastern and Western worlds are blended. Thus did he hold up to the world the grand ideal of a Brotherhood of Religions as well as of Arts and Humanity.

Many have thought that *Parsifal* is a specifically Christian play, but as a matter of fact it presents the essential truths of the great World-Religions in a form especially adapted to the Western world of to-day where Christianity is the ruling religion. In adopting this course Wagner showed his wisdom and deep knowledge of human nature; for it will always be found that truths are more readily conveyed to the mind in familiar than in unfamiliar forms, and that a wall of prejudice is frequently set up at the very commencement if this method is departed from.

In the short article on the *Lohengrin* drama I referred very briefly to the legend of the Holy Grail which is so prominent in the mythology of the European and especially the Celtic peoples. We have in this legend several important features. First of all there is the mysterious Monsalvat, or mount of salvation, on which the Castle of the Grail stood. This mountain is a world-wide symbol for a lofty state of consciousness reached by aspiration, purity, and altruistic endeavor. Consequently we find its location on earth to be uncertain and surrounded by mystery, although in some cases this may indicate one of the many places where mystic communities vowed to the highest service of humanity actually exist.

Wagner, following the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, has placed the Grail Castle on the Northern slope of the Mountains of Gothic Spain, while on the Southern side in Moorish Spain is the Castle of Perdition raised by the Magician Klingsor to lure the Grail Knights to destruction. These knights dwell in the Castle as chosen guardians of the Grail, united in the sacred bonds of Brotherly love and pledged to carry Relief and Truth to their fellow creatures. This mystic Brotherhood is a living fact in nature with many different expressions in the outer world, the Masonic Fraternity being perhaps the most widely spread of these. It is a Lodge governed by the immutable laws of nature which act without fear or favor. Thus the forces of destruction can never affect it, for each unit has its appropriate place and the ambitious, the selfish, and the traitorous can never pass its threshold, although they may imagine that they do so. All belong to it whether they know it or not who are carrying out its principles in their lives.

The Grand Master of this Lodge we here find in the King of the Knights of the Grail, and Wagner—a Mason himself—points out that his distinction from the rest of the Brotherhood lies in "*the weight of suffering which none but himself can gauge.*" Further he says that this King or Grand Master is the *living link* between the ideal realm of the Grail where Divine Compassion resides and the material world where Selfishness reigns. "The atmosphere essential for his work," continues Wagner, "is found in a body of like-minded men banded together to serve him unreservedly, pledged fulfillers of his gracious will." This harmony, whole-hearted trust and absolute obedience to the Head is but little understood at the present day, and yet there never was and never will be any other road to the Temple of the Holy Grail.

Next we come to the Sacred Cup itself in which are contained the fruits of suffering and incarnation in the material world—the Wisdom and Compassion which radiate from the Christos or Divine Self in Man—the mystic Bread and Wine. And here we can remind ourselves that the Eucharistic ceremony is of vast antiquity and discoverable in

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all religions and rituals of initiation. Let us take the early Druidical form of the Grail Cup, itself derived from the Egyptians. The Saga of the great bard Taliesin tells us how Gwion the dwarf or primitive man helps Koridwen (Nature) to boil in a cauldron or vase the six magic plants and so prepare the water of Wisdom. The hot liquid splashes on his hand and raising it to his mouth—as Siegfried did when the hot blood of the slain dragon burnt him—his inner faculties are awakened and he begins to understand Nature's secrets. Going through a series of forms in which he battles with nature and masters one by one her mysteries, he is at length re-born in a new and glorious shape as Taliesin, the initiated Bard, Master of Sound. The embryo soul of the dwarf has evolved through many births or changes of form, and by means of many struggles, until it vibrates in sympathy with all that lives and breathes.

Such a perfected being is called a Companion of the Lodge or of the Vase, and the name Parsifal in its Gallic form signifies Companion of the Cup or Vase, while the Persian form adopted by Wagner means the Pure Simple. The character of Parsifal is that of a stainless, simple youth who passes unscathed through all temptation and learns the World's pain through Sympathy or Compassion which is the highest aspect of the Will. It then becomes the power to redeem, and its weapon is the Sacred Lance which should never be separated from the Grail.

In the drama of Parsifal, Wagner takes these elements and presents to us in a series of pictures quivering with musical and dramatic life the story of the World's sin and pain, its cause and cure. The whole conception is characterized by a simplicity and beauty and yet by an immense grandeur, and solemnity impossible to describe.

In the next article I will pass on to the story of the drama itself to which the following passage from Wagner's *Art and Revolution* (Prose Works, I, 34), will form a fitting prelude. He is speaking of the great Festival Plays in Ancient Greece.

"To see the most pregnant of all tragedies, the *Prometheus*, came they; in this Titanic masterpiece to see the image of themselves, to read the riddle of their own actions, to fuse their own being and their own communion with that of their god . . . For in the Tragedy the Greek found himself again,—nay found the noblest parts of his own nature united with the noblest characteristics of the whole nation; and from his inmost soul, as it there unfolded itself to him, proclaimed the Pythian oracle. At once both God and Priest, glorious god-like man, one with the Universal, the Universal summed up in him; like one of those thousand fibres which form the plant's united life, his slender form sprang from the soil into the upper air; there to bring forth the one lovely flower which sheds its fragrant breath upon eternity."

(*To be continued.*)

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THOMAS PAINE.*

BY HULDAH T. GUNN, M. D.

AMONG the eminent men who labored to secure our country's freedom none stand higher than Thomas Paine; and, be it to the nation's shame—none are so little known at the present time. Although the companion and co-worker with Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, and Lafayette, no statue of him adorns our public parks and buildings, and scant mention of him is made in the histories of our country. Higginson, Fisk, Scudder, Eggleston, and I think Ridpath, ignore him altogether. Johnson gives a few lines, admitting that Paine's *Common Sense* turned the scale in favor of separation from England; and Channing gives him a back-handed mention in the following words: "No one can read the State papers of the revolutionary period without being impressed with the constitutional knowledge and literary skill of their authors. Yet it may well be doubted if all put together exerted so much influence in bringing the people to an acquiescence on the policy of independence as was exerted by one small pamphlet written by Thomas Paine, called *Common Sense*." Then he stabs him by adding: "It is fortunate that our task does not require a description of Paine's personal character. He came to America and was recognized as a man of remarkable literary power and was encouraged by Franklin and Jefferson, *who may have been unaware of the moral contamination which lurked in his neighborhood*." Who Edward Channing is I do not know, but I can safely predict that any man, who in the year 1896, with every opportunity for investigation—if he wished to dissect Paine's character—can write in such an Iago style, will be forgotten when Thomas Paine's name will be written in letters of gold; for justice, although sometimes tardy, is nevertheless sure, and sooner or later, hand in hand with truth, she will vindicate those who have been wronged. And no man in this or any other country has been more maligned, misrepresented and calumniated than Thomas Paine. Ingratitude and ignominy have been his portion, instead of justice and honor. A name that should have been exalted has been debased, and for what reason? *Because he was a brave and truthful man, and had the moral courage to give utterance to what he believed to be the truth.*

Thomas Paine was born in Thetford, Norfolk, England, on the 29th of January, 1737, and died at New Rochelle, New York, June 8th, 1809, "in the land his genius defended, and under the flag he gave to the skies." He says of himself: "My father being a Quaker it was my good fortune to have an exceeding good moral education and a tolerable stock of useful learning. * * * I happened when a schoolboy to pick up a pleasing history of Virginia, and my inclination from that day, of seeing the western side of the Atlantic never left me." That "inclination" was not gratified till 1774, when he met Benjamin Franklin in London, who, perceiving in him abilities of no ordinary character, advised him to quit his native country, where he was surrounded by so many difficulties, and try his fortune in America. He also gave him a letter of introduction to his son-in-law, Richard Bache, who resided in Philadelphia. This introduction brought him in contact with the most literary, scientific, and patriotic men of the age.

In January, 1775, he became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. Up to this period Paine had been a whig; but from the practical tone of his editorials it is probable he began to suspect that that

* Read before the Society for Political Study, October 26th, 1897.

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"speculative abstraction, British constitutionalism, had exhausted its usefulness in the social organism; and that human progress could reach a higher plane than that represented by kings, lords, commons, and church establishment."

These were exciting times in the American colonies. A spirit of discontent was widespread over the land, owing to a series of oppressive enactments by the parent government; but the thought of a separation from British control had hardly entered the mind of any American.

The wish for justice was strong, but the desire for independence was yet unborn. Paine soon comprehended the situation, and exerted himself to bring about a reconciliation between parent and child. He wrote an elaborate letter to the British government in which he endeavored to show the English rulers the injustice of their course to the colonies and that the true interests of home government would be conserved by a course of leniency.

As we know, he did not succeed in this laudable effort. Alive to justice and equity he readily espoused the American cause and became thoroughly imbued with American interests; and under this inspiration he wrote the immortal pamphlet entitled *Common Sense*, which was published in January, 1776. The effects produced by this pamphlet were unparalleled. It astounded some, alarmed others, but created an enthusiasm in the American heart that could not be quelled. The masses were infused with his spirit, and a love of liberty was awakened which never again slumbered. Edition after edition of this brave patriotic pamphlet was printed and scattered all over the land. There was scarcely a mansion, a farm-house, or a cabin but had a copy of *Common Sense*.

A general response like a glad shout arose from all parts of the country. It was the rallying cry that led a young nation to birth and to victory.

"No other pamphlet published during the revolution is comparable with it. Therein as in a mirror is beheld the almost incredible England against which the colonies contended. And therein is reflected the moral, even religious enthusiasm which raised the struggle above the paltriness of a rebellion against taxation, to a great human movement—*a war for an idea*." It portrayed in clear language the practicability of an independent government, and boldly advised a forcible resistance to the unjust exactions of a powerful and oppressive nation. It ably indicated how a government could be established in which the control of it could be entirely in the hands of the people governed; where the poor and the rich could equally share in the rights, duties and benefits pertaining to it; in which there should be neither prerogatives nor disabilities on account of religious belief. It pointed out how the true government of a people was one of equal rights, equal privileges and equal opportunities for preferment and honor." * * * He was not only the first to suggest American independence but the first to write the words "The free and independent States of America." In a letter to Lord Howe, dated January 13th, 1777, he wrote:—*United States of America* will sound as pompously to the world, in history, as the Kingdom of Great Britain." * * * Six months after the publication of *Common Sense* the *Declaration of Independence* was signed, which in all probability Paine had a hand in formulating, although not so recorded in history.

Before it became known who wrote *Common Sense*, it was by some attributed to Benjamin Franklin, others insisted that it was from the pen of that elegant writer of English, John Adams. In refutation of this sentiment, Mr. Adams wrote:—"It has been generally propagated through the continent that I wrote this pamphlet; I could not have written

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anything in so manly and striking a style." This eulogy was pronounced by one who, says Randall in his "Life of Thomas Jefferson," was so jealous of Paine's credit in the matter of the Declaration of Independence "that he spares no occasion to underrate Paine's services, and to assault his opinions and character."

Dr. Franklin disclaimed the authorship in a letter to a lady friend who reproached him for using such an epithet as "the royal brute of Britain," in which he said "I did not write the pamphlet and would never so dishonor the brute creation." Major Gen. Charles Lee, in a letter to Washington after the appearance of *Common Sense*, wrote in this wise:—"Have you seen the pamphlet *Common Sense*? I never saw such a masterly irresistible performance. I own myself convinced by the arguments of the necessity of separation." Afterwards in speaking of Paine he says: "He burst on the world like Jove in thunder. His writings will answer for his patriotism." Samuel Bryan in his estimate of the pamphlet said:—"This book may be called the Book of Genesis, for it was the beginning; from it sprang the Declaration of Independence, that not only laid the foundation of liberty in our own country, but the good of mankind throughout the world." Dr. Benjamin Rush, whose acquaintance Paine made when he first came to America, said of *Common Sense*:—"That book burst forth from the press with an effect that has been rarely produced by types and paper, in any age or country." Lossing in his *Field Book of the Revolution* says:—"*Common Sense* was the earliest and most powerful appeal in behalf of independence, and probably did more to fix that idea firmly in the public mind than any other instrumentality." Morse in his *Annals of the Revolution* says: "The change in the public mind in consequence of *Common Sense* is without parallel."

The limitation of my paper precludes me from citing others in laudation of this remarkable production, but I must not omit George Washington's tribute to Paine's genius. In a letter to Joseph Reed, dated January 31st, 1776, he writes "A few more such flaming arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet *Common Sense*, will not leave numbers at a loss to decide on the propriety of a separation."

The Continental Congress issued an order that *Common Sense* should be read at the headquarters of the armies; and Washington also gave an order from his headquarters directing the Captains in service to read it to their companies. We can scarcely appreciate at this day the marvelous effect these inspiring utterances had upon the army.

Paine realizing that the life of the young nation depended upon the ensuing struggle, resigned his position as editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and marched with his musket to the front. He enlisted in a Pennsylvania Division of the Flying Camp of 10,000 men, who were to be sent wherever needed. Later on he was under General Nathanael Greene. The hardships and deprivations of a soldier's life seemed to stimulate his prolific pen, and patriotic effusions continued to flow from it.

When Washington was defeated on Long Island, and forced to make a humiliating retreat across New Jersey, his army reduced and dispirited, and gloom prevailed all over the country, Paine's first *Crisis* appeared like an electric spark amid profound darkness. The halfclad, disheartened soldiers of Washington were called together in groups to listen to that thrilling exhortation. The opening words alone—"*these are the times that try men's souls*"—were an inspiration that led on to victory. "The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot, will in this crisis shrink

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from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, yet we have the consolation with us that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. * * * Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon her goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated."

As they listened to these encouraging words, despair gave place to hope, gloom to cheerfulness, irresolution to determination, and presently the great commander saw his dispirited soldiers beaming with hope and bounding to the onset; their watchword — "These are the times that try men's souls."

The Hessians were captured, Trenton was won, and a new era dawned for America on the morrow of that Christmas day, 1776. All honor to Thomas Paine!

Conway, in his life of Thomas Paine, in speaking of the effects produced by *The Crisis* says — "Not a chord of love, or hope was left untouched. With skillful illustration of lofty principles, by significant details all summed with simplicity and sympathy, three miserable weeks as ever endured by men were raised into epical dignity."

After the battle of Trenton Paine continued his place on General Greene's staff, and by the wish of all the Generals kept on writing during the entire struggle.

When the outlook was the most cheerless and the spirits of the army and the country most depresssd, then hope and courage would be revived through his never tiring pen.

In January, 1777, he issued his second number of *The Crisis*. It was addressed to Lord Howe, ridiculing the proclamation he had issued, commanding "all congress-committees, etc., to desist and cease their treasonable doings." It was full of invective, the style, perhaps, being more popular than polished. Doubtless he, himself, realized this, which prompted the following: "If I have anywhere expressed myself over-warmly 'tis from a fixed, immovable hatred I have and ever had to cruel men and cruel measures. I have likewise an aversion to monarchy, as being too debasing to the dignity of man. * * * What I write is pure nature, and my pen and my soul have ever gone together." Further on he says: "I consider *Independence* America's right and *interest*, and I never could see any real disservice it would be to Britain."

The third number of *The Crisis* was issued in April, 1777 (the same year Congress elected him Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs). In it he reviews step by step the progress of the Revolution, and demonstrates the impossibility of subjugation. His words are: "*As free and Independent States* we are willing to make peace with you tomorrow, but we neither can hear nor reply in any other character." His keen and watchful eye had at this time discerned the covert enemy within the fold, and pointed out the danger in the following language: "In the present crisis, we ought to know square by square and house by house who are in real allegiance with the United Independent States and who are not." He also discusses quite fully the currency question, and suggests a method of taxation that would be a test of loyalty to the cause. Right here I wish to say that at one time when the fortunes of the country were at its lowest ebb, and the army suffering for the merest necessaries, he started a subscription list, heading it with a donation of $500—all the money he had, including the portion of the salary due him. Quite a large sum of money was thus raised, which was of immense service in tiding the army over.

Paine continued to publish these patriotic papers, a series of sixteen, to the end of the war, for which he was in no way compensated. He gave them freely

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for the benefit of the cause he so enthusiastically espoused. In the last, which was published in 1783, he was able to say: "The times that tried men's souls are over, and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew gloriously and happily accomplished. * * * It was the cause of America that made me an author. The force with which it struck my mind and the dangerous condition the country appeared to be in, by courting an impossible and unnatural reconciliation with those who were determined to reduce her, instead of striking out into the only line that could cement and save her—a Declaration of Independence—made it impossible for me, feeling as I did, to be silent; and if in the course of more than seven years I have rendered her any service, I have likewise added something to the reputation of literature by freely and disinterestedly employing it in the great cause of mankind. * * * But as the scenes of war are closed, and every man preparing for home and happier times, I therefore take my leave of the subject. I have most sincerely followed it from beginning to end, and through all its turns and windings; and whatever country I may hereafter be in, I shall always feel an honest pride at the part I have taken and acted, and a gratitude to nature and Providence for putting it in my power to be of some use to mankind."

After ably discharging the duties of Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs for two years Mr. Paine resigned (in 1779), in consequence of a contest which had arisen connected with Silas Deane, who had, early in the war, been sent to France to obtain supplies for the army. In a newspaper article entitled *Common Sense on Mr. Deane's Affairs*, he, in his usual straightforward style, exposed what he believed to be the fraudulent conduct of Mr. Deane. This naturally incurred the enmity of Deane's friends in Congress, and a motion was made for Mr. Paine to appear before Congress to deny or affirm that he was the author of the article. He admitted the authorship, whereupon he was requested to withdraw. As soon as he left the house a member arose and made a motion that Mr. Paine be discharged from the office of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, but the motion was lost on a division. Mr. Paine then asked that he might be heard in his own defense. Congress denying him this, he sent in his resignation the next day, in the following characteristic words, showing his true dignity of character: "As I cannot consistently with my character as a freeman, submit to be censured unheard; therefore, to preserve that character and maintain that right, I think it my duty to resign the office of Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, and I do hereby resign the same."

Notwithstanding this unpleasant transaction, there was no abatement of Mr. Paine's patriotism As I have shown, he continued to publish his pamphlets and freely distributed them without money and without price.

After his resignation as Secretary he took a position as clerk in an attorney's office in Philadelphia, as now he had no means of obtaining a livelihood. Soon after this, however, he was chosen clerk of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which position he filled with his accustomed ability. In 1781 Mr. Paine accompanied Colonel Henry Laurens, president of Congress at that time, to France to negotiate a loan for the benefit of the United States. Of the success of that mission we all know, that they not only succeeded in securing the loan, but also received six million livres as a gift, which was of incalculable advantage to the struggling young nation.

Paine's services had been so illy repaid and his generosity so unprecedented that at the close of the war he found himself almost entirely without means. He then went back to Bordentown, N. J., where

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he had a small property. There he spent three months in poverty and gloom. In September, 1783, the month of the final peace, he sat alone in his little home, living on a crust; meantime the other war heroes were celebrating their victory by a round of festivities at Rocky Hill—a mansion which Congress (then in session at Princeton) had prepared for Washington to receive ambassadors and other dignitaries from all over the world. One day a ray from this festive splendor shone in his humble abode. The great Commander had not forgotten his unwearied fellow-soldier, and wrote him the following letter:

"ROCKY HILL, Sept. 10, 1783.

"DEAR SIR—I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, for both, or whatever cause it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceeding glad to see you at it.

"Your presence may remind Congress of your services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who with much pleasure subscribes himself,

"Your sincere friend,

"G. WASHINGTON."

Paine's reply to this friendly letter is too long for me to copy in full, but I will give a few extracts from it. He writes:

"I am made exceedingly happy by the receipt of your friendly letter of the 10th. I most sincerely thank you for your good wishes and friendship to me, and the kind invitation you have honored me with, which I shall with much pleasure accept." * * * I will omit a large portion of the letter in which he alludes to Mr. Livingston's and Mr. Morris' letters to him avowing their friendship and willingness to serve him, but will give the part in which he expresses his feelings in regard to the neglect Congress was showing him. He says: "Though I was never at a loss in writing on public matters, I feel exceedingly so in what respects myself. I am hurt by the neglect of the collective ostensible body of America, in a way which it is probable they do not perceive my feelings. It has an effect in putting either my reputation or their generosity at stake, for it cannot fail of suggesting that either I (notwithstanding the appearance of service) have been undeserving their regard or that they are remiss toward me. Their silence is to me something like condemnation, and their neglect must be justified by my loss of reputation, or my reputation supported by their injury; either of which is alike painful to me. But as I have ever been dumb on anything which might touch national honor, so I mean ever to continue so. Wishing you sir, the happy enjoyment of peace and every public and private felicity, I remain, etc.,

"THOMAS PAINE."

Mr. Paine was urged by many of his friends to appeal to Congress for the compensation so justly due him for his efficient services during the seven years' war, but he invariably refused to do so. He was finally induced, however, to write to Mr. Elias Boudinot, president of Congress. In this letter he said he "neither sought nor received for his services any stipulated honors, advantages, or emoluments," but he thought "Congress should inquire into them." I could not find in my reading that Congress took any action in the matter, but the Legislature of Pennsylvania presented him with five hundred pounds, and the Legislature of New York conveyed to him a tract of three hundred and fifty acres of land, confiscated from the estate of Frederic Devoe, a royalist. It was situated near New Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y., where, as I have stated, he ended his days.

America was now a free and independ-

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ent nation, but France was struggling to be free, and when she called for brave men in her defense, Paine was among the first to lend his services in her behalf. When asked by Franklin why he should leave America so soon after freedom had been obtained here, supplementing his inquiry with this remark: "Where liberty is is my home." Paine characteristically replied: "Ah! where liberty is *not* is MY home," meaning it was his pleasure to assist in achieving it.

In April, 1787, he left this country and went to France. As his career there is not pertinent to this paper, I shall not dwell upon it, but feel it but just to allude briefly to his imprisonment there during the Reign of Terror. After he had been in prison some weeks it became evident to all reasonable persons that he was innocent of any crime, and the American residents in Paris went in a body to the Convention and asked for his release. Their address to the Convention was as follows: "Citizens! The French nation had invited the most illustrious of all foreign nations to the honor of representing her. Thomas Paine, the apostle of liberty in America, a profound and valuable philosopher, a virtuous and esteemed citizen, came to France and took a seat among you. Particular circumstances rendered necessary the decree to put under arrest all the English residing in France. Citizens! Representatives! We come to demand of you Thomas Paine, in the name of the friends of liberty, and in the name of Americans, your brothers and allies; was there anything more wanted to obtain our demand we would tell you. Do not give the leagued despots the pleasure of seeing Paine in irons. We shall inform you that the seals put upon the papers of Thomas Paine have been taken off, that the committee of general safety examined them, and far from finding among them any dangerous propositions, they only found the love of liberty, which characterized him all his lifetime; that eloquence of nature and philosophy which made him the friend of mankind, and those principles of public morality which merited the hatred of kings, and the affection of his fellow citizens. In short, citizens! If you permit us to restore Thomas Paine to the embraces of his fellow citizens, we offer to pledge ourselves as securities for his conduct during the short time he shall remain in France." The answer to this petition was that the demand could not be listened to "*in consequence of its not being authorized by the American government.*"

Exclusive of Mr. Paine's being a citizen of the United States and consequently entitled to the protection of its government, he had rendered her services which none but the ungrateful could forget; he, therefore, had no reason to expect that her chief magistrate would abandon him in his hour of peril.

Paine felt keenly his cold neglect and alluded to it two years after (1796) in a published letter to General Washington. The letter related principally to the treaty that had just been concluded between the United States and Great Britain. In view of the high opinion that Washington entertained of Paine's invaluable services in our revolution it is hard to understand why he did not interfere in favor of his release. This *negative* fault is certainly a reprehensible one in Washington's record.

After the downfall of Robespierre, Paine was released and again took his seat in the National Convention. When he left prison he became the guest of James Monroe, who was then minister to France, where he remained eighteen months, and was thus enabled to recuperate his health, which was sadly impaired owing to his long imprisonment—eleven months, I think. Mr. Monroe was his true friend from first to last, and so was Thomas Jefferson.

One of Jefferson's first acts when he became President of the United States was to send a national vessel to convey

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Thomas Paine back to his adopted country. He also proposed to give him one of the first offices in his gift, which Mr. Paine respectfully declined, feeling no doubt, with his usual magnanimity, that his acceptance might embarrass the administration, for he had already realized how deep seated was the prejudice and enmity against him, that had been engendered mainly through pulpit vituperation. I cannot take leave of the subject without mentioning the most celebrated of all his political works, his *Rights of Man*, for which he was outlawed from England. It was written in 1771 in reply to *Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution*. Napoleon Bonaparte, in a letter to Mr. Paine, speaks of it in this wise: "A statue of gold ought to be erected to you in every city in the Universe. I assure you I always sleep with *The Rights of Man* under my pillow. I desire you to honor me with your correspondence and advice." Andrew Jackson gave his estimate of the value of the work in these words: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands; he has created himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. *The Rights of Man* will be more enduring than all the piles of marble and granite that man can erect."

Thomas Paine was not behind Benjamin Franklin in his denunciation of slavery, as those who read his works will see, and he was a step in advance of him, in his plea for the rights of women. In the August, 1775, number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* will be found an article entitled: *An occasional letter to the female sex*, from which I quote a few sentences: "If a woman were to defend the cause of her sex she might address man in the following manner: 'Nature assails us with sorrow, law and custom press us with constraint, sometimes also the name of citizen demands from us the tribute of fortitude. When you offer your blood to the State, think that it is ours. In giving it our sons and our husbands, we give it more than ourselves. You can only die on the field of battle but we have the misfortune to survive those whom we love the most. Alas! while your ambitious vanity is unceasingly laboring to cover the earth with statues, with monuments and with inscriptions to eternize, if possible your names, when this body is no more, why must we be condemned to live and die unknown. Why not permit our names to be pronounced beyond the narrow circle in which we live? Be not tyrants and deny us not the public esteem, which after the esteem of one's self, is the sweetest reward of well doing." This from the pen of Thomas Paine over a century ago.

His distinguishing characteristic—the trait which constituted his greatness—*was his capability of being ahead of his time.* Had his *Age of Reason* been written a hundred years later, it would not have called forth the animosity and malignity it did, for the people would have been prepared to receive it. The marvel is that to-day any one with ordinary reasoning powers should call his well meditated *theism* infidelity or atheism, when he states his "profession of faith" so clearly: "I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond the grave; I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." And he lived up to his creed—his long and useful life was filled with self-sacrificing deeds for his fellow man. He also said: "The world is my country; to do good my religion."

That he was the great apostle of political and religious freedom, none who read his works can deny, and yet bigotry and prejudice, have combined to rob our school children the *right* of knowing anything about this great and glorious man.

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"THE SHAMROCK."

BY ELEANOR DUNLOP.

"I HAVE fasted and prayed for naught. My children wander as stray sheep having no shepherd." Thus thinking, the old man sighed; a wearied expression born of failure stole into his eyes—eyes which looked beyond the passing show of things into the realities of being.

Nature was weaving her veil of forgetfulness as she crooned her evening lullaby. The lakes which had glittered and danced all day in the sparkling sunshine now lay in calm repose, save where the moonbeams formed a shimmering pathway for the fairies. These tiny sprites made revel all night long on the quiet waters of Innisfree, whilst "Ben bulben" watched the sport peeping over the shoulders of "The Twins." The purple shadows were chasing each other across Killarney's hills when Patrick's deep drawn sigh disturbed the silence. In a thorn bush a blackbird sang its evensong, its little heart was well-nigh bursting with the rapturous pain—the joy and mystery of living. Still the old man sat disconsolate. In the neighboring villages, and indeed all over the Island, Patrick was known and loved for his wise counsel and kindness of heart. Not yet had the aureole of saintship encircled his name. A good and holy man, the people flocked to hear him preach—pressed close so as to touch his threadbare habit. Rumors were afloat of miracles which had been performed. All evil and loathsome things hated Patrick as they hated the sun. Reptiles, toads and lizards hid themselves when he passed. Some said he cursed these crawling things, forbidding them access to his beloved country, altho' of this we don't feel very sure. But we can readily believe that his deep violet grey eyes shone with the light of wisdom, gained by childlike deeds of love and kindliness. Round his mouth played a sweet witching smile, as tho' hidden founts of humor lay within. Thus Patrick, Ireland's favorite saint, appeared to the simple country folk, who listened to his teachings. To-night, as we have seen, depression and doubt were his unwelcome guests. There he sat, on a moss-covered stone, regardless of the Divine Enchantress who beckoned him to follow her into the land of forgetfulness. Patrick's thoughts had slain despair and doubt, o'er these fallen enemies he had passed thro' the Golden Gates, which stand at the entrance to Eternal Life. He remembered when a God he trod the Plains of Light knowing and possessing all things; he remembered when on wings of love and sacrifice he descended to uplift and redeem. Then he thought of these poor ignorant peasants who flocked round him day by day, and he saw that within each the soul was imprisoned, striving to awaken and redeem. Heroes and Warriors every one, did they but know it? His Great Soul longed to awaken these sleepers, but in this task he had failed. Fearing God, they were bribing his son to plead for them, whilst the Holy Ghost watched their agony.

"How shall I teach them that God and Man are one—that Truth, beauty and love are but different aspects of the One Eternal Life, manifesting in all things; Creator, Preserver, Destroyer, Body, Soul and Spirit. Reveal! reveal thyself, Soul of the Soul of Things, Spirit of Space. Yea, Thou art truly here in this place. Reveal Thyself!" The night wind softly whispered: "Brother, He is nigh." The blackbird sang: "One Life thrills me and thee," whilst the stars responded: "Amen."

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Then out stepped Night's stately queen from her cloud embowered chamber and gently touched with silver finger tips a tuft of emerald green growing by the wayside. The Cross fell from Patrick's hand as he rose to worship. At his feet it lay encircled by a wreath of shamrocks —Truth, beauty and love—the triune God—made glad the old man's heart. Stooping, he lifted the tiny leaf, then bowed his head in adoration to this Messenger of the Gods.

THE CHILDREN OF CAIN.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

A GENEROUS but eccentric Scotch clergyman, when naming the subjects of prayer for one Sunday morning, added: "And now, let us pray for the De'il; naebody prays for the puir De'il."

The character whom we are about to consider is in like predicament, hopelessly aliened from every one's sympathy. Cain, the reputed first-born son * of Adam, lies under the reproach of thousands of years as having introduced murder and rapine into the world, and led the way in the general perverting of mankind. So deeply rooted is this notion that many would regard the attempt to remove the imputation as almost a sacrilege. Even to venture to lighten the burden of obloquy which rests upon his name would be accounted by them as preposterous. Nevertheless this would be feeble as an excuse for neglect to take a rational, impartial and intelligent view of the matter. There is, for candid and reasonable persons, a wider field to occupy than the narrow domain of thinking which is hedged about on every side by prejudice, or servile fear. There may be good reason for some other judgment.

In fact it is hardly possible to regard the account of Cain as a simple historic narrative setting forth events literally as they occurred. This would raise questions for which there is no adequate satisfactory explanation. The Supreme Being himself is described as having characteristics not consistent with our more enlightened apprehension. He shows only displeasure, and neither charity nor mercy. We are forcibly reminded of the bitter sarcasm which Byron has put in the mouth of Faliero in response to the pleading of his wife:

> "*Angiolina.*—Heaven bids us forgive our enemies.
>
> "*Doge.*—Doth Heaven forgive her own? Is Satan saved
> From wrath eternal?"

Nevertheless, we are by no means disposed to consider the story as merely an archaic legend, or some fugitive piece of folk-lore, deserving of no further attention. These fables and mythic narratives have a deeper meaning than the mere child or unlettered person may apprehend. We will, therefore, examine the matter and endeavor to learn whether it does not contain profounder knowledge. We have a precedent for so doing in the writings of the Apostle Paul. He cites the account of the two sons of Abraham and their respective mothers, and declares it an allegory. He also affirms that the exodus, adventures, and experiences of the Israelites in the Arabian Desert were types or figures, and written for admonition. It is certainly as rational and reasonable to interpret the story of the sons of Adam according to the same principles. It is evidently a kind of parable, which symbolizes in a concrete form some important period in history.

The mode of telling the story is one that seems to have been common in ancient times. We may, therefore, con-

* The Assyrian term *Kenu* signifies the first-born.

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sider it as a kind of parable setting forth in an enigmatic form a particular period in development. Thus it may represent a condition, such as is described in the *Avesta*, when the region indicated in the account was occupied by two classes of inhabitants, the one pastoral and the other consisting of cultivators of the soil. There would inevitably be collisions between them, and eventually, as has always been the result, the agriculturist overcomes and destroys the shepherd. When this has been accomplished, the way is opened for the introduction of the arts of civilized life. This is signified by the record that Cain built a city.

With this explanation, there is no occasion for idle and curious questions, as in regard to the wife of Cain or where the inhabitants of the new city were obtained. The legend is wholly isolated from such problems. It relates to peoples and social conditions rather than to individuals. The concept actually involved is nothing less than that of transition from nomadic and isolated life to civic and neighborly relations. Civilization signifies the condition of living in society, and hence implies provident foresight, mutual dependence, refinement of manners and mental culture. Accordingly we read of the posterity of Cain, that one was the father or eponymic patron of herdsmen, and another of those who handle the harp and the organ, while another is described as "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

Thus in the account of Cain and his children, it is very plain that we have an archaic tradition of a developing civilization. It presents analogies to the legend of Prometheus. The famous Titan, we are told, being impelled by pity and affection, gave fire and enlightenment to mankind, teaching to build houses, to employ the labor of cattle, to mine and smelt the metallic ores, to make use of writing, to master the sciences, to treat diseases, and to exercise each useful art. Like Cain, he likewise fell under the anger of Divinity. Zeus, who had then but recently come to supreme power in the universe, regarded these acts as nothing less than defiance of his authority. He caused the offender to be expelled from the inhabited earth to distant Skythic land, there to be pinioned to a rock for ages, suffering incredible torments, and subject to universal hatred and scorn. May we not guess that the story of Cain and his punishment have been derived from parallel sources?

THE KENITES.

We find repeated mentions elsewhere in the Hebrew writings of a tribe or people whose name and characteristics are strikingly suggestive of affiliation to the personages of the book of *Genesis*. The Kenites, or Cainites, as the term correctly would read, are represented as possessing many characteristics, like Jabal and Jubal, of the progeny of Cain; dwelling in tents, and being endowed with superior learning and skill. Moses, the Hebrew lawgiver is recorded as marrying the daughter of Reuel or Jethro, a Kenite priest, and living with him forty years prior to the exodus from Egypt. It is further declared that Jethro visited the Israelitish encampment in the Sinaitic peninsula, and celebrated sacrificial rites with him and with the Elders of Israel. This indicates that there were initiations and occult observances of a kindred nature on that occasion. It is only stated, however, that Jethro gave counsel and that Moses "did all that he said." But it is very evident that in this connection, and indeed in other parts of the Bible, there is much to be "read between the lines."

The intimate association between the Kenites and Israelites appears to have continued for several centuries. A son of Jethro is mentioned as being the guide of the tribes while journeying in the desert, and as residing for a season with

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his clan at Jericho. They afterward removed into the Southern district of the territory of Judah. They appear to have had a great influence upon the Mosaic institutions. The Rechabites, or Scribes, who constituted a learned class, belonged to them, and from their adoption of tent-life and abstinence from wine, the Nazarites would seem to be in some way related to that people.

A memorandum in the first book of *Chronicles* seems to afford some light upon these matters. The writer enumerates the various clans and families of Kirjath-Jearim, Bethlehem, and "Scribes which dwelt at Jabez," and includes them in the summary: "These are the Kenites that came of Hemath, the father of the house of Rechab." *

We will here remark by way of digression that during the earlier centuries of the present era the genesis and character of Cain were themes of much curious speculation. A party in the Christian world, now generally designated the Gnostics, held the Jewish Oracles in low esteem, placing higher value on philosophic learning and Oriental wisdom. One group, the "Cainites," boldly declared that Cain was a personage superior to other men, and that he was illuminated by the superior knowledge. They found some pretext for their belief in the declaration of Eve that he was "a man from the Lord," while Seth, who is represented as superseding him, was begotten after the image and likeness of Adam only, and significantly bore the name of the Satan or Typhon of Egypt.

It is certain, as has been already shown, that the compilers of the Hebrew Sacred Writings conceded to Cain and his descendants all the profounder culture and proficiency in the arts. Why they so generally represent the younger persons in a family as being superior in moral and physical excellence, and supplanting the elder, may have been for the sake of assigning honorable rank to their own people, one of the latest that had appeared among the nations. They were compelled, however, to acknowledge, however reluctantly, that their Idumæan adversaries excelled in wisdom, and that the Promethean gifts which had enabled the world to attain its eminence of culture and enlightenment were derived from the sources which they decried.

THE KAYANIAN KINGS.

It is very probable, however, that the legend of Cain came from a different source, and that it should, in many of its particulars, have a somewhat different interpretation. Doctor Oort declares it quite conceivable that it is from a Persian origin. We may, in such case, seek our clews in the farther East, for an elucidation of the problem which shall be plausible and reasonable. The Persian records and traditions inform us that prior to the Achæmenian dynasty, the Medes and Persians were governed by monarchs of a race which they denominate *Kayan*,† or Sacred. It was during the period of their rule that the great Schism took place between the Eranians and their Aryan congeners.

By reference to the *Avesta* and other accounts it appears that the Aryans of the "prehistoric period" were pastoral and nomadic like the present inhabitants of Turkestan. After a time, a part of

* This term "*Rechab*" is probably a title rather than the name of a person. It is translated "chariot," and evidently denotes the *merchaba* or vehicle of wisdom. It is applied by Elisha to Elijah, and by King Joash to Elisha: "the *rechab* of Israel and its guide or *pharisi*. In this connection it may be not amiss to notice also the term *pharisi*. It would seem no strained assumption that the Pharisees derived from it their appellation as guides or interpreters of the law. They were students of occult rabbinical learning. The pun in the denunciation of Jesus may be readily perceived: "Ye blind guides, who strain out the gnat but swallow the camel."

† The probability here intimated is greatly assured by this similarity of names. It is a common practice which has been carried to an extreme, to add letters to Oriental words when transferring them to a European language. In the case now before us, the term KIN has been vocalized in the Bible as Cain; and KAYAN is the same word in which this practice has been carried a little further.

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their number, the Eranians, becoming cultivators of the soil and dwellers in villages, formed separate communities. All evolutions in human society are primarily religious in character. A new religious system was accordingly developed in Eran. It appears to have attained a matured form in the reign of Vistaspa, one of the most illustrious monarchs of the Kayanian dynasty. Zoroaster, the first who bore the designation, flourished at this period, and with the approval of the king, succeeded in molding the new Mazdean religion into a concrete body of forms and dogmas, with a well-defined form of initiation.

After a prolonged period of contention, the "Deva-worshipping" Aryans had made their way to the Punjáb, and the dominion of the Eranians had become extended over Persia and into Media and beyond. The first chapters of the Hebrew Scriptures appear to relate to events of this time and it appears plausible and probable that such was the fact. The story of the Garden of Eden is almost undeniably a contribution from Eastern literature; and the killing of Abel seems to represent the overthrow of the worship and worshippers of Bel by the Eranians. The name of Cain would then be derived from the Kayan dynasty that had given shape to the Persian nationality, It is not necessary in propounding this hypothesis, to make the other details harmonize literally with historic events. We must note, however, in this connection, that such names as Shem, Nimrod and Cush, which are found in the book of *Genesis*, have their counterparts in this region,—in Khusistán the country of the Kossaians, the Nimri tribes of Mount Zagros, and Shamas the sun-god. These verbal resemblances can not well be considered as accidental.

It is by no means wonderful or unusual, that history and personal reputation are often marred by vilifying writers. Books of history and even of drama are often written with partisan ends and calumny. Neither Macbeth nor Richard III. deserved the imputations that have been cast upon them. With every event there is a shade which enables misrepresentation to seem the true picture.

The *Bahman-Yasht* is a book of the later Parsism, and contains a compendium of the trials and conflicts of the "true religion" from the time of Zoroaster to the end. It delineates the sufferings endured from the Mussulmans, who sought to exterminate the Mazdean faith by massacre, and finally drove thousands from their country.

The writer of this *Apocalypse*, following in the wake of other prophets, foretells deliverance at the last. A prince of the Kayan race will arise, he declares, who having attained the age of thirty years, the age of man's maturity, will take up arms against the oppressor of the people of Ahurmazda. All India and China, he affirms, will rally to his standard as did the Eranians when Gáva raised the banner of the blacksmith's apron against the ferocious serpent-king Zahák. Then the Mazda-yasnian religion—"the pure thought, pure word and pure deed"—will be triumphant, and a reign of blessedness will be established.

Whichever theory we may accept, this legend of Cain affords us an interesting concept of human evolution. Harsh as the necessity appears, the process of development has always been characterized by conflict, which was often analogous to the slaying of a brother. We have the picture before us of Conservatism like the easy-going shepherd with his flocks, idle but ready to slaughter its lambs for sacrifice, and casting aspersions upon the laborious worker who offers the fruits of his own industry, and pollutes no altar-hearth with blood. There is no need, however, for fear that the ulterior result will be other than right. The Divine is divine in so far as it is just.

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"UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."

BY MARY F. LANG.

SO much more easy is it to take our beliefs ready-made (upon all subjects, at least, which have no financial bearing) than to think things out for ourselves, that most of us do this, even though it obliges us to ignore some trifles otherwise quite apparent—trifles which, if we allow ourselves to consider them at all, assume an importance not hitherto suspected. Within the recollection of us all, is a time when much was heard of the conflict between Science and Religion. In reality there is no such conflict. The conflict is not between true science and true religion. but between the false conception of each which has gained currency. The fine distinction between these false ideas of religion and of science, and the real truths concerning each, is one of the "unconsidered trifles" which claims attention.

There is one mistake quite too frequently made—namely, that of confounding materialism with science. The two are not often united in one person; yet we more often than not hear them spoken of as being identical. The true scientist is not a materialist, and he is quite often an unconscious Theosophist.

Not many years hence scientists will be more willing to acknowledge themselves Theosophists, for every day science is becoming more and more spiritual. All of the recent discoveries of science—the photography of sound and of thought—the results obtained by Prof. Elmer Gates, can be explained satisfactorily and logically only by Theosophy.

The ordinary person, whether he calls himself a materialist or not, lives as though he were one, and views life wholly in its personal aspect. While he may not say with the materialist, that the object of life is physical evolution; while he may not declare that all we can know of life is that which is discoverable by the senses, yet he lives as though the supreme object of all effort were personal comfort and material advancement.

We constantly hear people declaring that civilization has now reached a higher point than ever before, and in proof of this they point to rapid transit, to discoveries in electricities, to those extremely uncertain things we call "modern conveniences," and to the various methods of displaying wealth aud material prosperity. This is avowedly the attitude of the materialist, who points to present material conditions as proofs of evolution!

Turning to the orthodox creeds, we are told that the object of life is the attainment of universal salvation. That each one of us has a soul, which, if he exercises care and discretion in the matter of religious belief, he will be able to "save." And this matter of religious belief about-how-to-save-the-soul is called religion.

When we contrast this evanescent indefiniteness of so called religion, with the positive, sensible proof demanded by the materialist, and add to this the fact that materialism has been confounded with science, we have small wonder that there is conflict between such an idea of Science and such an idea of Religion.

Theosophy declares the object of life to be the evolution and uplifting of all that exists. The etymology of the word religion tells us that literally it means "binding back." This is the binding back of the finite to the Infinite and is only possible because of fundamental Unity. It is the tracing of the link be-

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tween the personal and the divine—the knowledge of the relation between Man and Deity. The first steps in the attainment of this knowledge must be physical, and hence, as we know more of the laws governing matter, we are exactly so much nearer the divine source of all law. It is unthinkable that this process of "binding back," which at some period of evolution must means the unfolding of spiritual consciousness, can take place in violation of any possible law. Every remote corner of the Universe, every possible plane of consciousness, must be governed by law. Every law that we find operative upon the physical plane has its physical correspondence; hence, religion, in its highest aspect, must mean spiritual science.

"I am not going to look into or question any of these things." a man once said to me. "I am going to stick to my father's belief. He was a Presbyterian, and what was good enough for him will do for me." "How about his business methods?" I asked, "Will they do for you too?" But that, he assured me, was different. He said he had to enlarge on business lines to "Keep up with the procession." He couldn't take any chances in business! There are so many people like this friend of mine, who have time for everything except these unimportant trifles of the mystery of life itself. It is going to be so long before they "realize" anything on the soul—so to speak—that it seems quite safe to take chances!

But the more one ponders the matter, the more certain he becomes that it is unreasonable to say that he *has* a soul! He knows that whatever the soul may be—whatever any one else may tell him about the soul—*he* is immortal. There is something within which declares that time never was when he was not.

So much for the inherent declaration of immortality on the part of the soul itself!

The reincarnating Ego, has, in past experience, become individualized upon the inner planes of being. It is familiar with the planes of mind and of soul, and is now engaged in the struggle with physical matter. To its experience upon the inner planes, it must add physical experience, and the process is toilsome and slow. It has had to work first with what the materialist calls "primitive man,"—a body, and a physical brain that was so crude, and so far from pliable, that results are slowly gained.

But the process of evolution is twofold—and as the reincarnating Ego gains its experience from matter—from the use of a physical body as an instrument—it also impresses itself upon matter, with the result that physical evolution also takes place, and slowly but surely, in the eternal process,—physical man becomes more and more perfect—the instrument is one through which the soul can better and better do its work, and the struggle, and suffering, which are an inevitable result of its association with physical life, add to its strength, its force, and best of all, to its individuality. We speak of the evolution of Humanity, but we do not always bear in mind what that includes.

It includes every person who has ever existed—every Ego that has ever incarnated—every particle of physical matter that has been used in the expression of soul.

We cannot conceive, really, of a beginning in evolution, but let us—so to speak—break in upon this cyclic process at some one period of time. There are, at this given period, a certain number of Egos in incarnation, and another certain number not in incarnation. Ages roll by, and there comes another time when those Egos, which at the period before mentioned, were not incarnated, are now incarnated, and vice-versa. Between these times of incarnation, there has been a change in *matter*, as well as in *mind*, and an Ego which has netted a certain result in the past, finds itself,

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now, with a physical instrument that enables it to make more rapid progress, for there is momentum upon the inner as well as upon the outer planes.

If evolution includes the whole of humanity—and of course it can mean no less than this—then it is only through reincarnation that that which we have called "primitive man," has any chance. But given this broad scheme of physical and spiritual evolution—the uplifting of matter, and the gaining of greater individuality by overcoming—and we find that strict justice is the law, and ultimate perfection must be the result.

But, some one may say this is all very vague, and ask what is the change that actually takes place as evolution goes on. We know the results in outward manifestation, but cannot we get a clearer, more tangible idea of the interior result? I think we can.

We know that back of all manifestation, and in itself the cause of manifestation, is that force or energy, which is most difficult to describe, (because any description is limitation, and we know that it is limitless)—but which, for lack of a better name, we call Spirit or Consciousness. Now this consciousness, which is in everything, and which, in fact, is everything, may be focussed in the senses, and then it is physical consciousness, as we see it manifested in the lower kingdoms of nature; or it may be focussed in one of the higher principles. If focussed in the mind, there must be a good brain instrument which can translate the mental consciousness into clear thought. Wherever this consciousness is focussed, there is the real life of the person.

But as evolution is two-fold, the body must furnish the favorable condition, or the Ego cannot find adequate expression therein.

H. P. Blavatsky tells us in the *Secret Doctrine*, that there are seven states of consciousness possible of attainment, and that in each of these states, a different portion of the mind comes into action or use. We know that the brain is entirely separate and distinct from the mind; that it is a physical structure, through which the mind finds expression, just as the violin may be an instrument through which the natural musician—the composer—may express feeling. We know that this physical brain is made up of many millions of brain cells, and that medical science is at a loss to account for the presence of most of these. Reasoning upon these facts in connection with the statement just quoted, we are logically obliged to infer, that as evolution proceeds, as the soul overcomes more and more of the resistance of matter,—as matter becomes more and more pliable—yielding to the influence of soul—as we become, as Emerson says—"porous to thought—bibulous to the sea of light"—these brain cells for which we now cannot ascertain a use, will become responsive and receptive, and can be utilized by other portions of the mind—which is, as we know, an aspect of the reincarnating Ego. Other states—more interior states of consciousness, must then become possible.

What less than this is Evolution? Its ultimate result must be the building of a temple worthy the Soul. It means access to and at-one-ment with the inner planes of being. It means that we have no longer a belief but finally a knowledge, through interior conscious experience, that each one of us *is* a soul.

A philosophy so material as to ignore spiritual growth, is unscientific; one which makes evolution a matter of personal salvation, is irreligious.

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A LITTLE DINNER.

BY W. A. MILLER.

YES; little dinners are costly. Nature seems a trifle prodigal herself in some of the little dinners she gives, does she not? Think what a dainty and costly dinner a cat or a snake has when it dines on some beautiful bird. Beauty, "God-like speed of beautiful wings," exquisite song. It looks like reckless extravagance, supplying so much for a snake's or a cat's dinner; and it costs the bird all it has in the world. Somehow one is not so much shocked at the bird's own dinner; although it is, you know, a costly affair for the worm, and the pretty moths, and other tiny winged creatures he dines on. It costs them all they have in this world. When we consider all the little dinners occurring all over the world daily, the sum total is appalling and ghastly. Let us go into some dining-room and look on through one of our own little dinners and see what we do daily in the way of dining. While the ladies are removing from their hands the skins of what was erstwhile a warm, palpitating little creature, full of young life and securing his own dinner from the soft, warm, generous teats of his mother, a neat little waitress in clean white cap and apron places before the host a prettily garnished dish of crabs, each in his little shell and "deviled" up deliciously, ready for the dainty lips of the refined diners. If pain can purify and ennoble a creature, as some good people believe, the crab has been made worthy of his place at the little dinner by his agonized death; being boiled alive may perhaps atone for the unpleasant habit he had of dining on the swollen, bloated, purple dead body of some unfortunate man or woman who had found a resting place (?) in the sea. When one considers all that the crab had been guilty of in the way of dining, his horrible death seems almost necessary to make him fit for the palates of creatures who might think; when the appetizing variety of dead matter contained in the crab has been disposed of by the dainty diners, the neat little waitress removes the empty shells, and places before the genial smiling host another long dish, also prettily garnished with parsley or nasturtium or water cresses, in the midst of which lies a fish, a shad, or red snapper, or any fish suitable to the time and place of the little dinner. The fish's dead baked or boiled eyes, and half opened mouth, stare in a most ghastly manner, from among the pretty water cresses; if he is a shad, or any other vegetarian fish his fate seems an undeservedly cruel one, and his poor baked mouth seems to gasp "Why am I being devoured in this (nice) way? I haven't eaten any other little fishes or any dead man; I have not been dining indiscriminately on my neighbors." But this little dinner party is deaf and blind, and not squeamish, so the fish follows the crab, and the waitress removes the bones. Then she brings in another platter on which rests a portion of the emblem of innocence and purity—a leg of a lamb;—a little leg that had a few short days before frisked so happily and awkwardly about, or rested as its little owner slept peacefully beside its pleased and proud mother, with its little head nestled against her soft, warm woolly sides—a happy innocent mother and child, without a thought, let us hope of the little dinner at which they were so soon to assist. And the odor of the mint that grew perhaps along the stream that runs through their pasture, not suggestive of the gruesome and time-honored uses it might serve. The little leg is stark and stiff enough now, and if we wanted to be funny in a time-honored way, we might say something about a

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caper not being left in the little leg except such as is supplied by the cook; but with the thought of the love we have seen in the meek eyes of the mother as they watched the little legs frisking around them, we cannot be funny. When each of the diners has eaten his or her share of the so lately frisking little leg, the waitress removes the "remains," and brings in veal croquettes, or may be cutlets,—small, choice portions of the remains of a pretty young creature whose "Feast of Life" was short; only a few short, beautiful sunny days in the meadow among the fragrant grasses he had beside his mother—a mother whose heart throbbed with the same love that the thought of another young creature, left in its dainty cradle among the warm blankets and fragrant laces, may arouse in the hearts of some of the guests at this dainty little dinner; when a man came and dragged him terrified from her side, and tied his trembling little legs with a cruel rope, and plunged him into a cart, as ruthlessly as if he had been a sack of potatoes instead of a living creature with the same heart action as his own, and a brain and nerves, and jolted him down to the railway station where a snorting, hissing monster awaited him to take him to the city. Imagine what must be the terror of a little calf or lamb taken suddenly from its quiet pasture and protecting mother, and hurled into all the unknown and frightful sights and sounds of a railroad depot and a crowded city market place. Whilst one mother dines on the pathetic little choice bits, the other mother runs wildly about her desolate home, rending the air with her agonized cries; all through the long nights she bellows forth her grief to unheeding ears, and when the first sharp pain is past the soft pitiful moo's show that the strong mother love endures. If any respectable man or woman has ever seen a cow when her calf is being taken to the butcher, seen her running wildly along the fence which separates her pasture from the road, watching with startling agonized mother eyes her young lying tied in the cart disappearing down the road and bleating piteously to her; watching and running wildly along the fence, until a turn in the country road hides it from her sight, he or she will surely say that a veal cutlet is a costly bit; the agony of terror and thirst of the young creature, the outraged mother love, the bloody hand of the butcher. Ah, well, a tigress would feed with equal complacency and relish on the dainty bit of humanity upstairs in the cradle; would snatch it quite as ruthlessly from its pretty warm nest, and before its mother's eyes. It is comforting amid all the horrors of the "vast scene of carnage, death, agony, decay," to think of the dumb mothers who do not dine on the young of their neighbors. And what a prolonged little dinner the vile worm has on all the mothers and all the babies.

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PANTHEISM CONTRASTED WITH IDEALISM.

BY JEROME A. ANDERSON, M.D.

PANTHEISM may be defined as a belief in a constructive, destructive, and reconstructive conscious, intelligent Power, resident within the material universe, and not outside of or apart from this. Carried to its logical completion, this definition implies that in every point in space and in every atom of matter this divine power indwells, and by it alone all conscious existence or manifestation of form becomes possible. Call this power God, if thought desirable; then God stands for space, and all that space contains, and it becomes imperative that we examine space and its contents if we would study the nature of God.

Without raising, for the present, the question as to what is real or unreal, but accepting the manifested universe as we perceive it, we are confronted by a triad of apparent realities, into one or other of which every phenomenon of whatever nature or degree ultimately resolves itself. These are: Consciousness, Force and Matter—terms used in their ordinary acceptation. From our finite view-point these appear to be eternally associated—to be, indeed, incapable of dissociation even in thought.

Physicists or metaphysicists may claim that pure force apart from any vehicle of matter in which to manifest itself, or pure consciousness distinct from anything to be conscious of, or from any force resulting from the act of consciousness itself, are possible concepts, but the Pantheist denies this. Recognizing that man as a finite being is necessarily unable to grasp infinite problems, the Pantheist sees in consciousness, force and matter but aspects or hypostases of THAT which, as its necessary basis, stands as the Causeless Cause of all manifestation. This Causeless Cause is conceived of as Unmanifested Unity from the logical necessity of there being but one infinite power possible. With these hypostases alone has man any concern. The finite cannot measure nor contain the Infinite; therefore it is useless to attempt to deal with, or to describe, infinite states such as pure consciousness or pure force must be, admitting their existence to be possible. Under manifested conditions, consciousness, force and matter are always associated. The apparently upward sweep of evolution consists solely in the changes in the relation between these aspects of the Causeless Cause; surface changes, it may be, of whose real meaning and effect upon the infinite side of Being these finite changes contain not even a hint. Still, as it is conceivable that infinite Unity can only manifest itself finitely through infinite diversity, so, while looking upon the infinite succession of phenomena thrown upon the screen of time as illusions concealing the reality, it is not impossible that in these unrealities may be caught glimpses of the eternal verities concealed beneath them, which is the justification of all philosophic speculation.

It is thus seen that Pantheism sharply distinguishes between that which is a proper subject for finite investigation, and that which is not; for from confounding the two much confusion of philosophic thought has arisen. The finite human mind, being an inhabitant of an infinite universe, is at all times confronted with infinite problems, which it would be absurd to suppose it capable of solving. Man may fancy, for example, that infinite states of consciousness, force, or matter, are the opposites of finite ones, but whether or not this is really the case, he can never hope to definitely determine. Therefore it is sheer

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and unwarranted speculation to identify any of these aspects of the Causeless Cause with the Causeless Cause itself, or to say that any of them is real or unreal. They *exist*, and it is with the existing (out-from) universe that the human mind must deal.

A non-recognition of these three basic aspects of the One Reality concealed behind them, is directly at the root of most Western philosophic disagreement. Differing minds have seized upon a differing aspect, and, while either ignoring entirely, or assigning a secondary importance to, the others, have erected systems of philosophy which have necessarily erred. Thus materialism, now happily almost extinct as a philosophy, makes of the material aspect of the Causeless Cause its fetich, while Idealism can perceive no reality but thought in the universe. No one will question that all form is the result of thought expressed in matter. By the power of thought a house is built of bricks; but the bricks are not actual thoughts, which is practically the Idealistic claim.

Again, nothing can exist in the manifested universe without its unmanifested base; or, to state it axiomatically, there can be no effect without its antecedent cause. Therefore, if we find in this universe that which when compared with consciousness appears material, we cannot ignore it out of existence; but must trace it to its ultimate cause, though this lead us to a substance which to ether is as the latter is to granite in its fineness and tenuity. And this involves no wild search after an indivisible atom, but simply a rational examination of something unquestionably within space, and which is the polar opposite of consciousness, or the "matter" of our every-day experience. Being thus traced, substance, or that which Hindu philosophers term "mulaprakriti," the "root of matter," is plainly recognizable as one of the triad of aspects which the Causeless Cause presents to our finite comprehension.

Western philosophy and metaphysics break down at the very point where Eastern philosopher really begins. No Western philosophy has reasoned out the relation of these aspects, consciousness, matter, and force, to the Absolute, nor the relation of the Absolute to the Causeless Cause or Unknowable. Spinoza has tried to picture the Causeless Cause, which he, in common with most Western philosophers confuses with the Absolute, as Infinite Substance; with Hegel it became Infinite Thought; while Schelling labels it Infinite Mind; and so on, down through a series of philosophers until the very apotheosis of spiritual blindness is reached in Buchner and his materialistic *confrères*. Each of these has looked at but one aspect of the many sided Causeless Cause, and has either ignored all others, or has classed them as "properties" of his particular idol. Fancy the madness of materialism in classing consciousness as a "property" of matter! Eastern philosophers have always recognized the unreality of both matter and spirit (consciousness) as viewed from a finite standpoint, yet it is also out of their attempts to transcend the limits of finite investigation that most of their sectarian differences have arisen. For India, in the endeavor to avoid the Scylla of materialism, has fallen, in these latter days, hopelessly into the Charybdis of metaphysical Idealism. Thus the nature of the Causeless Cause—a subject utterly transcending the power of finite analysis—is the field of conflict between the great Adwaiti and Visishtadwaiti schools of philosophy—not to speak of minor schools. The Visishtadwaiti school declares that the Causeless Cause, which in India is often confused with and termed the Absolute, can have no attributes, for attributes necessitate limitation, and limitation negatives Absoluteness. This school therefore argues that as these attributes unquestionably exist, they have existed from, and will exist

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throughout, eternity, apart from, although undoubtedly resting upon, the Causeless Cause. The Adwaiti school, on the other hand, teaches Absolute Unity, with which Pantheism quite agrees. Both the dualistic and non-dualistic schools recognize "matter" in an infinite number of states, and declare that the matter of this plane of the cosmos is unreal only in the sense that finite beings are unable to perceive the ultimate reality which lies at its base. Real or unreal, there is, as has been said, something in the universe evidently the opposite of consciousness, which limits although always associated with this, and it is only plain logic to reason that this opposite something will and does appear upon more interior planes as finer states of "matter" until it finally loses itself in the Causeless Cause, of which it is as truly an aspect as is consciousness itself.

Nor can we say that mind is more real than matter. It is superior to matter in that the latter is molded into form by it, and hence as man is a thinking being, and molds both his form and character by thought, the lesson is that man should learn the nature and correct use of this most powerful agent, thus placed at his disposal. Mind, being the conscious aspect of the Causeless Cause in a state of active manifestation, is of infinitely more importance *to man* than matter, in which consciousness is in such different states that it seems to his active, thinking mind to be absent. But a half truth is often more dangerous than its entire perversion, and it is exactly this half truth which Idealists in India and elsewhere utter when they declare that "mind alone is real." In the introduction to the Mundaka Upanishad * published by Mr. Tookaram Tatya, F. T. S., the introduction for which was written by Prof. Dvivedi, the question is asked, "Is mind then a final cause? Far from it; for mind is also finite, and shows its dependence upon something else by the fact that in deep sleep the mind is without manifestation, etc." It is plainly to be seen that while mind is unquestionably superior to matter, in no respect is it more *real*, and the Idealistic assertion that it alone is real is untenable. To be real a thing must be changeless, and a changeless mind is an absurdity. The mind changes from the cradle to the grave, with even more facility than matter; the real something—from our finite view-point only—is the consciousness which roots in an aspect of the Causeless Cause, (Visishtadwaiti Vedantins declare it *is* the Absolute, placing the Unknowable behind this still) and which is always associated in the manifested universe with a material form, and with that finite modification of Absolute motion (force) which is the cause of that form. That consciousness seems, and no doubt is, the superior of all aspects of the Causeless Cause, may be freely granted; but that it alone is real, no Pantheist will admit; and, further, he who confuses consciousness with its attribute, thought, or ideation, is but a shallow metaphysician.

In the manifested Universe, consciousness is everywhere, potent or latent (perceivable or unperceived); so also is matter everywhere. Mulaprakriti, the "Veil of Parabraham," of the Adwaiti School, is coexistent with Space itself. Theoretically, it is declared to precede spirit (consciousness) when the Absolute projects the manifested universe. Therefore, it metaphysically precedes consciousness and might be held superior to this, if one were to wander into the opposite absurdity of Idealism, or Materialism. Mind, then, must not be identified with consciousness, except to recognize the latter as its basic source. It is an active, manifesting phase of consciousness, and from the stand-point of the Causeless Cause is as unreal, in the sense of impermanency as is form which is but a passing phenomenon of its aspect, matter.

* Twelve Principal Upanishads, p. 645.

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Again, who can define consciousness, force or matter? All elude analysis; the mind draws back confounded in its attempt to conceive the reality lying behind either of them, for it is in the presence of an infinite problem. Therefore the old idealistic argument that there can be no world without a mind to perceive it, is as childish as, and similar in character to, the old religious notion that the sun, moon, and stars were mere appendages to the earth, and created solely for its benefit. Worlds can and do exist in the pantheistic conception of the universe without being perceived by any thinking entity. Idealists apparently recognize but one mode of consciousness—that of externalizing objects. This position is necessitated when one confuses mind and consciousness as they do. Let the world cease to be externalized, in the manner in which man projects in space the things he interiorly perceives, and it must they argue, cease to be. What superficial reasoning! Let every perceiving *mind* now upon earth be destroyed, and it will continue to exist in the divine *consciousness*. Has the moon ceased to be a real object in the heavens since it became no longer habitable, and will it instantly disappear into nothingness when externalizing minds no longer perceive it? Absurd! These aspects of the Absolute which produce form, and a consciousness which recognizes that form, are entirely independent of the fact as to whether or not they are perceived by a class of externalizing entities. This world *is* until other laws than those of mere mental perception cause it to grow old and fade away, and it will continue to exist although millions of Idealists die, and so lose their external perception of it.

Besides, what warrant has any one for assuming that there are no material worlds other than this? Analogy, logic and philosophy point to opposite conclusions. And the teaching of Pantheism is that the universe is *embodied* consciousness, and that he who "dies" to the world in this state of matter simply transfers his consciousness to this world in another state of matter; for the world, as well as man, roots in and penetrates to the Causeless Cause itself. Whether man will externalize, or project, the matter in the next state depends upon whether or not he has acquired self-consciousness under those conditions—which opens up a field of investigation into which we will not now enter.

A reasonable object of evolution would seem to be to enable consciousness to become self-consciousness. Yet this apparently involves the absurdity of supposing the greater to desire to become the lesser—the Infinite become the Finite in order to become conscious of itself! But whether this be true or not, it is but childish folly for any finite mind to declare that it has solved the problem of life—has answered the riddle of the Sphinx. Only let us avoid the capital error of isolating man from Nature, whose creation and child he is, for this is to despoil him of his divine birthright—to achieve one day, out of his manhood, godhood.

"A strong light surrounded by darkness, though reaching far, making clear the night, will attract the things that dwell in darkness——."

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SHALL WE TEACH CRUELTY AS AN ART?

BY VESPERA M. FREEMAN.

NOT long since a pamphlet bearing this title was sent me from the West, with a request to pass it on where it might do good, as the mass of mankind was apparently still in such condition of Savagery as to need the lessons it contained. This pamphlet was written some time ago by an eastern physician, who, putting aside the questionable gain to science from vivisection and kindred experimental atrocities by leading specialists, deprecated the consequences of amateur attempts along those lines. He bade parents and teachers beware how they risk awakening the demon of cruelty in the hearts of the young, by experiments upon living animals which involve the taking of life, the causation of pain or even the flow of blood. He gives as reason for this warning, that "the sight of a living, bleeding, quivering organism, undoubtedly acts in a particular way upon that lower nature which man possesses in common with the carnivora."

Reading this I said, "Yes, this is all true and right, but surely we have outgrown this stage long since." The very next daily paper that I saw, contained a detailed account of a teacher in a near-by village who had chloroformed and dissected a cat, before a class of children, many of whom had been made ill by the cruel and disgusting spectacle. Impressed by the seeming coincidence, studying and brooding over the matter, I concluded I had found a flying strand of clue that followed far enough might lead one to the very root of "all the miseries that do affect the world." Is it not true that cruelty has *been* taught as an Art for ages—been taught both by precept and example, consciously and unconsciously — by Church and State, teacher and parent? From tenderest infancy on, the mass of children see flies massacred, mice trapped and poisoned, kittens stoned and drowned and sometimes vivisected, dogs kicked and beaten and starved, horses docked and gagged and choked and overworked—all this as a matter of necessity. They are nourished on the bloody sacrifice of other harmless, timid animals because good health and appetite demand. They see the pretty feathered flying things, song bird and fowl alike, slaughtered by men for "sport," or that their shining plumes may ornament a hat. Then when the children come to read, their mental feast is a recurring series of murder, suicide and shame, an endless story of the inhuman cruelty of man to man and beast. At about six years of age these children are sentenced to a sort of penal institute, they call a school. Here, through long hours of all the shining days, while birds sing and soft grass invites the little feet and sweetens all the air, while trees wave messages of greeting from every leafy bough, while all the creatures of the lower kingdoms rejoice in freedom and give voice to that rejoicing, these hapless little prisoners undergo "training of the mind." Evidently there is a fixed idea that a child's mind is a sort of aching void, a vacuum that must be filled up to its limit, at any cost, with small delay as possible. So all the hard dry facts, demonstrated or only guessed at, concerning the visible, temporal, physical Universe are crowded in solid masses into this vacuum. Science, Art, Literature, Languages living and dead follow each other in hot haste until the process ends and the prisoner is set free, an educated man. During this process of mental training certain time-honored precepts have been thoroughly impressed upon him. "There's always room at

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the top." "Honesty is the best policy." "The world owes every man a living." "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature." "Might makes right." "To the victor belong the spoils," and others equally true and valuable.

Thus equipped and armed at all points he enters life's arena and throws himself into the sordid struggle for existence. His whole training, at home, at school, on the play grounds, on the streets, has tended to arouse in him Ambition, Emulation, Envy, Pride, Greed and a desire to know, not for love of knowing, but for the advantage and the power it gives over his fellow men. This man with all his learning, and he may have much, has never touched the trailing fringe of wisdom's robe. He is a sort of human monster, over developed in his brain and over strengthened in that "Lower Nature which he has in common with the carnivora," but with his heart well-nigh if not quite atrophied. He has no ear to catch the world's cry nor to hear the chant of praise that Nature voices. He has no understanding either of chant or cry. He understands only the survival of the fittest and that he must fight his way or die. He is the cruel outgrowth of a cruel system.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," would be a fit prayer to offer in such case did we not know that sins must be expiated before pardon, and that ignorance, under certain circumstances, is a crime itself.

Ignorance is the noxious root from which springs all the innumerable ills of life. Ignorance of the Laws of Being, profound ignorance as to what man is—what life is—what its real purpose—what its goal.

This ignorance no school or college course can lighten, no surface teaching touches it. But since man's need is great and Justice forever rules, there is a Fountain of Primeval Wisdom from which by quiet ways flow irrigating streams that make oases in the dreary desert of man's ignorance. Of these, one is the Nucleus of Universal Brotherhood formed by the pure devotion of those who love their fellow men and know the truth about them. This Nucleus is spreading fast and through it will go forth a power to draw men to the healing streams that make their channels through the *hearts* of men. A new day is dawning on the world — a day of Love and Heavenly Peace. In its light men will know what Brotherhood means and children will be taught that not a creature either of Earth or Air or Sea is man's to torture or destroy but that all alike are children of the one Great Mother and only younger brothers of their own. All cruelty will vanish even from memory and Humanity at length purified and healed by wisdom, its anguished cry changed to a song triumphant, will march on grandly to its goal.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."
—*Tennyson*.

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BROTHERHOOD.

BY JAMES M. PRYSE.

THE consciousness of material life depends upon the alternation of agreeable and disagreeable sensations. If a man were to become absolutely happy, he would no longer be conscious of existence. Perfect misery would be equivalent to annihilation. That theologian was philosopher in his way who taught that the Devil provided a certain amount of pleasure for the damned, so that they might feel the full measure of their sufferings. But it is equally true that without an occasional visitation of sorrow the dwellers in heaven would have no appreciation of happiness. Heaven and Hell represent the opposite extremes of sensation. Some men take comfort in their belief that there is a Heaven, but no Hell. Such are not philosophers. They believe in the zenith, but not in the nadir. It is Hell that makes Heaven possible, and man is the container of both, yet superior to them. For they are but concomitants of objective existence, and in True Being there is neither Hell nor Heaven. Man can attain to the Heavens only by extending his range of sensation; but this range is downward as well as upward, so that to the same extent that he can ascend into the supernal he is capable of descending into the infernal. The wise man, becoming indifferent alike to pleasure and to pain, seeks only the sphere of True Being.

So long as man is ignorant of the actualities of life, and does not understand his own real needs, he is unable to conceive of a right state of existence for himself, here or hereafter. His notions of future worlds will be as fantastic as his life here on earth is purposeless and ill-governed. He is incapable even of forming sensible notions as to what should be the true state of society for mankind. It is easy to talk about universal brotherhood in the abstract; it is not so easy to picture mentally the exact conditions that would prevail if universal brotherhood were established, or to designate specifically the methods by which those conditions could be brought about. Would it be practicable to have liberty, equality, and fraternity, throughout the whole world? Not unqualifiedly. Fraternity limits liberty; brotherhood implies obligations. Human beings are interdependent, not independent. If all men were equal in every respect they would have to be labelled to distinguish them one from another, and even the labels would destroy their equality. The heavenly bodies are not equal, and not even the comets are free. Yet the heavenly bodies constitute the cosmos, while humanity is only a chaos at present. In that fact lies the clue to this problem of brotherhood. True brotherhood is lacking because men cling to a false and chaotic freedom.

It may be that "whatever is, is right"; but surface appearances would seem rather to warrant the opposite conclusion, that whatever is, is wrong. It may be possible "to justify the ways of God to man"; but it would seem more difficult to justify the ways of men to their fellows. Man does not seem to fit in with things as they are on the surface of this planet. Eden, the pleasure-park which God originally laid out for him, was doubtless a more suitable environment than are the regions he now inhabits. All the religions agree that in the remote past man went wrong somehow, and that he is now a creature out of place. The scientific theory seems plausible, that the appearance of man on the earth was a mere accident, and that probably nowhere else in the

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universe is there a being exactly like him. His entire existence is a protracted struggle against the unfriendly elements. The extremes of heat and cold, the tempest, the thunderbolt, wild beasts, and venomous reptiles, are all inimical to him; he maintains his upright attitude only by pitting his will power and vitality against the attraction of the earth, which seeks to draw him down. He subsists by killing and devouring lower forms of life. Among the few eatable things offered him by the vegetable kingdom, Nature has artfully introduced many poisonous ones difficult to be distinguished from the others. At all times recorded in history man's energies have been chiefly devoted to war, and the "God of battles" has ever had a prominent place in his pantheon. The savage, as he dipped his arrow-tips in deadliest poison, prayed fervently to his war-god; while the civilized man, less consistently, directs his petitions to the God of Peace while preparing hundred-ton rifles for the wholesale slaughter of his fellow-men. Yet where war has slain its thousands, a false industrial system, based on selfishness and greed, has slain its tens of thousands. And individual man is himself a battle-field; the animal instincts, passions, and longings waging war against all that is truly human and divine in his nature.

To assert that whatever is, is right, is merely to fall back to the cowardly position of Fatalism, to excuse one's hopelessness, disbelief in man's innate divinity, and unwillingness to aid in the righting of wrongs, by a pretence of faith in God or in Nature. It may be a consistent belief for those who claim that material Nature is but plastic clay in the hands of an Over-lord whose slave man is, or for those who regard the Universe as soulless; but it is not reconcilable with the teaching that man is a free moral agent and the arbiter of his own destiny. When things are indeed right, it is because man has made them so; when they are wrong, it is because he himself has brought about the wrong. Yet rather than blame themselves for the ills they suffer, men seek to evade their responsibility by attributing the results of their own actions to Providence, Chance, the Deity or the Devil. Out of this same desire to find some cause or causes outside of man's own nature which advance or retard him, has sprung the modern notion of evolution. No being, from Amœba to man, "evolves" except through its own efforts; each has the power of going forward or backward. The scientists have failed to find the "missing link," but have discovered the "degenerate." The latter is simply a being who is going backward, and in this sense humanity collectively is a "degenerate." The potency of generating carries with it the possibility both of degeneration and of regeneration. Earth is the sphere of generation, Heaven is the abode of regenerate souls, and Hell is the nether region of degenerate ones. Man goes, after death, to that state—whether Hell or Heaven—which he has made for himself during life; and in reality his consciousness is always in the one state or the other, quite irrespective of whether he is in the body or out of it. He cannot enter any after-death state for which his earth-life has demonstrated his unfitness.

Before men will make a serious attempt to realize brotherhood they must be convinced that they have placed themselves in their present evil plight, and that they must be their own saviours, not relying upon, or expecting aid from, any power outside of themselves. They will never be convinced of this until they have recognized the fact of reincarnation. Individual reformation must precede collective social redemption. Until individual man has harmonized the warring elements of his own nature, he is incapable of right conduct toward his fellows, and of holding a place in a higher social order. An attempt to found an Utopia

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by organizing undeveloped men on the principle of an arbitrary social and economic system is as futile as the plan of the builders of the tower of Babel, who thought to pierce Heaven by carrying up a structure of sun-burnt bricks.

The only true Builders are the souls of men. It is misleading to say that man is a soul. He is a compound of soul and animality. His real self is indeed one of the Host of the Light of the Logos, but his outer self has been formed from the *indigesta moles* of Chaos, in which all things evil inhere as do malarial germs in the slime in tropical regions. Only when this self of matter is purified can the soul shine forth. This labor of purification each man must perform for himself, and having accomplished it, he becomes part of that nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood which is the centre, heart, and soul of humanity. It may be hard to give up the notion that one can steal into a Heaven he does not merit, or that humanity can enjoy good external conditions while evil exists within themselves; but hypocritical hopes lead only to despair, and the futility of making clean the outside of the platter is obvious. Man becomes truly a Brother only when his nature is attuned to the inner harmony; and mankind can constitute a Brotherhood only by cherishing spiritual aspirations. It is idle to surmise what would be the material conditions if true Brotherhood were attained; doubtless Earth and Heaven would vanish, and a new Heaven and a new Earth appear. The Seer of Patmos was a most practical socialist, and he set no limits to human progress. Men as happy and well-fed animals, with coöperative industries and a paternal government, may be seen in the vision of a dim but not distant future; but he, the Seer, looked beyond the Darkness, beholding a regenerated humanity in that time when "night will be no more, and there will be no need of lamp or light of sun, for the Master-God will illumine them, and they will reign throughout the æons of the æons."

"For the pure men of old, life had no attractions and death no terror. Living, they experienced no elation; dying, offered no resistance."—*Chuang-tzu.*

"How can we know that to die here is not to be born elsewhere. How can we tell whether in their eager rush for life men are not under a delusion. How can I tell whether if I die to-day my lot may not prove far preferable to what it was when I was originally born."—*Lieh-tzu.*

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THE LARGER WOMANHOOD.

BY C. M. N.

(*Continued.*)

THE THIRD GOOD LEVEL.—RIGHT DISCOURSE.

The Third is Right Discourse. Guard the lips
As they were palace doors, the King within.
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all the words
That from that presence win.

IT is often said that speech is silver, but, that silence is golden. Many of us have pondered over that statement. Many of us know that as it stands there alone, it means virtually nothing. For have we not heard the careless word or the half-expressed suspicion that has left an aching heart or tarnished the fair fame of some sister? Is such speech silver?

And when the day of care and toil is ended and the weary heart longs for some word of encouragement, and is met by the silence of indifference, and the matter of course acceptance of all that one can do, is such silence golden?

When after years of wasted life one sees the mistakes and bravely turns around and tries to walk back up the slippery path and is met by silence from those who are waiting to see how she will turn out, is such silence golden, or does it fall with the weight of lead upon the already crushed heart?

Silence is golden only when to speak the truth would make life harder for some struggling soul and benefit no one. Only when the heart is hot and angry, and restless, and the words would not be tranquil and fair and courteous. And then, the silent lips count nothing if the lifted brows and shoulders hint at the tale that never should be breathed.

This matter of right discourse is one of vital importance in the advancement of woman to fields of broader thought and usefulness. Woman's life is filled with routine and detail. From their nearness to her small things appear great and large things small. She loses the perspective of life and magnifies the details of every day.

This has an important bearing on her discourse. From the heart the mouth speaketh. Those things we love we will talk about. Those things which hold our attention most will insensibly creep into conversation. Give an observant person an hour's conversation with a stranger, and if he can guard his own lips, he will, in nine cases out of ten, have at the end of that time a very fair knowledge of the things which hold the mind and heart of the person with whom he is talking.

That the mother will talk of her children, the careful house-keeper of the things of her household and the busybody of the things of her neighbor's household, and that the professional woman will "talk shop" are facts well known.

Many of us recognize the facts and are looking for a remedy. We would gladly know what to say and when to say, and above all how to say the things we should say.

Many of us are fond of discussing our doctrine or belief. There are times when this is right. When some soul is troubled and not at rest, tell her kindly and plainly of your doctrine, the thing that has helped you to anchor your soul against the storms and temptations of life. Do not try to force her to believe as you believe. Do not ridicule her old belief. Show her where your doctrine has helped you, explain it patiently and without heat. You never came to hold any doctrine all at once. It came to you by study and trial as the needs of your indi-

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vidual life brought it to you. That portion which is most precious to you may not be the phase most needed by her soul. So much for our own doctrine. What shall we say of the doctrine of others? Nothing. That is a place where silence is golden.

As about difference of opinion on doctrine so about difference of opinion on other subjects. Unless it be a matter of principle, the less said the better. How many hearts have been estranged and lives darkened by useless controversy over difference of opinion on very unimportant subjects. There is so much, so very many points upon which all of us who are striving for better things can agree, why weaken our force by hunting for the disagreements? One of the greatest needs of woman is this tolerance and union of feeling.

What shall we say of our neighbors? Nothing, unless it be good. To discuss the little circumstances of their lives which of necessity come under our notice is beneath the dignity of any true woman. To repeat any bit of gossip or scandal that we may have heard, even though we do not do so with the intent to hurt them, is criminal carelessness. To speak of anything, which in the heat of anger or the stress of sorrow, they may have told us concerning their lives, is not only contemptible, but dishonest. What shall we say of our neighbors? Oh, sisters, nothing, nothing, here is a wonderful chance for golden silence. How many young hearts have been crushed, how many homes have been ruined, out of how many lives has the sunshine been taken, and on how many lips has the song been hushed by the careless or malicious neighborhood gossip. Guard the lips, yes, double guard and bar them that no word can, in any careless moment creep out that shall put a thorn or stumbling block in the path of any neighbor?

When shall we speak?

Speak to the sister who is in sorrow. Let her know some heart sees and feels for her. Just a word may be the sunbeam that shall break the cloud that seemed all blackness. Speak to the sister who is discouraged, upon whom the burdens of life rest so heavy that the soul seems never to get a moment in which to rise from its material surroundings. We can never know how hungry such hearts get for just one word of comfort. Speak to the sister who is joyful. Rejoice with her and let the sunshine of two smiling faces and the music of two laughing voices cheer this sad old world in place of one. And what shall we say when one is angry? Nothing, unless we have the strength to give the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Unless we have so guarded our lips that we know all our words will be "tranquil and fair and courteous."

And above all dear sisters, speak while the friend is still in this life. If you have a good thought, a loving word, a little sympathy and help, do not delay giving it until you awake some morning to know that your friend has gone, and then engrave it on the marble that marks the resting place of the worn-out casket or tell it, through tears, to the ones it can not help. *Now* is the time to speak the gentle helpful word. Do not wait for a more convenient season or to gather a little more grace of expression. The past is gone, the future we never reach, the present is all we have. Only by practice in saying kindly words shall we obtain more grace and freedom in their expression.

How shall we speak?

Plainly. Not harshly nor bluntly but clearly and kindly, saying the things we mean in such a manner that our meaning cannot be misunderstood. We should be loyal to friend and loyal to our highest convictions of truth, fearless and loving. Let us not mistake indifference as to how our words may hurt another for plainness, loyalty and fearlessness. The two are widely different. The one arises from selfishness and intolerance and the other

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comes from a loving heart.

Above all let us avoid heat and passion in all we say, in the family, among friends or strangers. Tranquil and fair and courteous be *all* the words that come from the Queen that sits within our palace doors.

From the heart the mouth speaketh. Sisters, are our hearts right? Is it love that puts the guard upon our lips or only prudence? The guard will be hard to keep unless a loving heart stands back of it. The Queen must rule and rule by love if all our words are to be bright rays from a diamond soul. The stream will never be pure unless the source is pure. Take from the heart all littleness, meanness, and bickering, open it to all the needs of Humanity, fill it with unselfish love and woman will rise to a higher, grander womanhood than we have ever dreamed of.

But the only path is through our own hearts. We must set them right first. If we stand, ourselves, upon the third good level of right discourse, guarding our own lips as they were palace doors the King within, making tranquil and fair and courteous all the words that from that presence win, we will have opened the door, not only for ourselves, but for all with whom we come in contact, into a larger, stronger womanhood.

THE KINDERGARTEN OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MARIE A. J. WATSON.

CHAPTER FIFTH. (*Continued.*)

THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

IT is time all minds should know for a fact the existence of this element—this creative force, it is man's business and duty to know it, and he should endeavor to live such a life, and think such thoughts as shall purify the Astral currents, and thereby bring about a healthy, physical life, increasing the sum total of human happiness, and help lower forms to ascend. Man in his ignorance of himself, of life and the Universe, lays all the causes and consequences of sickness, suffering and every form of evil upon the shoulders of Providence or upon the will of God—an impossibility and absurdity, since how can the All Good *will* evil. All atoms are divine in their essence and they only manifest evil when not in right relations, when not in harmony. It is true then, in this sense, that God is responsible for all, both good and evil, but we must not forget that while good is the direct product from God, evil has been generated by the perverse will of man, it is degenerate. There can be no such thing, in the sense the theologians teach as the "Fall of Man" or as "A fallen race." If man falls away from God or good it is by his own individual act, and so he must again be reconciled or regenerated by his own individual act. No one is a sinner before God until, of his own free will he has committed sin, by a violation of the law of right and truth. The parable of the "Garden of Eden" is a symbolic narrative, as is evident from the figure of the speaking serpent. It symbolizes the garden of the soul, "Eden" representing the state of innocence in which every soul is brought into *personal* existence. Expulsion from "Eden" symbolizes the fall from innocence through violation of the law of purity and truth, in disobedience to the voice of God in the soul. The tempting serpent symbolizes the lower self or animal soul which demands the gratification of the senses, ignoring the higher demands of the divine Soul. The animal powers are for the service of the body, under the direction of the nobler powers of the soul for which the body is constructed. When this order and rela-

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tion is perverted, evil is manifested, not by the direct will of God, but by man's perverted will. Were man not permitted to exercise his free will over his own destiny, he must either have been created an idiot or a machine. It is time that man should know that he himself holds the chisel in his own hands wherewith to carve his own destiny, and that he alone is responsible whether he uses it with discretion and forethought for the good of all, or whether he will use it, for his own selfish desires and aims. Whether he will become a blessing and a white magician, or a demon and a black magician.

It is time that minds were waking up, declaring on which side they will be; will they contribute with high, pure thoughts and pure lives, and ascend into regions of clearer light, where they may again draw in purer and diviner thought substance, and then again project it? If we elevate mankind, our earth will become a heaven, but before such things become, the concentrations of vile and wicked auras must pass away from earth, and that can only be done by the elevating and refining influence of man's spiritualized thoughts. No human being ever projects into the Astral light the dynamic force of a perverted will in thought or act who does not set up an Astral current contrary to well-being; he destroys the health conditions of his own soul and body, and also that of others. By repeated action and thought of evil, the atmosphere becomes charged with unhealthful and death-dealing currents that are readily absorbed by weak souls, who become saturated as it were with this evil magnetism and they in turn poison all who come within the radius of their influence. A positive will, pure thoughts, a clean life are the only means of protection against this contagion.

It is time that man should learn how to cultivate his spiritual powers, that he should know that by yielding to spiritual thought he lifts up his faculties to higher planes, and unfolds the secret power within himself. This power is God's will expressed in our consciousness through the medium of our human will. Jesus said, "I will that God's will be done through me." Man cannot make much headway if he continues in ignorance of this truth, that he alone limits his advancement.

So long as he looks outside of himself for someone, somebody or something to better his condition; so long as he believes some outside influence determines his fate, he cannot advance, and by projecting into the Astral Light such ignorant thought, it becomes crystalized into deception which helps to deceive his brother man, and so keeps the race in ignorance and darkness. The masses are blinded by the power of traditional prejudice, which lives in the Astral light and thus remain the blind followers of the blind, and leaders and followers alike stumble and fall by the way. How shall we gain knowledge and know more of the truth?

There is something to be done, knowledge is not thrust upon us, nor is it fed to us from a silver spoon. We must work for it, we must take time, and go apart for a season, withdraw into ourselves and discover the evolutions of our own thought; we must direct our thinking powers into new channels; we have been thinking in ruts; how much money can we make, what shall we eat, drink, and wear, how can we get the most enjoyment out of life; we have been thinking of the needs of the lower self only, ignoring the higher. "First seek the kingdom of Heaven, and all things shall be added unto you," are not mere words, but a living truth that will stand the test. When we look about us in the world we observe that the selfish mode of thinking by the greater number of mankind, has enveloped the race in such a dense suffocating atmosphere, that man is in danger of asphyxiation. The few who have labored unselfishly, who have

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striven to enlighten the race, who have had their "Gethsemane," such have ever been nailed to the cross, crucified but not destroyed. The purity of such lives and thoughts are the helpful and life giving currents in the Astral Light, but for which mankind must have perished, body and soul, in the foul gases generated by his own evil thoughts. When we know that thought is the child of the intellect, should we not guard our thoughts, should we not endeavor to people the invisible world with the beings of light rather than darkness, of beauty rather than deformity, of love rather that hate. These winged creatures are seeds seeking congenial soil, we must irrigate the soil of the soul with pure desires, for the soul receives that to which it is affinitized, good or evil, happiness or misery. All good thoughts bring us into closer relationship with spiritualized forms, or in the company of "angels and saints" in theologic parlance. The aura generated by such beings man inspires, and again respires upon his own plane of consciousness for the uplifting of Humanity, but man must first aspire to such beings, which he can only do by pure thoughts, before he can inspire. Mankind is entangled in the web of the senses from which spirituality alone can free him; he is hindered but not prevented from liberating himself, and he may like an eagle wing his way to the whitest light. The prevailing characteristic of the present time is reaction, one of the most palpable proofs of mental and spiritual progress. Everywhere man is beginning to recognize that the crust of materiality has spread itself over the whole world, and to pierce this dense mass reactionary will-forces have set in, in whirls and eddies until they sweep into one torrent myriads of wills whose combined influence makes itself felt in the shape of re-forms, banding together united by a common sympathy, forming a powerful odic atmosphere, a very Samson in its strength, it must succeed in breaking away these vast layers of evil. Man begins to realize that by unity, by coöperation, by the spirit of brotherhood, by recognizing the oneness of humanity, the grandest lesson of spiritual evolution is learned. To evolve from extreme self-love to complete self-sacrifice is the object of life. The Christ principle latent in us all lies entombed within the cerements of human selfishness. When shall we bid it come forth, and cast aside its grave clothes; the impulse to help, to uplift, the spirit of true Brotherhood, when shall it walk in the garden, in the dawn of a new Easter morn? When?

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GOTAMA THE BUDDHA.

A SKETCH OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

PART III.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

WE left Gotama, along with his faithful groom escaping from his father's palace, intent upon becoming a hermit. Throughout the whole night, they slackened not their speed until they had traversed about ninety miles, when the sun beginning to appear above the horizon, Gotama dismounted, and divesting himself of his princely attire and jewels, gave them to Tshandi, and ordered him to take them along with his horse and return home. His first act was to invest himself with the garments of a dead mendicant lying unburied by the side of a small stream that ran through the forest in which he had dismounted where he resolved for a time to take up his abode until he had elaborated a plan or rule of life and conduct. There he remained a long time, pondering over what was now the greatest of all problems, the attainment of spiritual enlightenment and there in the loneliness and solitude of the forest, he wandered through its mazes, groping his way blindly to that region of mist and gloom which lies between the domains of light and darkness, of truth and falsehood, through which winds the path that all must traverse in their ascent to the Higher and Diviner Life.

Hitherto the life of Gotama had been one of alternate study and pleasure, henceforth it was to become one of self-denial and self-imposed penance and asceticism. Quitting his retreat in the forest, Gotama now betook himself to Radjagriha, the capital of Magadha, in the vicinity of which he resided with some learned Brahmins reputed for their holiness and wisdom. Assuming the name of Indrabhuti, he enrolled himself amongst the disciples and followers of two of the most renowned, named Alara Kalaina and Rudraka, who like the Roman Catholics of modern times, taught that salvation was attainable by prayers and penances and the giving of so much money. Disgusted with such teachings, he betook himself to other masters, who taught the necessity of asceticism and voluntary bodily torture in order to acquire Buddhahood and spiritual enlightenment. Along with five others engaged in the same quest as himself, Gotama retired to the solitude of a jungle and there, for a period of six years, practised the most rigid and frightful asceticism it is possible to conceive. They sat apart, maintaining absolute silence, refraining from conversation and reducing their food down to a grain of rice per day, depriving themselves of sleep, and addicting themselves to most painful postures of body and limb; thus blunting the senses and restraining the action of the thinking principle. To such an extreme did Gotama proceed, that once he fell senseless on the ground, exhausted and dying. It was then that in a kind of ecstatic trance or vision, his mother Maya appeared and showed him the folly and inutility of such a life, which would bring him no salvation but inevitably doom him to reincarnation. On awakening and returning to his senses, he began at once to retrace his footsteps by habituating himself gradually to regular and satisfying meals, to indulgence in stated hours of sleep in order to regain physical health and strength. On seeing this, his companions regarding him as a here-

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tic, as one fallen again under the subjection of sensual passions left him with expressions of disgust and scorn.

Unmoved and undisturbed by their desertion and animated with determination to give more heed to the development of the inward light which now seemed to be rising within him, Gotama roamed amidst the solitudes of the forest, lost in self-meditation. He had at last grasped and laid hold of the great law of spiritual life, that all enlightenment must come from within and as time rolled by, loftier and clearer ideas dawned upon him, which daily became brighter and more luminous and by which he recognized the great mistake he had made, the egregious error into which he had fallen in thinking that by asceticism, by self-inflicted tortures, a mortal can force the gate and storm the portals of the *higher life*. He also recognized that inward self-restraint was of greater efficacy than the maiming of the body, in the redemption of the soul from the influence and servitude of the sensual world and that the charity which suffereth all things, beareth all things, is of greater worth, than the acquisition of mere intellectual knowlege, in qualifying human nature and adapting it for the reception of Divine life and light, without which it is doomed to wander, lost in the labyrinth of ignorance and spiritual darkness. He also recognized the inutility, the folly of deserting wife and kindred, of casting aside and ignoring the domestic and social duties of life and the thinking that their devolution would enable him by a nearer and shorter route to attain unto Buddhahood. Reflecting on all these, he gave himself up to the consideration of the great cause of all human misery, why human life was so often a huge and ghastly failure, an interlude of existence beginning with hope and terminating in gloom and despair; what the primal origin of those evil passions and vicious propensities which play havoc with human nature, and the conclusion at which he arrived was, that ignorance with his offspring selfishness was the fount and source of all the woes and ills which afflict humanity. But the great problem was, how to raise mankind out of this fatal ignorance. This became now the sole object of his study.

As Gotama's mind dwelt upon and pondered over the complexities and difficulties in which it was involved, he perceived clearly that if any good was to be wrought, if humanity was to be raised out of the slough of despond and lethargy into which it had fallen, it must be through the influence of some divinely illuminated teacher whose teachings, backed by deep and catholic sympathy for the fallen and suffering, would inspire hope and excite to action the erring and sinful. Then arose within Gotama a desire he had never felt before, a willingness to place his life, his future all, as a sacrifice upon the altar of humanity, and which, becoming stronger and increasing in intensity, he became at last conscious of a great inward change coming over him, a silent transformation of thought and feeling, in which there was not a shadow of self. A great influx of light seemed now to pervade his whole being, attended with a spiritual exaltation, an expansion of soul he had never felt before or experienced. It was as though he had become permeated and unified with the *Soul* of the *Universe*, and in a moment, the eyes of his spiritual understanding becoming opened, a new world of life and light stood revealed in all its glory and dazzling radiancy to his enraptured gaze. The great secrets of the Universe; the dark enigmas of life and death, the mighty mysteries of human destiny, the universal law of natural and moral causation; the origin of physical and moral evil, with the means of escape therefrom—all these stood revealed before him, and in that moment Gotama stepped out of the region of darkness into the domain, the realm of light, and became a Buddha,

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an enlightened one.

And now occurred a remarkable incident in the life of Gotama which to the ordinary student is fraught with mystery, viz., the temptation or trial he had to undergo, and which finds its analogue in the life of the great prophet of Nazareth and the vigil of arms in mediæval ages.

On the first entry of Gotama into the new and higher life, he became conscious of strange and subtle forces operating on the lower manasic and kama rupic planes of his nature. It was the great struggle and final conflict between his higher and lower self, upon the issue of which depended whether he would prove himself worthy of the high vocation of the Buddha of the world. It seemed as though all the animal instincts and passions which in the past had arisen within him, now became objectified and personified in various forms under the leadership of a mighty chief, a great tempter, and arrayed themselves together in order to dispute his entrance in the new world of life and being which had dawned and opened up before him. Forms of transcendent beauty and loveliness, displaying their bewitching and seductive charms, endeavored to woo him back again to the indulgence of those pleasures and joys which constitute the sensualist's heaven. To these succeeded magnificent visions of earthly grandeur, appealing powerfully to his ambition and desires of regal majesty, of universal monarchy, of rule over conquered nations, all these passed before him like a gorgeous panorama, but Gotama heeded them not, and waving his hand, bade them depart.

And now Mara the tempter, for so he was named, left alone with the Buddha, prostrated himself before him and thus addressed him: "Holy one!" said he, "thou hast triumphed and got the victory over self and the world; take now possession of eternal peace and rest. Now that thine is the truth, what canst thou do on this earth? Humanity is the sport and plaything of its own vile instincts. Never will it be able to raise itself to understand the immutable law of the universe and contemplate the relations of cause and effect. Never will man listen or give heed to the law that inculcates the subjugation of passion, the extirpation of desire, the abolition of selfishness. Essay not, Holy one, the task of preaching this doctrine. Spare thyself and enter at once into Nirvana." The temptation was most subtle and artful, but Gotama was proof against it, as in unfaltering tones he exclaimed: "Tempter, get thee behind me. Nirvana shall never be mine until I have preached and made known to mankind the gospel of deliverance and freedom from self and opened the door or gateway of salvation to all the world," and ere the words had escaped his lips, the Tempter disappeared. At that moment two rich merchants passed by with a large caravan. Regarding with wonder and admiration the luminous halo irradiating the form of Gotama, they prostrated themselves and after hearing his discourse, accepted his teachings and became his first disciples and converts.

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BENEATH THE SURFACE.

BY JAMES H. GRIFFES.

ON the face of things the world is filled with injustice. Who will attempt to deny it? On every hand virtue remains unrewarded while vice goes unpunished; honesty starves while corruption gains the prizes for which civilization struggles; modesty is pushed to the wall while effrontery wins fame and applause, or what is valued higher, money. Is it not so?

How seldom it is that the honest become wealthy! how often the unscrupulous amass millions! These are facts, stern, apparent facts that stare in the face even those who read no weighter literature than the newspaper.

Yet men live on, many smile, some are happy for awhile, and all are heedless for a time. Then an avalanche of woe falls. Suddenly the world is transformed from Paradise to Hell, and the stricken soul cries aloud, stung with a sense of bitter injustice.

Why does this man prosper at the expense of others? Why are the small sins of this one visited so heavily upon him, while the greater sins of another go unavenged? Why is every step this man makes a failure, and every step of that man a success? Why was this man born a cripple, and this man strong and fair? Why was my lot cast in poverty and obscurity, while he was born a prince and ruler? Oh, the injustice of poverty! I must work and toil to gain but a scant living; I who would become a god in wisdom were not all my energies demanded by society in return but for food and clothing! While he has wealth and leisure to squander, and never a care for the morrow! I with the soul of a poet, burning to write, or to paint, or to sing, longing for books and culture and art and knowledge—am doomed to the grindstone of poverty! He who has riches only to waste in idle pleasures or sinful dissipations; time for the pursuit of only things that gratify the lower nature!

What a gulf there is between us! what a world of injustice! And this is life. What a spectacle it is for either the man that thinks or the man that suffers.

With the limited ideas that men and women of to-day have continually before them, and the narrow, surface view of things their religions and their philosophies of life give them, the wonder is, not that they sometimes rebel against fate or "take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing" seek to "end them." The wonder is, indeed, that the thousands suffer and endure with as little of rebellion as there is.

Here, in truth, is a serious study for the student of human nature: Why do men suffer so tamely all these "arrows" and injustices of what to them must be a purposeless life at best with absolute surety of ignominious failure for millions at the end of it all?

Perhaps it is that at night when our bodies are resting, or perhaps in some quiet moments of deep reflection, our Real Selves stamp upon the atoms of our bodies a sort of sub-consciousness of the ancient and eternal truth that the world is just, that there can be nothing unjust, that justice and law rule supreme in every corner of the universe, or, shall we not say, that Karma is unfailing?

Those who study Theosophy only a little know that this is true; know it consciously and in their waking hours—and, believe me, the knowledge takes much of the bitterness out of life, takes it all out for those who are willing to have it so.

At the outset I said that, upon "the

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face of things," the world was unjust. Let me scratch the surface just a little and look beneath it. Nothing is real and true from a surface view alone. Perspective is as necessary to science and philosophy and common sense as it is to art.

Let us stand aside for a moment from our own sorrows and troubles and look at life in all the kingdoms below man. See how the grass grows—always the same under the same conditions. Is there not always a sure reason why the grass does not grow when the earth is barren? Is there not always a certain cause for every effect we see in nature? Certain soils will grow certain plants. Certain foods will fatten the cattle. If a tree is stunted we do not call it chance, but we search for the reason. Sometimes the reason, or the cause, is a little difficult to find, but we know that there was a cause, for we have seen the result, and we know that every result must have had a cause.

Look into nature as deeply as you can and tell me if you find anything there that is not under the operation of law. Look to the heavens; the planets and the stars move in their orbits, every one of their countless number according to definite, fixed law. If you put your hand in the fire can you escape the pain? And if an exception to any ordinary rule is noted, do we not at once seek confidently for the cause, knowing well that nothing can happen without a cause? We can neither lift a finger nor think a thought without the operation of this eternal law of cause and effect.

Theosophy calls it Karma, and that is a better name for it, because it is simpler and at the same time more comprehensive. Now this law of Karma, as we have seen, and as no one will care to deny, I take it, operates throughout the universe, the seen and the unseen universes alike. Given a cause, whenever and wherever, on whatever plane we like, an effect always follows, says science and common sense alike. If there was no cause there can be no effect. If there is an effect, there must have been a cause.

This is quite a common sense proposition—or it is nothing. Still if we halted here and sought not to know just a little of the operations of this law outside the realm of physical things, we would be little better off than before. While we could not deny Karma, yet the mysteries of its workings, when viewed only by the common knowledge of to-day, would leave us doubting still at times. For it is often difficult to trace the effect back to the cause—impossible for us in many cases. Even with Karma for a guide, how can we believe that the world is just?

We do not require to see the cause. We only demand to know how and wherein there could be causes in justice and common sense for such apparent discrepancies. Even in physics we do not always trace back to the first cause, except in reason. But we have come to view reason as the highest of proof, and we are satisfied when we can trace a reasonable connection, say between the brain and the stomach, or between the tiny seed and the giant tree.

But where shall we look for any reasonable cause for the riches and ease and comfort that come to this idle and sinful man; or for the years of suffering and toil that fall to the lot of those who have not sinned, or who have sinned, perhaps, but lightly and whose fate or punishment seems to be out of all proportion with that dealt out to other men? what modern philosophy will answer this problem?

But suppose we have lived in other human bodies before we inhabited these? Suppose we must return to earth again and again, until we have reaped all experiences, aye, until we have righted all wrongs and harvested all the good we have sown? what then?

Suppose life is not made up of seventy years on earth and eternity somewhere

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else? How could there be justice in such an arrangement? Is it reasonable to suppose that in this just universe of cause and effect man should suffer an eternity for the causes set up in one life; or enjoy eternally for the virtues of so brief a span as seventy years? Suppose that a man suffers in this life for the things left undone, or for the sins committed, in a previous life; or that he enjoys as but the natural effect of causes set up in lives that have gone before? We are, indeed, what we have made ourselves, and we are even now making the conditions and environments of our succeeding physical existence. Upon such a hypothesis it is not so difficult to see the justice of things.

Everyday experience shows us that there is often the lapse of years between the cause and the effect. We see many causes, the effects of which are not reaped for long years to come. So we are not unwilling to seek deeply for the probable or possible cause, if we only know the direction in which to seek. Seek in Karma and Reincarnation for the meaning of life.

THE SOKRATIC CLUB.

BY SOLON.

(*Continued.*)

WE did not all meet together again until the evening and after dinner Dr. Roberts said that if it was agreeable to the wishes of the others of the party he would like to have the Professor's explanation of the dream state.

Dr. Roberts.—Professor, since you drew from me, this morning, my views in regard to dreams, I think it only fair that you should present yours, for it is evident that you do not agree with the ordinary physiological and psychological views held by modern scientists.

The Professor.—So far as I am concerned I shall be most happy to give you my views, but I think we ought to take advantage of the presence of our friend, Mr. Rama, who so well played the part of a listener this morning, but who can give us the ancient Eastern philosophy in regard to dreams. What do you say to this proposition, Doctor?

Dr. Roberts.—I shall be more than delighted. (To Mr. Rama) I hope, sir, you will favor us by taking part in this discussion, for from what the Professor said this morning it has already become of intense interest to me.

Mr. Rama.—For my part I should have preferred to have listened to the Professor, for although a native of the East and having been familiar with the ancient philosophy of India from my early days, yet, until I met him, many of the most beautiful ideas were sealed books to me, so that I have now come to regard him as my Teacher. However, since I see you wish it, I shall be glad to take part in the conversation.

Mr. Berger.—Referring to what you said last night, Mr. Rama, do you then hold that the dream state is a higher one than the waking?

Mr. Rama.—Not necessarily, but certainly what you Westerners would call the dream state is often much higher and more real than what you call the waking state, but then we might not agree as to the meaning and application of the terms waking and dreaming.

Rev. Alex. Fulsom.—You surely would not have us reverse our conceptions in regard to them, or treat fantastic dreams as of more importance than the calm deliberations of the waking state. My experience at least does not go to

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show that. The mere idea of such a position is absurd. We may as well return to the superstitions of the middle ages.

Mr. Rama.—My dear sir, I am afraid you are prejudiced and that you are not willing to admit the possibility of another's experience as different from your own.

Mr. Berger.—And yet, Alec, you would be the very first to draw the line between yourself and one whom you would call a common illiterate fellow who does not appreciate your fine periods, or your, shall I say, delicate wit.

The Professor.—Come, come, gentlemen, Alec takes it all in good part, but don't let us get side-tracked.

Rev. Alex Fulsom.—Wait a moment! I had a dream once—

All.—No! you're joking!—Really, you don't mean to say *you* dreamed!—Impossible!

Rev. Alex Fulsom.—Yes, once, at least. When I was at the theological school I had a dream that was so vivid and made such an impression on my memory, that even to-day I can recall all the incidents of it and the accompanying sensations perfectly, yet is was pure nonsense with neither rhyme nor reason in it, incomparably foolish, fantastically absurd. How any one can pretend to learn anything from dreams is beyond my comprehension. I never learnt anything from them, and certainly not from that, the most vivid dream in my life.

The Professor.—Didn't you learn *anything* from it Alec?

Rev. Alex Fulsom.—Absolutely nothing, what could I learn from it?

The Professor.—Well, Alec, you dreamed, didn't you? So at least you learned the possibility of dreaming—eh, old man? Perhaps not such a useless lesson after all if you could awake to its significance.

Mr. Rama.—The mere fact and the possibility of dreaming ought to give man a clue to the understanding of his nature and enable him to unravel some at least of the mysteries of life. Too long has science contented herself with the study of force and matter and neglected the most important factor of existence,—consciousness. The ancient sages taught that the study that most concerned man was the states of consciousness. One of the old philosophers said that the whole universe existed for the sake of the soul alone, and if we pause to think we cannot fail to see that the relation of the soul to the universe can be expressed only in terms of consciousness.

Dr. Roberts.—That is what puzzles me, you have got on to the same tack as you were on the other day, but don't let me interrupt—please continue.

Mr. Rama.—One has only to watch himself and he will quickly discover that he passes through several states of consciousness even while he is awake—in the ordinary sense of the word. At one time when he is hungry or has bodily pain he lives wholly on the physical plane or state of consciousness. Then under the influence of anger or the excitement of some strong passion he may forget all about physical things and live in entirely another state of consciousness. Such, for instance, is the case of a soldier on the battlefield who under the fierce excitement of war does not know he is wounded and feels no pain so long as the excitement lasts. He is in another and totally different state of consciousness. Then take another instance, a student when thinking intensely will become oblivious of the physical world and will not feel hunger nor hear the sounds that are going on around him. He is in the mental state of consciousness.

Dr. Roberts.—All that is clear enough, and easily understood. These different states are due simply to the direction of the mind.

Mr. Rama.—All will acknowledge the existence of these states or changes of

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consciousness, because all to some extent realize them, and it seems to me to be the most natural thing in the world to assume that still other states are possible. Looked at from this standpoint sleep is then seen to have a possible value as a state of consciousness, and——

Dr. Roberts.—But I should call sleep a cessation or rather suspension, not a state, of consciousness, and dream but a temporary and partial return to consciousness. In true sleep the brain ceases to act and hence there is this suspension of consciousness—the vital processes of the body continuing automatically.

Mr. Rama.—There I think you are mistaken, Doctor! I will grant that the state of consciousness called sleep is a *terra incognita* to most people, but it is a state of consciousness nevertheless. Let me call your attention to the comparatively rare occurrence, though one well authenticated and known to the medical profession, of a person's losing as it were the thread and memory of his past life for a time, his past becoming a perfect blank to him, losing his identity so to say, recognizing neither places nor people among whom he had lived. This has happened as you know and is brought about usually as the result of illness or accident. Then, in many cases the old consciousness and identity return, perhaps as suddenly as they were lost and the intervening period becomes a blank. Now here you have a succession of states of consciousness actually witnessed and vouched for which to the mind of the subject are not at all related. This shows at least the possibility of passing from one phase of consciousness into another without carrying over any memory or knowledge. The analogy is not a complete one, I am fully aware, but I used it because probably you yourself know of such cases, and whether you can explain them or not, you grant their possibility and actual existence, do you not?

Dr. Roberts.—Certainly.

Mr. Rama.—Very well, then, you can follow my meaning when I assert that sleep and waking are simply two phases of existence or states of consciousness which in the case of the ordinary man are unrelated and between which there seems to be no bridge of conscious memory.

Dr. Roberts.—But in the case you referred to just now of loss of identity, the subject passes from one state to an exactly similar one—the only thing that has happened to him being that he has lost his bearings, so to say; whereas in the case of sleep he passes into what must be a totally different state of consciousness, if so it can be called.

Mr. Rama.—I said the analogy was not a complete one, but its very incompleteness makes my statement all the stronger. If there is a possibility of loss of memory in passing from one state into an exactly similar one, how much more likely is it that there should be no memory when passing from one to another of dissimilar states.

Dr. Roberts.—Then again, the case you cited is one of disease, and sleep is a healthy, normal function.

Mr. Rama.—Quite true, but the failure to bridge the gap between the two states is not healthy or normal to the fully developed man, and the fact of such failure in the case of the vast majority of men is but an indication that they are very far from being perfectly developed. For the perfect man there exists no gaps in consciousness.

Dr. Roberts.—Well, Mr. Rama, that may be so, but I am not prepared to go that far with you. I can reason only from my experience. But where do the dreams come in; do they indicate still other states of consciousness besides that of dreamless sleep?

Mr. Rama.—No, I would not call dream an actual state of consciousness; it is rather the recollection of a state, the momentary impression of a picture on

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the brain brought from the state that has been experienced; it is not so much an actual state as the transition between two states, and that accounts for the——

Rev. Alex Fulsom.—Do you mean to say that a state of consciousness makes a picture on the brain? I always thought that consciousness was immaterial. I should very much like to see what a state of consciousness looks like, very much indeed. Ha, ha.

The Professor.—Have you never seen the picture that fear or anger or anxiety paints on a man's face? That surely should be evidence enough of the material, if not altogether artistic, effects of a state of consciousness. As Mr. Rama said, there are three essential characteristics of being, nature manifests in three aspects: matter, force and consciousness. Not one of these can be divorced from the other two; but I fear I am anticipating Mr. Rama's line of argument.

Dr. Roberts.—I am glad you mentioned that point, Professor, for I had in mind to ask Mr. Rama for his explanation of the scenery of dreams and the apparent actual performance of deeds; in fact, what might be called the objective side of dreams. For instance, in the dream I related this morning, the building seemed real enough and I remember I admired the beauty of the marble, my body seemed to be there, I performed acts, moving about and sitting down, yet I know I never left my room or got out of bed.

Mr. Rama.—Certainly your body did not leave your bed, *i. e.*, your physical body, but you know, Doctor, that according to the ancient philosophy, man is not his physical body but merely uses it as a temporary instrument. All this fits in with the statement made just now by the Professor of the correlation between matter, force and consciousness. The ancient philosophers all taught that each of the planes of manifested being was threefold, and that even the so-called formless planes, the higher three planes on which man might function, were formless only from his present standpoint.

The Professor.—Please explain that a little more fully, Mr. Rama. I fear the Doctor does not see the drift of your remarks.

Mr. Rama.—Well, to express it in another way,—every state of consciousness has its corresponding state of matter and its corresponding force or mode of motion—to use a modern scientific phrase. To gain experience on the physical plane, a physical body is needed which is subject to the forces of that plane. To gain experience on the mental plane a mental body is required, and this is subject to the forces of the mental plane and so for each of the seven planes. This accounts for the phenomena that occur in the dream state, and for the possibility of performing acts in that state. Man has in fact a "dream" body, and to that dream body the dream world is just as objective as is the physical world to the physical body.

Dr. Roberts.—But by force of will one can dispel the illusions of dreams, one can sometimes recognize that he is dreaming and awake. Does not this show that your analogy between the states of waking and dreaming is incorrect?

Mr. Rama.—No; I have said that the ordinary dream state is not so much a true state as a transition between two states of consciousness. It is exactly analogous to the critical state of matter between solid and liquid; the slightest impulse either way will carry it over completely into one state or the other, and so it is that by the force of will we may pass from the state of so-called dreaming into that of waking, or fall back into deep sleep.

Dr. Roberts.—But you will grant that the dream state is mainly an illusory one, will you not, Mr. Rama? The physical world is after all the only one we are sure of.

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Mr. Rama.—The dream state appears so illusory because of its being a critical state, as I have said, but the true sleep state, which is sleep only so far as physical man is concerned, is far less illusory than the so-called waking state, and were it not for the interior spiritual strength which the soul gains from this inner state of consciousness it could not contiuue to exist in the physical world it is.

The Professor.—If any state of consciousness can be truly called dreaming in the ordinary meaning of the word, it is this waking state. The physical plane is the most illusory of all, it is the plane of shadows, and man has so long been a prey to the allurement of the senses, that at last he has come to look upon the shadows as the reality, and has forgotten his true nature and his divine heritage. What we call dreams, those higher bright visions that come now and again in a man's lifetime and lift him into realms of perfect harmony and peace are flashes from the truer, higher world we have lost sight of and are guideposts that point the way to the inner world of reality.

Mr. Berger.—But, if all this be so, there must be some way by following which we can learn to know the true place and relation of physical existence, and of dream and sleep. How may we set about it!

The Professor.—Yes, and the way lies through meditation, and by never losing sight of the essential divinity of our nature. Here is advice given by the greatest sages and adepts: "On going to sleep and on waking and as often as you can, think, think, think, that you are not the physical body, nor the astral dream body, nor the passions and desires, nor yet the mind, but that you are the soul, a spark of the Divine." Thus you will gradually learn to distinguish between the true and the false, between the illusionary and the real.

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THE SEARCH LIGHT.

THE following "Notes" were published in *The New Century* December 4th, 1897, and have been here reprinted by request. They will probably be better understood by some now than when they were written.

NOTES.

"He whose mind is free from the illusion of self, will stand and not fall in the battle of life."

It is not in the nature of an honest man to live for himself and be satisfied; when one arrives at that point where he says—"Lo! I am satisfied, I am sufficient unto myself. Behold I need neither helper or teacher—Karma must take its course"—then you may be sure that that one is either a weakling, a fool, or a caricature.

Possibly he may be a hypocrite of an ambitious mind, seeking to create a little world of his own wherein he may hold sway, and pose before men as the light of the coming ages.

Such as he may even cry freedom, liberty, distinctive independence, from the house-tops, the by-ways, and the highways; or he may be one of a more subtle kind, standing apart from the "common herd" and in the society of "well groomed men and women" writing and talking, in whispers of warning of the coming dangers that await those who do not seek independence and follow him into his self-made kingdom of liberty. How much we have to learn when we see appearances like these, and realize the condition of the present time, and the battle that lies before us on the material and spiritual plane.

Are there not in our civilization today signs that mark a unique barbarism among us, showing an immense danger of retrogression? Can we not see in spite of all the good there is in the world, that the very blood of some of our brothers is teeming with a heartless cruelty, a subtle viciousness, and a monstrous selfishness and hypocrisy? Is not the world brimful of unrest, unhappiness, injustice, and despair; and are we not on the very edge of a condition which, if not improved, must sweep away the bright prospects of our present civilization?

Viewing the present striking aspects can we for one moment be satisfied to live contentedly and selfishly in the shadow of darkness and unrest? Is it possible for anyone having one grain of human pity in his heart, or love of truth and justice, to do aught but work, work, all the time unflinchingly, and unselfishly for his brother man and all creatures,—not apart, but among them, with a courage and devotion that obscures all thought of self—on a line of simple justice and in the spirit of true peace.

"We need not fear excessive influence. . . . A more generous trust is permitted. Stick at no humiliation. Grudge no office thou canst render. Be the limb of their body, the breath of their mouth. Compromise thy egotism. Who cares for that, so thou gain aught wider and nobler? never mind the taunt of Boswellism: the devotion may easily be greater than the wretched pride which is guarding its own skirts."

The recognition of the divinity in us all, is necessary to comprehend the foundation of brotherhood. The paths we have trodden in learning Nature's laws should enable us to extend invaluable assistance to our fellow men.

Dr. Minot J. Savage is giving a series of lectures in this city on the subject of "Unitarianism." In the first sermon of the course, preached last Sunday, he made the statement that liberality of thought might belong to any people of any country and be accepted by them as expressing their innate religion. Dr. Savage said: "We have discovered the

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unity of thought, and we have learned to know that there is just one thought in the universe. Should we not believe in the unity of God when we see one eternal changeless order? There is a unity of love, of man, of ethics, righteousness. There is but one religion. All of us are the children of God. There is but one destiny. Some day every soul, however stained, however small, however distorted, will rise."

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

FROM "FAND."

BY W. LARMINIE.

(Selected.)

Man is the shadow of a changing world;
As the image of a tree
By the breeze swayed to and fro
On the grass, so changeth he;
Night and day are in his breast,
Winter and Summer, all the change
Of light and darkness, and the season's marching;—
Flowers that bud and fade,
Tides that rise and fall.
Even with the waxing and the waning moon
His being beats in tune;
The air that is his life
Inhales he with alternate heaving breath;
Joyous to him is effort, sweet is rest;
Life he hath and death.

Then seek not thou too soon that permanence
Of changeless joy that suits unchanging gods,
In whom no tides of being ebb and flow.
Out of the flux and reflux of the world
Slowly man's soul doth gather to itself,
Atom by atom, the hard elements
Firm, incorruptible, indestructible,
Whereof when all his being is compact,
No more it wastes nor hungers, but endures
Needing not any food of changing things
But fit among like natured gods to live,
Amongst whom, entering too soon, he perishes,
Unable to endure their fervid gaze.
Think! yet thy being is but as a lake,
That, by the help of friendly streams unfed,
Full soon the sun drinks up.
Wait till thou hast sea-depths;—
Till the tides of life and deed
Of action and of meditation,
Of service unto others, and their love
Shall pour into the caverns of thy being
The might of their unconquerable floods:
Then canst thou bear the glow of eyes divine;
And like the sea beneath the sun at noon
Shalt shine in splendor inexhaustible.

Therefore yield not unto these faery lures.
Not that way lies thine immortality:
But thou shalt find it in the ways of men
Where many a task remains for thee to do
And shall remain for many after thee
Till all the storm-winds of the world be bound.

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"THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD."

BY E. AUG. NERESHEIMER.

THE momentous tide of the new cycle which gave birth to a grand organization on the 18th day of February last is a complete vindication of all that had been told and promised in this direction; yea, all was foreshadowed by wave upon wave of growing sensibilities in the hearts of a nucleus of earnest souls who have held fast to the torch of truth which was handed down by the Gods for the enlightenment of mankind.

This beacon light will now blaze forth brilliant and bright so that all who walk the earth may see; it is the message of man's liberation, freedom from bondage.

This newly-born organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; its principal purpose is to teach brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature and make it a living power in the life of Humanity.

The superb literature which was produced by the Theosophical movement from the keynote given by the first messenger, H. P. Blavatsky, has brought to the world a sound philosophy of the life and destiny of mankind as well as a basis for conduct of individual existence. The principal feature of this philosophy, that brotherhood is a fact in nature and that it can be proved is now sufficiently grounded in the hearts and minds of a large contingent of students who have endeavored to make it a part of their lives to enable them to effectually interpret and promulgate these truths for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

Thanks also to the undying efforts of our chief, Wm. Q. Judge, who guided the movement successfully through the period of preservation and assimilation as the second stage of the evolution of this all-embracing ideal, though the tide of materialistic activity was strong and the public ear apparently deaf to the divine message, the teachings have nevertheless penetrated subtly but permanently the minds of millions of men and women. The large extent to which this has been accomplished has made it possible to launch the movement forward before the world at the termination of the first cycle of 5000 years of the Kali-Yuga that it may now become the hope of the future for the ultimate welfare within the appointed time of the whole human race on this globe.

As the ideal precedes the practical in all things so has it been in this great movement; but, after the first two stages of inception and preservation, there remained yet to be done the master-stroke to make it practical so that it might reach the masses and become a lasting light among them.

The living torch-bearer at the present time, Katherine A. Tingley, who has taken upon herself the responsibility and burden of guiding this spiritual movement forward into the ages to come has already touched the keynote to the third stage which shall be the most lasting pillar of the temple; *Practical application of the philosophy!*

Already magnificent expositions in simple form by heretofore obscure students have come forward under this touch, the power and wisdom which has been stored up all this time during the existence of the Theosophical Society is now to come to the surface and spread its light among the hungrily seeking multitude of despairing souls. Then, practical philanthropic work backed by this philosophy of hope which as already outlined and inaugurated by this leader is not the palliative like casual or promiscuous application of benevolence, shall go to the root by simul-

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taneously awakening the true principle of helpfulness.

While the Theosophical Society, as an instrument and vehicle for bringing the light of truth to the present point of usefulness, has done wonders thanks to the wise leadership of the guiding messengers and the devoted labors of its votaries—it was not a competent instrument to reach the ear of the world. To do this it had to broaden its views as an organization and fortunately for the world, its members perceived that the movement had outgrown the confines of an ordinary worldly society. The Theosophical Society in America had to become what it now is: a department in a fitting place of the world-wide movement for brotherhood in which there are other departments whose function the T. S. in A. could never have undertaken and much less have carried out, and which other organizations were seeking to monopolize.

One of the obstacles against popularization of Theosophy was its too high altitude in the scale of education, though this was necessary for a period until the philosophic foundation in a sufficiently large number had reached an impregnable standard of attainment. However, nothing is so certain as the destiny of destruction which would have awaited it, had it remained at the mercy of imperfect human nature alone. Its history has caused untold anxiety in the hearts of the seriously devoted members on account of the troubles and vicissitudes within its folds by ambitious individuals who sought to become leaders; it is only too well known that much power was wasted in scrambling for offices and strife for personal recognition; thereby its growth was impeded and greater spread of the doctrine prevented. All this is now obviated for all time to come.

From the beginning and up to this day the members have always tacitly recognized that the inception of the Movement in this century was due to the compassionate aid of Helpers, who yet hope to revive the slumbering faculties of man's divine nature, who also assisted in the establishment of its magnificent literature and teachings. It is undoubtedly true that the cause has been guided in its unfoldment at all important crises and even at all times in its plans and policy.

While thus recognizing the actual condition and largely depending on this help in the future, the unique and extremely liberal platform of the outward organization was not made conformable to this belief. The time had not yet come. Meanwhile some members became enamored with the mere shell which they elected to preserve, though it might not now serve the purpose of the true work.

However, the intuition of the units had grown to such an extent that at the proper occasion, on the 18th day of February, 1898, an overwhelming majority of them asserted that they will declare to the world their belief in the ideal foundation of this institution.

The Gods are descending again among mankind under cyclic law. It is quite certain that no one human being, except a high occultist of the white order, can be entrusted with the guidance of a spiritual movement such as this.

Whatever the truth may be, the members of the Theosophical Society in America, in a supreme moment of inspiration, with genuine enthusiasm declared their belief that the Gods have come among us again to point the way whereby we may realize the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.

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STUDENTS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY J. H. FUSSELL.

If the savage acts according to his conscience in killing and eating his enemies, and so, too, those who persecute others for religion's sake, is not this evidence that conscience is simply a matter of education? If not, what is its source? How may one recognize the voice of conscience?

A similar question was asked in the *Theosophical Forum*, and to it Mr. Judge gave the following reply:

"Conscience seems to be a faculty which may be stilled or made active. In my opinion its source is in the Higher Self, and as it comes down through plane after plane it loses its force or retains power according to the life and education of the being on earth. The conscience of the savage is limited by his education, just as were the consciences of the New Englander to the European religionists who destroyed men for the sake of God and Christ. We cannot assert that the men who indulged in religious persecution were not going according to what they called their conscience. By this I do not mean that conscience is a matter of education, but that the power of its utterances will be limited by our education, and consequently if we have a bigoted religion or a non-philosophical system, we are likely to prevent ourselves from hearing our conscience. And in these cases where men are doing wrong according to what they call their conscience, it must be that they have so warped their intuition as not to understand the voice of the inward monitor."

Conscience is inherent. It is the voice of the divine nature, seeking ever to make itself heard in the turmoil of our life. That the dictates of conscience are not the same to all alike is simply evidence of the varying limitations which men have built up around themselves.

The sun shines for all, yet the powers of seeing vary. Some are blind, some can see but dimly, and some, though keen of sight, catch none of the glories of nature, of landscape and sea and sky. So, too, the voice of conscience speaks to all, though unheard, unheeded by some, and though the interpretations of its divine message be many.

All men come into the world with certain limitations,—their Karma brought over from the past. Some of these find expression in the circumstances and surroundings of birth, whether as a savage or in a thought-sphere of religious dogmatism, but besides these limitations, too often men wilfully blind themselves and build up new limitations in the present; too often men hear the voice of conscience and heed it not, and then fool themselves by substituting for this divine voice some brain-mind reasonable (!) conclusion which subserves their vanity or ambition. So easy is it to deceive ourselves with ideas of false independence—"false when it is used to support any one for a selfish purpose,"—wrote Mrs. Tingley a short time ago—which "often tends to affect the minds of well-meaning people and through them disrupt organizations like our own which are based on interdependence and unity." One may know the voice of conscience in that it never speaks to gratify the personal self, but that its promptings are ever towards a wider service, a deeper trust, a fuller recognition of the divine in all. Like the sun-light it lays bare the cobwebs and the dark places of the heart, it reveals the chains which man has forged around himself, but thus it is that man may see to break these chains and to step out of the limitations that hedge him in, into the wider, purer life of the soul.

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LOTUS PETALS.

THE RAINBOW FAIRIES.

BY ELIZABETH WHITNEY.

THE "Seven Wonders!" Grown-ups are actually beginning to believe in Fairies! That is, if we are to believe the Local Press, so high-and-mighty.

All over the wide world wherever there are printers and ink, the Local Press, so-high-and-mighty, holds the power of life and death, so we'll treat it with respect, if you please, hoping it will learn to re-cip-ro-cate.

That's the way they do in New Zealand—*Gracious, where's that? Get out the geography quick!*

Of course, everyone knows, Fairies can skip over the whole world, by just holding a wand and making three wishes.

So the very same Rainbow Fairies who have been singing and singing to us in America about "Brothers we" who all agree and make a heavenly harmony—and all unite to make the white light of Unity—these same Fairies said "one-two-three, look out for me" and skipped straight to New Zealand. Of course, our Happy Little Sunbeams went "darting through the blue," along with the Rainbow, for they had their work to do. It was to help Mrs. Sanderson, the children's friend, get up the first Lotus Group entertainment ever given there.

You can guess how important it was, when the Local Press, so-high-and-mighty, printed a description a whole yard long—all about it—and has been travelling ever since seventeenth of December to get here itself to tell us all about it.

The Lotus Blossoms, and the Boy who wanted the Pot-of-Gold, and the White Ray, all our old friends, were there.

With all their radiance, they must have made the whole place glad, for the Local Press, so-high-and-mighty, says (these are its very words) "the Fairy play was not of the usual kind." "It would have to be seen many times before all its deeper meanings,—its revelation of the secrets of Nature could be fully understood." It told all about the International Brotherhood League (I. B. L. for short) and that the Lotus Group was part of it, and all that it meant about helping the world to make progress and peace. And it said the children would do it by learning to live in harmony with this universal law of Nature, called Universal Brotherhood.

It said this was a "highly successful entertainment." (Why do you suppose even the littlest Lotus Bud knows those big words and can't understand other big words at all?)

Well—it told how the rooms were decorated with flowers and ferns and mottoes like "Truth, Light, Liberation for Discouraged Humanity." And as many as forty boys and girls did things like recitations, and tableaux, and dialogues, and a farce, called "a little strategy," and all kinds of music, and songs! —well, they must be regular birds out there, to know so many songs, and all different kinds.

Are'nt you glad all these New Zealand people are our relations—our real brothers and sisters?

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REVIEWS.

The Internationalist for January has for its editorial "Theosophy, the Theosophical Society and the Theosophical Movement," which only repeats an oft-told tale. Apostolic Succession," by John Eglinton, is a fine study of the real law of progress. The writer points out that discoveries do not grow out of one another, but that whenever genius gives utterance to some fragment of truth, a host of imitators arise who create base semblances and counterparts of it, seeking to perfect it, and to constitute themselves into an intellectual aristocracy. Yet, as he says, "Nature abhors perfection. Things perfect in their way, whether manners, poetry, painting, scientific methods, philosophical systems, architecture, ritual, are only so by getting into some backwater or shoal out of the eternal currents, where life has ceased to circulate. The course of time is fringed with perfections but bears them not on its bosom." The other articles contained in this number are also well-written and readable. J. M. P.

The Pacific Theosophist for January contains "The Scales of Justice," by Dr. Anderson, the usual editorial matter, branch reports, and reprints. The articles are vigorous, bold, and perhaps a little war-like, though good-naturedly so.

J. M. P.

Birds for February. This magazine gives its readers each month eight lifelike colored plates of birds, with short scientific monographs and charming stories for children. It is a distinct factor in the "Theosophical Movement" in its advocacy of Brotherhood for the feathered tribe, the necessity for their protection, and the prevention of their being "transformed into millinery." As the editor truly says, "public ignorance regarding the value of birds in the economy of nature and especially to human life is so great as to be almost incomprehensible." Theosophists will do well to place this magazine in the hands of their children.

J. M. P.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTIION OF THE T. S. A.

NEVER has there been a more enthusiastic, or more memorable convention than the one recently held in Chicago. With the first day of the new cycle, February 18th, was ushered in before the world THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD founded by Katherine A. Tingley on January 13, 1898. With an almost unanimous vote the Convention adopted the Resolutions. Mrs. Tingley's Proclamation, the Constitution of Universal Brotherhood and a new Constitution of the Theosophical Society in America.

The Convention assembled on the morning of February 18th at 10 o'clock in Handel Hall. Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, President of the T. S. A , called the meeting to order. Dr. J. A. Anderson was elected temporary Chairman. The roll of delegates was then called and the Convention duly organized. Mr. A. A. Purman was elected permanent Chairman. A Committee on Resolutions was then appointed by the Chair of the following: Iverson L. Harris, E. A. Neresheimer, F. M. Pierce, H. T. Patterson, S. B. Sweet, Judge E. O'Rourke, Dr. J. A. Anderson, Clark Thurston, Robert Crosbie, W. A. Stevens, D. N. Dunlop, Dr. J. D. Buck, Col. Steward, with power

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Mrs. Tingley's Private Office.

W. Q. Judge's old office, now used by E. A. Neresheimer and Editors Universal Brotherhood.

A corner in Aryan Hall with Reference Library.

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E. S. T. Office.

Theosophical Publishing Company Office.
New Century Office.

Aryan Press Room.

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to add to their number. The Committee then retired and after a short time invited others to join them thus making a Committee of 41 of the most prominent and representative members of the T. S. A. When the Committee reported, all the members thereof ascended the platform and remained standing while the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Iverson L. Harris, read the following and also the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and the Constitution of the Theosophical Society in America.

PROCLAMATION

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA, IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED.

February 18, 1898.

FELLOW COMRADES:

At the beginning of this new cycle, an important epoch in the history of our Movement, I take the opportunity of presenting to you the outline of the plan in connection with our future work.

Before I became publicly identified with the Theosophical Movement, the plan which I now bring before you was well defined in conversation with Mr. Judge.

Those who have the real interest of humanity at heart, and who have been behind this Movement from its inception, protecting its interests, have plans well outlined in connection therewith, for years to come. In this great scheme of work, each one chosen to carry it on in the world, has certain definite things to do in furthering its interests, during his or her lifetime. The complete development of such plans, however, is limited by the attitude of the members. Every time anyone is unfaithful and the whole Society consequently disturbed, and shocked, the work is correspondingly retarded. Every day it has become more apparent that for the best interests of this work we require an organization which shall stand as an invincible stronghold against the storms which constantly beat around it. No one will question the fact that our experience in the past emphasizes the need of this step being taken.

According to an eminent authority, "the noblest title of the Theosophical Society is the BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY." If members fail to realize this, then, to quote the words of the same authority, "they need not undertake the task" of trying to make practicable a Universal Brotherhood. In an "Important Letter" published in *Lucifer*, words emanating from the same source as those quoted above, are worthy of attention in this same connection. "Perish rather the Theosophical Society . . . than that we should permit it to become no better than an Academy of Magic and a Hall of Occultism." I would also draw particular attention to the following words:

"The truths and mysteries of Occultism constitute, indeed, a body of the highest spiritual importance, at once profound and practical for the world at large. . . They *have* to prove both destructive and constructive . . . constructions of new institutions of a genuine, practical Brotherhood of Humanity, where all will become co-workers of Nature, will work for the good of mankind, *with* and *through* the *planetary spirits*, the only spirits we believe in. Phenomenal elements previously unthought of, undreamed of, will soon begin manifesting themselves day by day with constantly augmented force and disclose at last the secrets of their mysterious workings."

The work of each messenger necessarily differs in many respects. H. P. B. attracted the attention of the world to the philosophy. W. Q. J. simplified the teaching and solidified the organization which she founded.

And now it is my privilege and duty in carrying on that work so ably begun, to furnish an organization which shall be "the well-made tool" by which the work can be carried forward into the next century on a grander scale than ever before, and adapted to the needs of the time—an organization which shall be free, as far as possible, from the limitations hitherto existing, and which shall unify all branches of this great work:

I have, therefore, to announce that there has been established by me an organization called,

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

or

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY.

Through this organization, the Theosophical philosophy will be taught on the broadest possible basis. Students will be prepared to expound and illustrate the teachings, hitherto understood and applied to a very large

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extent in a limited and metaphysical aspect only) in a way that they will be acceptable to the mass of the people and without raising prejudices which experience has shown to exist with regard to the many technical terms employed. Lecturers will be educated and familiarized with all subjects which tend to the advancement of the human race in every direction. In fact there will be no limit to the possibilities in future unless the limitations exist in our minds. In this organization the true interests of the work and the workers are safeguarded.

I would also direct your attention to these words: "We have weightier matters than small societies to think about, yet the T. S. must not be neglected." In this plan which I am now presenting to you, these words have not been overlooked; "the T. S. has not been neglected." The Theosophical Society in America will form one of the most important departments of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. Through it will be disseminated all literatures regarding the Theosophical philosophy. Books, giving detailed and definite knowledge for the student; pamphlets and leaflets, giving in a simple and readily understood form, the true philosophy of life to those who are thirsting and hungering for it. This work will be properly organized and given the attention which its importance deserves. A literary staff will be appointed, including all the able writers at present in the society, and some outside of it. Through their efforts as much as possible of our present literature will be amplified, and made more suitable for general distribution, and, indeed, all literature of any value or importance in this great work for UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD will also be introduced and distributed through the Theosophical Society in America. On this matter I have already formed some definite plans which I will submit later.

From what I have said, it can easily be seen that the importance of our future work cannot be overestimated.

By this means the Theosophical Society shall be known throughout the world, as the great channel through which may be obtained the necessary information on the subjects which the lecturers and exponents of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD shall arouse interest in. In this way those who have freed their minds from prejudice and wish to pursue closer study of the subjects treated of, will know where to turn for the information they desire.

This plan, as I have said, has been known to me for some time, but not until now could I give it out. This will explain why it is that the International Brotherhood League has been kept so long in a temporary form of organization. It now takes its fitting place as a department of practical humanitarian work in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. Many of the existing temporary committees have achieved great success along the lines laid down, and are able to testify to the importance of such work. Plans have been made for extending the work on a more permanent basis and on a more extensive scale.

It will be seen from all that I have said, that the great plan is complete in every respect. An opportunity is placed before all true workers in the Cause of Brotherhood to unite in accepting it and coöperating with me for the furtherance of our great Cause along the lines I have sketched. Each department —the Theosophical Society in America, and the International Brotherhood League—shall have its own officers, Executive Committee, and its own by-laws, by which its affairs shall be regulated and conducted, all under the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood

Students will remember that it was given out long ago that the public general exposition of Theosophy, along the lines hitherto followed, would cease. So that in laying these matters before you I am simply carrying out the scheme as it was intended from the beginning. If each department of the work is entered upon in the true spirit, and carried out on the lines suggested, it will be established on a more permanent basis than ever and go on increasing from year to year. If I could only show each one of you the living picture of our future work as it presents itself to me, its wonderful scope, immensity and purpose, I know it would evoke in each one of you unbounded enthusiasm. As it is, I think all will respond in their hearts and at least catch the fragrance of the true spirit which underlies all I have said. I might say here that some eminent Sanscrit scholars, with whom I came in contact while in India, will be ready to give their services and furnish to the West much that is of value in Eastern literature and

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which has been hitherto obscured.

In conclusion I call upon you all to awaken to the importance of this occasion. Let us enter the new time with all its possibilities, and by the step we shall overcome the difficulties that seek to obstruct our path.

It behooves us to be on our guard, for the making or marring of the future lies in our hands. The record we are to make to-day should be of a unique character. Let us in the spirit of true brotherly love unfurl the banner of peace to the world, and endeavor more than ever to make Theosophy, and all that it implies, a living power in the lives of men.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, The Theosophical Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky, in 1875, has passed through various phases and changes incident to its growth, and which were necessary in order to give its teachings proper expression.

And as H. P. Blavatsky prepared the ground for the reception of the foundations of the Temple,

And as William Q. Judge built therein strong and lasting foundations,

Now it has become the arduous, but glorious, duty of their successor, Katherine A. Tingley, to *build* and make *visible* to the *world* the *superstructure* of the "Great Spiritual Temple of Truth."

WHEREAS, The reorganization effected at Boston, in 1895, and followed by organizations of Theosophists throughout the world, was necessary at *that time*, owing to conditions then existing. It is *now apparent* that we have *outgrown* the present form of organization, and that it becomes necessary for the *life* of the movement that it should be given a broader and more universal vehicle for its proper expression, and that in order to effect this a federation of all the branches in the world is essential.

WHEREAS, This Convention recognizing that the great development of the Movement during the past two years is almost entirely due to the wise leadership of Katherine A. Tingley, and particularly to the efforts of the Crusade around the world which she originated and carried to a successful termination.

THAT the work thus accomplished has broadened the lines and immensely increased the possibilities for the future and our responsibilities in connection therewith

THAT the wise plans laid down and carried into execution by Katherine A. Tingley, aided by those who loyally followed her suggestions, have raised Theosophy above suspicion and ridicule and a subject understood only by the few, and has made it popular, and it is now favorably received throughout the world.

THEREFORE be it known that this Convention stands ready to adopt and carry into effect such suggestions as in the opinion of Katherine A. Tingley are for the best interests of the Cause.

The Theosophical Society in America has identified with it a *superb* literature relating to Theosophical philosophy by means of which all who have heard the broad message of Brotherhood can study more closely the subjects connected therewith and bearing thereon, and by reason of which it has become the recognized channel throughout the world for the distribution of such literature.

IT IS PROPOSED that a literary staff shall be established in connection with the Theosophical Society in America to better adapt the literature already existing to the needs of the times, and thus gradually build up a great world library in which shall be gathered ancient and modern literature of value to the highest interests of the human race.

WHEREAS, an organization known as UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD has been formed by Katherine A. Tingley, with the following declaration and purposes:

First. "We, the undersigned, in order to form a Universal Brotherhood, do ordain and establish this constitution for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures."

Second. "This organization declares that brotherhood is a fact in nature."

Third. "The principal purpose of this organization is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and make it a living power in the lives of humanity."

Fourth. "The subsidiary purpose of this organization is to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man."

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AND AS THE CONSTITUTION of this organization provides for the carrying on of this great movement on the broadest possible lines of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

AND BY THE ADOPTION of this constitution the difficulties and dangers existing at this time, and all future times, will be largely overcome, and tend to make our organization an invincible stronghold against future attacks from within and from without.

AND THIS PLAN having been originated by Katherine A. Tingley, and being in conformity with the idea expressed by her illustrious predecessors, H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, the convention would be failing in its duty if it does not unhesitatingly adopt this plan.

Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the delegates and representatives of all branches of the Theosophical Society in America now in convention assembled, and having full power to act on their behalf, hereby declare that we fully and unequivocally adopt and accept the plan hereby presented by the recognized Leader of the Theosophical movement, and the Outer Head of the Esoteric School, Katherine A. Tingley, as being necessary to unite at the beginning of this great cycle all departments of Theosophical work in one organization, and under the direction of one Leader and Official Head, Katherine A. Tingley.

Resolved, That the administration of the affairs of the Theosophical Society in America shall in future be under the constitution of Universal Brotherhood, which it hereby accepts and adopts. It also accepts as its Leader and Official Head, Katherine A. Tingley and her duly appointed successors.

Resolved, That new charters and diplomas shall be issued to all branches and members of the Theosophical Society in America, as provided in the Constitution of Universal Brotherhood.

Resolved, That all books of record, records, archives and property, excepting money belonging to us as the Theosophical Society in America, be and are hereby turned over to and declared to belong to UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, their custodian to be Katherine A. Tingley.

Resolved, That all moneys and funds now in hand, belonging to the Theosophical Society in America, shall continue to belong to it as the Literary Department of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

The reading of these important documents was frequently interrupted by the most enthusiastic applause, and time and time again the whole Convention arose and cheered Mrs. Tingley.

The resolutions were immediately adopted by Convention and an adjournment was made until the next morning at 9 o'clock.

On Friday evening a reception was given by the Loyalty Branch and other local members at the Chicago Headquarters in the Masonic Temple. On the reassembling of the Convention on Saturday morning the reports of President and Treasurer were read. Both of these were very gratifying in every way, and showed the splendid condition of the whole Society. The Treasurer reported a clear balance of $897.13 and no debts ahead. He stated that the T. S. had not been in so good a condition financially for many years. The President reported that the great success of the Work and the great strides which it had made had been almost entirely due to the following of Mrs. Tingley's advice and suggestions. By the special request of Mrs. Tingley, the Chairman called on Dr. Buck to address the meeting. This request was received with much applause, and Dr. Buck briefly spoke.

Letters of greeting to the Convention were received from all the National Branches of the T. S. in Europe, all expressing loyalty to Mrs. Tingley and confidence in any plans she might suggest for the furtherance of the Work. One such letter was received signed by all the Presidents of the National Divisions of the T. S. E.

On Thursday evening in Steinway Hall were shown to a large and very appreciative audience 100 stereopticon views of the Crusade Around the World, Mr. B. Harding giving an account of the Crusade and a description of the views.

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In the same hall on Saturday evening Mrs. A. L. Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump, of London, England, gave one of their delightful lectures on Wagner, illustrated by selections on the organ and piano.

A great "Brotherhood Congress convened to further the common interests of Humanity and all creatures," was held in the Central Music Hall on Sunday evening, February 20th. The audience was a very large and fine one. It was said by many that it was the grandest public meeting at any Convention ever held by the Society. Addresses were given by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, Mrs. Alice L. Cleather, Judge O'Rourke, Mr. Iverson L. Harris, Rev. W. Williams, Dr. J. A. Anderson, Mr. Basil Crump, and Mr. D. N. Dunlop. Dr. Bogren, of Sweden, who attended the Convention as special delegate, was also introduced to the audience.

The press gave good and most considerate and impartial notices of the Convention and public meetings, and many reports were received that the people of Chicago were impressed and greatly interested in the grand work and in the promise of the future.

The tone of the Convention was throughout one of joy, the password was a smile. It was a convention of action; the efforts and struggles of twenty-two years found their expression in one voice, in one grand note of harmony which ushered in the New Cycle and which shall be the keynote throughout coming ages—Universal Brotherhood. "Peace, Peace, Peace to all beings."

THE T. S. IN EUROPE.

A cable dispatch was received by Mrs. Tingley on Feb. 23, the day of the Convention of the T. S. in Europe held in London. It read as follows: "Universal Brotherhood triumphant, votes 100 to 3."

THE T. S. IN AUSTRALASIA.

A cable dispatch was also received by Mrs. Tingley from Sydney, N. S. W. "Colonies solid for Universal Brotherhood."

After the Convention Mrs. Alice L. Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump accompanied Dr. Anderson to the Pacific Coast and will deliver their lectures on Wagner in many of the coast cities. Mr. B. Harding is also *en route* to the coast, staying on his way at Kansas City, Denver and Salt Lake City and will lecture on the Crusade illustrated by the stereopticon views which were shown in Chicago. Mr. Iverson L. Harris of Macon, Ga., is visiting the Central States on his way home. One familiar face was missed at Convention, that of Mr. Wm. C. Temple of Pittsburg, who will be remembered for his splendid speech at the Convention in New York, 1897. He had intended to be present in Chicago but the serious illness of his wife prevented this. He is now with Mrs. Temple at Dr. Wood's house on the grounds adjoining the S. R. L. M. A. site. A letter which he sent to Convention will be printed in the official report.

J. H. FUSSELL.

In this issue we give views of the Offices at Headquarters, a description of which was given in last issue, and in our next will be given a view of the General Office of *The Universal Brotherhood* and *The Theosophical Society in America.*

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